

THE SIGN



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THE SIGN

A NATIONAL CATHOLIC MAGAZINE

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Victory With Christ

"WHILE they talked, Jesus drawing near went with them. . . . Peace be to you. See my hands and my feet that it is I, myself. Handle and see: for a spirit hath not flesh and bones. . . . Have you anything here to eat? . . . Bring hither thy hand and put it into my side. . . . The disciples came in the ship, dragging the net with fishes. As soon as they came to land, they saw hot coals lying, and a fish laid thereon, and bread. Jesus saith to them: Bring hither of the fishes which you have now caught. . . . Come and dine. . . . Simon, son of John, lovest thou me more than these?"

So moving is the account of Christ's appearances to His disciples after His Resurrection, and so compelling is the appeal to His humanity to prove to them that He is risen, that comment on the scriptural passages would but distract from their message. What does call for comment is the fact that in face of all historical and critical evidences, decisive as they are, so many do not accept Our Divine Risen Saviour.

To those who are pledged to a materialistic outlook on life, the difficulty is this: If Christ be risen from the dead, by His own power and omnipotence, then we have indisputable proof that He is what He claimed to be—the true Messiah and the Son of God. All that He did and taught has been confirmed by an irresistible and entirely divine miracle. Further, by this revelation the other world projects itself into this; for us, too, there is a resurrection and a continued life beyond the grave. There can be only one defense against these conclusions—that is to declare that nature is absolutely immutable and that, no matter what the facts, there can never be a miracle.

AS this denial of the supernatural, this fear of the allegiance due to Christ, is the explanation of wilful disbelief, so our act of faith in our Redeemer's personal triumph over death and His final victory in the universe is a fundamental reason for our Christian spirit and our attitude toward life. We accept His Resurrection not only as absolute proof of His Divinity, but also as an earnest of our participation in the eternal life to come.

We know what the Church and its members has endured through the centuries; but we believe that these are not to be compared with His agony—because of His dignity as a Divine Person. With even the faint appreciation which we possess of what it meant for the Son of God to become Man, we cannot conceive of His having suffered and died to save us merely from temporal losses and transient sufferings. So it is that Christians use this world as though they used it not. Grateful for the gift of existence here, enjoying life's pleasures and braving its sorrows, struggling and striving, doing their part to better the human race—they are conscious of this truth: that life, eternal life—begins at death.

It is this same faith that prevents Christians from being overwhelmed by that bitter spirit of disaster and defeat that is so common today. Sharing in the universal distress, and taking an intelligent part in all human affairs, they are ever conscious of a goal beyond all

earthly happiness. It is this which distinguishes them from those who are without hope. Materialists, who possess comforts and conveniences of which their ancestors did not dream, are crying out like children whose toys are broken and who imagine that the universe has tumbled down about them.

They forget that human nature is the same whether it is dressed in skins or silks, whether it is plodding along a country road or skimming through the stratosphere. Their very uneasiness and unrest, their hearts that hunger while their hands are filled, is added proof that luxury piled on luxury cannot satisfy the cravings of the human heart. They cling to a life of which they are weary, because they fear a certain death which they know they cannot escape.

STRANGE to say, these acknowledged facts of Christian patience and calmness and hope are taken for granted by Communists and other clever enemies of the Church. Before peace can be totally disrupted, before men can be incited to bloody revolt and to barbarous massacre, the Faith must be attacked and swept away. In Russia and Mexico the program has been—make the nation godless if it is to be Communistic; blot God from the heavens, and His love and fear from human hearts. For what purpose? To start all over again preparations for that *Grand New Age* of material progress and perfection which is ever eluding us and which—should it ever be attained—we, as individuals, must leave behind us in the short span of thirty or fifty or seventy years.

Even Catholics need the warning against the false promises of a so-called civilization, which boasts of its independence of the Redeemer, and pretends to absolute self-sufficiency. There is no excuse for an attitude of abased apology as followers of Christ. We do not dodge the vital problems of poverty, of unemployment and of insecurity when we say that Christianity has not failed the human race. Rather, we are striking at the very roots of these urgent questions. Trace any one of these to its source, and there will be found some flagrant violation of the principles laid down by our Divine Lord.

It rests with us individually in our own lives to eliminate as much as possible that moral evil, that disregard of religious principles which, more than anything else, has been responsible for the present state of the world. We are hardly entitled to be called victors, without a struggle. But we fight, not as those beating the air, but as followers of Him who preached a definite doctrine and who laid down His life in the defense of the Truth.

Assured of participation in Christ's victory over death, we may also—if faithful—be sharers in His victory over evil. Allegiance to Him cannot mar our earthly peace, but will rather secure for us that measure of happiness which we may reasonably expect even in this world.

Father Theophane Mazuire O.P.

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CURRENT FACT and COMMENT

NOT since England under Henry VIII rebelled against the spiritual authority of the Holy See has an Englishman been raised to the honors of sainthood. Particularly significant

English Martyrs

then is the coming canonization of two great English martyrs, Blessed John Fisher and Blessed Thomas More. English Catholics are overjoyed

that the long pending cause has at last been brought to a successful conclusion. This is in no small measure due to the interest and efforts of the Holy Father himself, who has a particular love and devotion for these two Beati.

There were many English martyrs at the time of the Reformation. Some have already been beatified and await canonization; others who died for the faith are known to God alone. What is surprising at first sight is that among them there are so few who held high rank in Church or State. The highest offices in both had been filled for the most part by creatures of the King, unworthy of their high dignity, ready to do his bidding in all things. At the critical moment, when it was a question of acceding to Henry's wishes to divorce his legitimate wife and secede from Rome, or of losing all, even life itself, there was no hesitation as to the course to be pursued. These creatures of the King acquiesced to all Henry's desires.

There were two noble exceptions, John Cardinal Fisher, Bishop of Rochester, and Thomas More, Lord Chancellor of England, gloriously representing the Church and State. While all about them saved their lives and property by submitting, they sacrificed both for two great principles—the sanctity of marriage and the supremacy of the Holy See.

Both were great and scholarly men, as well as saints. Both left their mark in English institutions—a mark that remains even to the present day in parliament, in the law courts and in the universities. John Fisher, Chancellor of Cambridge University, has left writings which are forceful and erudite, but none which compare in fame to the *Utopia* of Sir Thomas More, the learned humanist and friend of Erasmus. More was not only a profound jurist, he was also a deep scholar of the Greek and Latin classics.

Both of these men manifested their genial good humor as well as their courage in their last moments. Aroused too early for his execution by the guards, Blessed Fisher turned over and went back to sleep. When he rose he had breakfast and then dressed in his best clothes, jestingly observing to his servant that he should take care of his body as long as he had charge of it. More, as he went up the rickety ladder leading to the scaffold, said to one of the executioners: "I pray thee see me safe up and for my coming down let me shift for myself." And as he lay his neck on the block he shoved his beard aside, remarking that it was not to be cut: "it had never committed treason."

To the list of English saints these two great names will soon

be added. With St. Augustine, St. Thomas of Canterbury, St. Edward the Confessor, and other great English saints they will be venerated throughout the world, but especially in English speaking countries, where their example will help to inspire and inflame that Faith for which England was once famous.



A SOLEMN triduum marking the close of the extended Holy Year will be held at the famous shrine of Our Lady at Lourdes from April 25 to 28. The Most Reverend Pierre

The Lourdes Triduum

Gerlier, Bishop of Tarbes and Lourdes has sent an invitation to all Archbishops, Bishops, and Superiors of religious orders, requesting them and

their people to attend. The response has been enthusiastic. Prelates and people, united in national pilgrimage, will assemble at the famous shrine of the Queen of Heaven to pour forth prayers for the peace of the world. It is expected to be the largest assembly ever held at Lourdes. The Holy Father, a devout client of Our Lady of Lourdes, is particularly interested.

A striking feature of the triduum will be the fact that Mass will be celebrated uninterruptedly, day and night, from the opening on Thursday until the closing on Sunday afternoon. There will be pontifical Masses on Friday and Saturday afternoons at the hour of Our Lord's death on the Cross. There will be Masses in the Latin rite by priests of various nations and in the oriental rites by priests of the East. And for those who cannot go to Lourdes there will be special services throughout the world during the days of the triduum.

Nothing could be more appropriate than this international supplication for peace. War seems again ready to break loose and stalk through the land leaving death and misery in its wake. Many think it inevitable. To them it is only a question of time. Perhaps they are right. The air is charged with a tenseness that is reminiscent of pre-war days.

And preparations go on apace. Governments are expending huge sums in armament. In comparison with 1913 the budgets for armament for 1934 show the following per cents of increase: France, 25; Italy, 26; Great Britain, 48; United States, 190; Japan, 388. Russia has doubled her military expenditures since 1927. "Disarmed" Germany spent only 23 per cent less than the militaristic régime of Kaiser Wilhelm, and the recent occurrences in Germany show that Hitler has only just started re-arming. Vast supplies of the highly mechanized implements of war are ready and in many countries every able-bodied man is a trained soldier ready to don a uniform.

In such circumstances the Lourdes' triduum is timely. Those whom war would throw into opposing camps in the field of battle will there kneel side by side and pray that God may avert the threatened catastrophe. Human means seem of no avail.

Even the most optimistic are losing faith in pacts and treaties. If there is any hope for escape from what appears an inevitable outbreak of war, it is in the spirit that inspires such an international pilgrimage; it is in the united prayers of all clients of the Queen of Peace.



IN the very near future we hope to discuss some of the problems connected with the business end of publishing THE SIGN. Repeated inquiries have raised the question as to how this magazine keeps its literary and typographical standard so high at a time when costs have increased so much.

Advertising

We are not in danger of ceasing publication for the reason given by the owners of a magazine in New York recently—that earnings were increasing so much that the editing of it ceased to be a “diversion.” (!) On the other hand, THE SIGN has never been subsidized, nor has it appealed to its readers at any time to finance its pages. The past few years, however, have thrown us into the common struggle which practically all publications have faced. The mounting costs of paper and other items of production have forced us to turn our attention to a matter hitherto much neglected.

In our last issue we called the attention of our readers to our advertisers in the sincere hope that, when possible, their patronage would be given to firms who have favored us with their paid notices. The quality and great number of our subscribers justified our insisting with prospective space buyers on the splendid advertising medium which exists in THE SIGN.

It is well known that advertisers spend a great deal to keep their wares before the public, not through any motive of charity or benevolence, but for the simple reason that it pays to do so. This is a perfectly legitimate attitude on their part. It is equally well known to advertisers that Catholics, in proportion to their numbers, buy not only devotional articles and religious books but also clothes, medicine, furniture, cars and other products. Conversations, however, with many possible space buyers has revealed the fact that advertisers feel skeptical about the loyalty and backing of those who read religious publications. We are quite sure that the cooperation of our subscribers will disprove this attitude.

It is our serious intention to place good advertising in THE SIGN for the benefit both of the publication itself and the missionaries whom it supports, as well as for the interests of those who read our pages. May we count on you to mention THE SIGN to our advertisers and to give us your much needed assistance in the development of this important programme?



REPEATED proofs have been given the editors of THE SIGN of the keen interest and appreciation with which our magazine is read from cover to cover. Many of our readers pass on their copies to others and succeed in obtaining new subscribers. Communications regarding topics discussed in our pages pour in to us

Reader Interest

every month. Though we are not able to print or answer personally all of these letters, we are pleased to have these expressions of our subscribers' opinions. As a matter of fact, we should like to have even more of these, discussing both the format and content of our magazine.

A general acknowledgment is herewith made to all those who have given even further proof of their intelligent concern by submitting to us articles—to mention some timely subject—on the R.O.T.C., Catholic Leakage, the League of Decency, Mexico and other vital topics. It is not only a

tribute to our readers but a source of inspiration to us to realize that the problems discussed in these pages are so thoughtfully read.

The hope of any periodical rests not with those who subscribe for a short period out of charity or curiosity, but with that percentage of readers who are vitally concerned with its message. The very pressure of the forces which are now attacking the Church is such that militant Catholics will not fail to keep themselves well informed. Their vigilance will prove their best safeguard. And their vigilance will find one of its chief prompters in wide-awake Catholic journalism.



AERICAN Catholics are wondering just what is President Roosevelt's attitude towards the numerous and respectful protests which have been made by them regarding the persecution of the Catholic Church in Mexico. Up to date they have little grounds for hope that the President or his Secretary of State will do

Administration and Mexico

anything in the way of improving conditions beyond the Rio Grande.

The mind of the President and his Secretary of State, as made known in their letters in answer to protests, is that “it is not within the province of this Government to intervene in the situation in Mexico.” Catholics of the United States are not asking for “interference” in the internal affairs of Mexico. But they do ask that this Government show its good offices by bringing to the attention of the Mexican Government in a diplomatic way that its vicious, atheistic attack on fundamental human rights is condemned and abhorred by the people of this country. Mexico is so obligated to the United States that it should listen with great attention to any suggestion emanating from Washington that it begin to manifest at least the rudiments of humanity and decency towards its defenseless citizens.

Something can and should be done to repudiate the conduct of Ambassador Josephus Daniels for the encouragement which he is charged with having publicly given to the Mexican persecution of the Church. If the United States must not meddle in the internal affairs of other countries, then the Administration should repudiate with proper emphasis the actions of Mr. Daniels. If the United States cannot interpose its good offices in behalf of the persecuted, then it should not lend encouragement to the persecutors.



DISCORD as to doctrine or discipline in the non-Catholic sects is nothing new. Such disputes make good copy for the secular press and are utilized to the full. This is

Catholic or Protestant?

While we have learned not to be surprised at such conflicts, we really would expect a church to know whether it is Catholic or Protestant. At the General Convention of the Protestant Episcopal Church held recently, there was a discussion as to whether the word Protestant should be dropped from the title. This dispute reported in the daily press continues to occupy the attention of interested members of that communion.

And let it not be thought that in this dispute there is question only of a word. It strikes its roots much deeper. It concerns such matters as the priesthood, the Mass, the seven sacraments—the very fundamentals of Christian worship. On the one hand are the Protestant Episcopalians denying the necessity of an ordained priesthood, rejecting the Mass for the

especially true if it happens that a more or less prominent clergyman utters a blatant attack on some pronouncement of his ecclesiastical superior.

Communion service of the *Book of Common Prayer*, and admitting but two sacraments. On the other hand are the so-called Anglo-Catholics holding to the Mass and seven sacraments and insisting on the necessity of a validly ordained priesthood.

At the time of the Reformation the Anglican ordination ceremony excluded all idea of a sacrificing priesthood. Rome's declaration of the invalidity of Anglican orders leaves no doubt of this in the minds of Catholics. And in the early days of the Episcopal Church in this country the laymen of that communion evidently had little use for Bishops. For fear of lay opposition, Seabury, the first Bishop, was elected secretly and sent abroad to be consecrated. His instructions were to keep his consecration a secret on his return until opposition to Bishops had become less pronounced. Evidently even at that time this Church did not know whether or not it wanted Bishops.

We hear much of the decline of religion. As often as not this decline is attributed to dogmatism and supernaturalism. Quite the contrary is true. If a Church does not know what she is nor what she teaches, how can she hold the respect and allegiance of intelligent, thinking laymen? If the Church has received a message from Jesus Christ which she is to communicate to man, if she has within her a source of grace in the Mass and the sacraments, certainly she above all should be conscious of that fact and be able to declare it in tones of utter certainty. If Episcopalians themselves do not know what they believe and teach, how can their Church pretend to be the mouthpiece of Jesus Christ? In His teaching there was never doubt.

In addressing the General Convention of the Protestant Episcopal Church, Professor George C. Foley proposed the matter in the form of a dilemma: "Either the Protestant Episcopal Church is Protestant or she isn't. If she says she is when she isn't and doesn't know she isn't, then she is too utterly dumb to be allowed loose without a guardian. On the other hand, if she says she is Protestant when she isn't and she does know she isn't, then she has been lying about it for 150 years. The first is a reflection on her intelligence; the second is an imputation on her character."

It would seem that the Nazi Government has cast to the winds the caution which it exercised before the reunion of the Saar with Germany and is now prepared to press its program to unify the German Protestant Churches. Pastors who resisted the ban on reading the anti-Nazi manifesto issued by the Confessional

Synod were arrested. The struggle goes much deeper than a mere matter of reorganization. It is a question of complete subjugation of the Church to the state. Confessional leaders protest that the Nazi authorities are identifying themselves with the pagan doctrines of Doctor Alfred Rosenberg, the philosophic dictator of the Reich, whose book "The Myth of the Twentieth Century" is listed in the Index of books forbidden to Catholics. It has nevertheless been recommended by those responsible for the supervision of literary production.

Opposition to Christianity among the Nazis is further evidenced by the absurd recrudescence of pagan mythology. The religion of race and blood finds it necessary to have its deities and they are sought among the gods worshipped by the heathens who inhabited the German forests before civilization had yet come to them. Bishop Wilhelm Bernings of Osnabrueck, Hanover, has found it necessary to protest against the pagan inscriptions in a calendar for German farmers issued from official sources. On this calendar Christmas Eve is replaced by "The Night of the Birth of Baldur and the Visit of the Yule Girl Child." Easter is a "Day of Ostara" and Good Friday is made into a "Day of Commemoration for the 4,500

Saxons murdered by the Church's butcher" (meaning Charlemagne). Renewed attacks on the Catholic Church in the Nazi press and police attacks upon her ministers manifest the anti-Catholic and anti-religious tendencies of Hitlerism. At times the methods used remind one of the Bolsheviks.

Such conflict between the Church and the Totalitarian state is not surprising. Sometimes a *Modus vivendi* can be arranged as in Italy where the Catholic Church is recognized and granted her essential rights. Nevertheless the fundamental principles of such a state remain irreconcilable with those of the Church.

The recent events in Germany show that there is opposition between the Totalitarian state and any Church professing Christianity. Too often when conflict of this kind arises in Catholic countries, as in Italy or Mexico, the blame is thrown on the intransigence and lust for power of the Catholic Church. The opposition is not merely between the Totalitarian state and the Catholic Church; it is between the fundamental philosophy of that state and essential doctrines of Christianity.

The Totalitarian state looks upon itself as absolute. The individual as such is nothing and has no rights. He is a mere cog in a wheel. There is no limit to the government's powers over him. He belongs to it absolutely. The state trains him from youth and instills into him his beliefs, whether they are political, moral, social or religious. And those beliefs are too often in direct opposition to the doctrines of Christianity. The ideal is the "superman" of Nietzsche, born to possess and command, ready to sweep the weak from his path and to employ violence and cruelty if need be to attain his purpose. To him the virtues of Christianity are vices. He despises as manifestations of weakness all charity, humility, meekness and patience.

Between such a philosophy and Christianity the opposition is fundamental, essential and irreducible.

TO Rev. H. A. Campo, who was recalled to his diocese of Lincoln, Neb., on his ten years of fruitful activity as editor of *Catholic Missions*. †To Rev. Paul B. Misner, C.M., American missionary in China, on his being named Vicar Apostolic of Yukiang. †To Msgr. Bernard F. Meyer, Maryknoll missionary in China, on his appointment as Prefect Apostolic of Wuchow, South China. †To the Catholic Action Committee of the College of the Sacred Heart, New Rochelle, N. Y., on their zeal in behalf of the persecuted Catholics of Mexico, manifested by their writing to 140 colleges, asking that messages be sent to Washington on behalf of the Borah Resolution and also for prayers. †To Most Rev. John J. McCort, Bishop of Altoona, Pa., and Most Rev. Joseph Crimont, S.J., Vicar Apostolic of Alaska, on their 75th birthdays. †To the nurses and staff members of the William Mason Memorial Hospital, Murray, Ky., on their heroic rescue of forty-two patients from a disastrous fire which destroyed the building. †To the Confessional Synod's Brotherhood Council, German Protestant society, on its forthright challenge and vehement denunciation of the National Socialist religious creed of the Nazis. †To Most Rev. Joseph F. Rummel, Bishop of Omaha on his being named Archbishop of New Orleans. †To Monsignor William R. Griffin, Pastor of St. Andrew's Church, Chicago, on his being named Auxiliary Bishop of LaCrosse, Wis. †To Rev. James McGowan of Brooklyn on his reception of a class of 25 converts into the True Church. †To an unknown Catholic layman of France, who was so impressed by the French Passionist magazine, *Revue de la Passion*, that he sent a magnificent donation to the Editor, requesting that the *Revue* be sent at his expense to 100 Bishops in France, Algeria and Tunis, to 25 Religious Orders distinguished for their devotion to the Passion, and to 85 seminaries in France.

Germany and Christianity

Toasts Within the Month

CATEGORICA

Edited by N. M. LAW

ON THINGS IN GENERAL AND QUITE LARGELY A MATTER OF QUOTATION

RESURGAM

JOHAN RICHARD MORELAND, one of our own contributors, sends us his formerly published poem on the Resurrection:

It happened on an April day,
Bounded by skies so blue and still
And olive trees all hushed and gray,
They led One up a skull-shaped hill
Followed by a crowd whose piercing cry
Was, "Crucify!"

It happened on an April morn,
They nailed a Man upon a tree
Whose head was circled with sharp thorn,
Lifted Him high that all might see
His agony, His heaving breath,
His awful death.

It happened on an April eve. . . .
The air was cut by one sharp cry
That wine or gall could not relieve:
"Eli . . . lama . . . sabachthani . . ."
Then lightning, thunder crack on crack,
The sun was black.

It happened on an April day. . . .
They tomb'd a Man (the crowd had fled),
Sealed it; and set a watch that way
To flout His words, to prove Him dead;
And show Himself He could not save
From the dark grave.

It happened on an April day. . . .
A tremor shook the paling gloom,
A white flame tore the door away,
Life came a victor from the tomb.
Love cannot die, nor life betray. . . .
Christ rose upon an April day!

POOR AND NOBLE PRIEST

COMPLAINTS are sometimes made that the clergy are a wealthy lot. Seldom do people who make such criticisms advert to the fact that the lives of many priests emphatically contradict such a charge. The following note in "The Catholic Transcript" of Hartford on the life of the late Father Gillis of the Diocese of Burlington, Vt., is an instance in point:

When the present writer hears the complaints of the unknown multitude about the wealthy clergy, it is always a pleasure to reflect upon the inspiring example of one great character in very modern New England Church History, who recently passed on to his eternal reward. His name we can now make known, for his humble living presence can no longer forbid our mentioning his name. It was Father Gillis, the late Vicar General of the northern New England Diocese of Burlington. It was a rare pleasure, not long ago, to spend a few happy hours in the beautiful, hospitable city along the delightful shores of Lake Champlain and listen to the natives of Burlington speak the praises of the humble churchman who had just departed this life. They told us how during life he had dispensed all he had to his beloved poor, until he was like Bishop Kettler of Westphalia in the last century—as poor as his flock—poorer, in fact, than most of them. In his last will and testament he directed that the little he had left should go to the poor and then there was the request or humble command, in fact, that his body

lie in the Cathedral of the Immaculate Conception in Burlington in the simple black casket of the poorest of the poor. Nor was his priestly heart yet satisfied! There was a still more astounding request in that memorable last testament of his, namely, the request that all would walk to his burial place, lest the poor, who would be unable to hire the means of conveyance, be unable to attend. His life was a life for the poor. His funeral, too, was a funeral for the poor. The poor of Burlington will not soon forget their great, venerable Vicar General whom the world without will scarcely hear of, until the rewarding time of the Judgment.

FREE MATCHES MAKE A GREAT RACE

MR. J. B. PRIESTLY, English novelist and playwright, contributes a travel article to "Harper's" in which he makes the following observation concerning free matches. But we fear he experienced this generosity before the New Deal:

In one respect, America is a smoker's paradise, for it is a country in which matches are showered upon him. I am not sure that this match business is not as good a criterion as any of a country's wealth and general attitude toward money. Thus in the Latin countries, where parsimony reigns and every tiny coin is important, there are no free matches, and when you buy a box of them you are making a very definite purchase. In England matches are cheap and plentiful and sometimes they are given away. In the United States the broad skies rain matches. After buying a few odds and ends at a drugstore, I tried to buy a box of matches, but the assistant at once offered me a cardboard box containing several dozen of those book matches. Take the lot, he said. My respect for this country was immediately increased: clearly it is the home of a great race.

AMERICAN EXTRATERRITORIALITY

SO much discussion has come of foreign extraterritoriality (it is called Extra'lity in the Far East) privileges in China, that the "Herald Tribune's" remarks on local laws are interesting:

For almost any skimmer of the daily press the word "extraterritoriality" will evoke instant visions of Far Eastern politics, outposts of empire, the glimmers of diplomacy and the landings of marines. Few are aware that there is an example of extraterritoriality much nearer home—not so far away, in fact, as Hoboken. Under the treaty of 1934 between New York and New Jersey the State of New York exercises extraterritorial jurisdiction over the waters of the Hudson River between the state line in the middle and the low-water mark on the New Jersey shore. If one commits mayhem in a rowboat in New Jersey's half of the river, it is the New York courts which attend to the matter. The arrangement is perhaps less glamorous than that which regulates the affairs of Shanghai, but it has now given rise to one of those nice points of law which fascinate the lay admirer of the legal intellect. What happens when one gets into a traffic accident on the New Jersey half of the George Washington Bridge?

A lower court has held that New York has jurisdiction. The accident occurred above the waters "of and over" which New York exercises extraterritorial sway. What more is needed? As against this view, however, the Attorneys General of both states and the Port Authority have entered a learned brief upon appeal. The roadway of the bridge certainly is not water; and they argue that the New Jersey jurisdiction, though it may stop at the low-water mark at the river level, projects out along the roadway above to the

state line neatly painted at the center of the bridge. Thus it is New Jersey's right and duty to deal with the motorists. The argument, which seems a sound one, raises the attractive picture of alternate layers of jurisdiction. The diver on the river bottom would be subject to the New Jersey courts; the men pumping down air from a boat on the surface would have to look out for the New York police; the idler on the bridge above who might chuck a pop bottle at the boat would be subject to Jersey justice, but who would get an airplane flying dangerously low above the bridge seems to be a subject not yet considered. At any rate, there appears to be small chance that anybody will land any marines about it.

THE MATHEMATICS OF PRAYER

A READER of "The Sign" sent in the following legend, with a note to the effect that it had much to do in attracting the heart of a devout Protestant towards the Catholic Church:

Long centuries ago, the fleur-de-lis was said to be a favorite with the Blessed Mother.

This story has to do with the age of chivalry and is about an old knight, who although very devout, also seemed very stupid. He could never remember more than two words of the "Hail Mary." These were *Ave Maria* (for he recited the prayer in Latin). With these words, and only these, he constantly addressed heaven day and night.

The old soldier was spending his last days in a monastery, and the monks there used to scold him just a little for not trying to know his prayer to Our Lady better.

But the good old knight was patient, and night and day his prayer continued, *Ave Maria, Ave Maria*. Just two words. But what power they held.

This continued for some time until one day the poor old man died and was peacefully laid to rest in the chapel yard of the monastery.

Some time afterwards, a monk was walking through the chapel yard, when his attention was attracted to a single plant which was growing on the old knight's grave. He drew closer; when lo before his very eyes—a miracle, for on every flower in gold letters was written, so that all might read, *Ave Maria*.

This wonderful sight induced the monks to open the old knight's grave. They found the root of the plant resting on the lips of the good old soldier who lay drifting into dust.

Proof that it is not always the arithmetic of our prayers that counts so much as the fervent heart which offers them.

GAS SAVERS

JOSEPHINE McDONALD, who conducts the very interesting Home Page in "Columbia," had a few words of advice to offer concerning that much advertised article called "Gas Saver."

"Madam, if you will allow me to step inside for a moment, I will show you an appliance which will cut your gas bill in halves."

Mrs. Callahan sighed patiently. This was the fifth salesman that morning who had volunteered to save her money in one way or another. "I have no time to spare this morning," she said politely. "I'm sorry."

"Wouldn't you like your gas bill cut in halves?" the salesman persisted.

"Of course I would," she admitted, "but I don't believe it can be done. Anyway, I have no time to be convinced this morning."

"Madam, it takes only a moment to look at this appliance to go over your gas burner to conserve the gas."

Mrs. Callahan looked curiously at the appliance. She was remembering vaguely something she had read in a household magazine. What was it, now? What was it?

The salesman was reciting, "Placing this over the flame..."

"Creates carbon monoxide gas!" said Mrs. Callahan, suddenly remembering.

The salesman was annoyed. "No, madam, that's not it."

But Mrs. Callahan had the information at her tongue's tip now. "The Bureau of Standards investigated gas savers and found that they saved little or no gas to begin with, and besides were usually positively dangerous. They cut off the supply of air which should reach the flame, so creating carbon monoxide gas. Then the housekeeper pays the same old gas bill, plus a few doctors' bills to have her headaches and nausea diagnosed. No, thank you, not interested."

But the salesman sold one of the appliances to Mrs. White next door, and might have sold one to Mrs. Brown too, if Mrs. Brown had not bought a solid top for her open-top gas range the month before on the promise of a lower gas bill, and was now paying her customary gas bill and a doctor's bill besides.

Manufacturers of gas stoves know exactly the hazards of carbon monoxide gas, and in their designs they provide for a free-burning flame which creates none of it. When a manufacturer builds a stove with a solid top, he has provided for free circulation of air under the top; but when he builds a stove without a solid top, safety demands that it remain without such a top. The "saving" of gas effected by using a solid top is a dubious matter anyway. In the tests made by the Bureau of Standards of "gas savers" or "heat savers" for use over burners or in the gas pipe it was found that many such appliances saved no gas whatever, others "saved" by limiting the gas flow exactly as one could by turning down the gas cock, and still others saved, perhaps, a fraction of one per cent. In all cases incomplete combustion caused by these gadgets brought about the liberation of deadly carbon monoxide gas in varying quantities.

In meddling with gas, it is well to realize that economy, even if real, must be considered *after* safety.

PROTESTANTISM AND THE WAR

THE question has often been asked: "Who won the war?" But the Rev. Frederick S. Arnold, writing in "The American Church Monthly" (Protestant), asks: "Who lost the war?" in his opinion it was Protestantism, as he endeavors to show:

From the golden alms of blessing
Man had coined himself a curse

fitly characterizes the bloody preaching of the average Protestant minister, from 1914 to 1917. After Good Friday 1917 America entered the war and the situation changed somewhat. After that date the preachers may have thought that they were preaching patriotism. Before that date, however, we were not in the war and the Protestant ministers were wildly driving us into it. Anglo-Catholics and Roman Catholics usually preached on the gospel for the day so their message was not perverted to exaggeration, falsehood, and hate.

The Protestant ministers preached war, preached hate, preached Pro-Ally-propaganda, much of which was largely false. Yet a Protestant minister wrote an article in the *Atlantic Monthly*, "Peter stood by the fire and warmed himself," to blame his fellow ministers for not preaching more propaganda, war, and hate. This article stirred up conversation, but in that moment of fierce propaganda, people accepted the argument. As we look back now, the "war to end war" or "to make the world safe for democracy" seems largely a war of German big business against Allied big business, for colonial trade and exploitation.

War is not ended. We have gotten Fascism and Bolshevism, but not much democracy. In any case, Protestantism went on record in favor of America's going to war in the quarrel of the allies and of big business. In other words, Protestantism, in a doubtful situation, took sides against charity, peace, and love. Whether, since the war, Protestantism has helped itself by adopting the Mohammedan doctrines of total abstinence and Prohibition remains to be seen.

The papacy was neutral. During the world-war, the Allies and Pro-allies termed the papacy "pro-German." This also was their attitude in America toward people opposed to America's entering the war. They called such people pro-German,

when they were really neutral. The papacy was neutral. What ought the Pope or any other Christian priest to be but neutral, in a murderous world-struggle for business advantages, in which everybody eventually lost? The papacy was neutral. As the years pass, people will come to see that the papacy took the Christian side of the war and that the Protestant ministers did not.

LITTLE KNOWN SECRET SOCIETIES

IN one of the last numbers of the late and lamented "Fortnightly Review" the following notes on a few choice Secret Societies were found:

R O B H

These initials stand for the Royal Order of Boneheads, which is described by the *Christian Cynosure* (June, 1934, p. 19) as a loosely-formed association which has not much purpose or sense to it, but tomfoolery, and uses the black cat as its symbol. Perhaps it is identical with the Bone-Head Club described in our *Dictionary of Secret and Other Societies*, p. 272, note 1, in a quotation from the *Fraternal Monitor*, which spoke of "secret work" in connection with this Club, whereas the R O B H is classed by the *Christian Cynosure* as "non-secret."

Union of Busted Mugs

This is a translation made by some irreverent scribe of the name of a French organization which forms part of the *Union des Blessés de la Face*, a society of crippled soldiers. It has for its purpose to fight (figuratively speaking) for the right of men disfigured in war to take their place among the living and not to lead a sequestered life. Whether it is a secret society or not, the *Christian Cynosure*, to which we are indebted for this information, is unable to say.

Order of the Road

This is an English organization, latterly also known as Drivers of Their Own Automobiles. To be eligible for membership, a man must have a three-year record of no accidents. This Order appears to have no secret features and resembles the Goodrich Safety League in this country.

The Horse Feathers Apple Sauce Society

This new association, which recently applied for incorporation in one of our Western States (*Christian Cynosure*, June, 1934, p. 19), "exists for the purpose of protecting its members against theologically loaded dice, divinely marked cards, sacred gold bricks, holy shell games, rascally saints, and pious swindlers." It is apparently anti-religious, and the *Christian Cynosure*, to which we are indebted for the information fears it "will do much to keep people from the kingdom."

American Intercollegiate Association of Gigolos

An organization by this name has been formed at a certain college in California, "being conceived and born because of the co-ed demand for escorts to social events," according to the *Christian Cynosure*, which curiously queries: "What next?"

The Antlers

This is a junior order of Elks, to which organization we have devoted considerable space in our *Dictionary*, pp. 59-64. It has the same aims and objects as the parent organization. Too bad our young folks are inducted into "Elkology" already in their teens!

The Dozen Club

This is an organization of Knights of Pythias, established in 1928 by the Supreme Lodge. It has more than 16,000 members, who wear the "Dozen Club Button," "a mark of distinctive achievement," (*The Kablegram*, Mt. Morris, Ill., Vol. XX, No. 6).

Order of Yellow Dogs

An Associated Press dispatch from Altoona, Pa., dated June 20, 1934, said: "Charles M. Schwab, the steel man, has

become a member of 'The Order of Yellow Dogs,' a charitable organization whose members must pledge themselves to look after the 'underdog.' Schwab, 72 years old, came from his summer home at Loretta for the initiation last night. The organization was founded in 1920 and is reported to have 6,100 members."

We are unable to say from the meagre information available, whether this "Order of Yellow Dogs" is identical with that described in our *Dictionary of Secret and Other Societies*, p. 386. If it is, it is a secret or semi-secret society with degrees and an initiation ceremony. For the Masonic symbolism of "yellow" and "dog" see the *Encyclopedia of Freemasonry*, pp. 900 and 200.

ORIGIN AND MEANING OF THE AGNUS DEI

THOSE interested in the origin of sacramentals will find the following note from "The Grail" of interest. The history of the sacramentals is extremely important. In many cases it throws a light on the beliefs and cherished practices of the early Christians. The origin of the "Agnus Dei" is of particular interest.

An *Agnus Dei* is a medallion of white wax, which the benediction of the Pope elevates to the dignity of a Sacramental. It is oval in form and may be of any size. On one side it is stamped with the image of a Lamb bearing a cross, with the inscription, *Ecce Agnus Dei, qui tollis peccata mundi* (Behold the Lamb of God, Who takest away the sins of the world.) On the other is the image of the Blessed Virgin, or some great Saint or Martyr whom the Consecrating Pontiff honors in a special manner. The name of the Pope that blessed it, the date of the ceremony, and sometimes the Pontifical Arms may be seen thereon.

We trace the use of *Agnus Deis* up to the cradle of Christianity. According to some, they were originally intended to replace the "Golden Bullas" worn by the Romans, for they were given to the new Christians to remind them of the rights and duties of their dignity. In the very first ages of the Church they were substituted, too, for the superstitious amulets, which people used to wear to protect them from evil, to do away, by means of an enlightened devotion, with pagan superstition. These amulets used to contain various odd things, such as claws or teeth of animals, part of the skin shed by a snake, dried frog blood, and the like, and the pagans used to believe that such things could protect them from sickness, misfortune and the "evil eye."

The symbol of a lamb was readily accepted by all races, for nearly all of them in their religious services, benighted as they were, used a lamb as the symbol of purity and innocence, and made offering of them to appease their gods. And so Christ, pictured as the Lamb led innocently to slaughter, appealed deeply to the first pagan converts. The first Roman Ordo known, anterior to the eighth century, informs us that *Agnus Deis* are to be blessed on Holy Saturday, but for centuries past, the Sovereign Pontiffs have designated the Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday of Easter Week directly following their coronation, and thereafter, the ceremony is renewed every seven years, and on extraordinary occasions, such as jubilees, the canonization of a saint, etc.

Many persons, in visiting the Catacombs of Rome, wished to bring back with them some kind of souvenir or relic of these abodes of the martyrs, but the abuse became so great that people began to carry off even parts of the bodies of the martyrs. To stop this, the Pontiffs had the bodies removed to various churches, and the dust found in the tombs was reverently gathered up, since with it was mingled the dried blood of the martyrs. This dust was mixed with the wax of Paschal candles from the preceding year, and stamped in the form of an *Agnus Dei*, thus becoming a reliquary of the dust of martyrs. They are given only to Pilgrims who piously visit the Catacombs, and are efficacious against storms, disasters of hail, attacks of the wicked, floods, sudden death, fires and contagion.

American Action *and* *the* Mexican Terror

By Joseph Gurn

AMERICAN Catholics find themselves confronted by a challenge of the first magnitude. Its fountain source is in Mexico City. It spans the Rio Grande and thrusts itself into the very core of Catholic life in the United States. It must be crushed beyond the possibility of resurrection, if Catholic America is not to sustain a setback of incalculable consequences.

Dictator Calles and the faction of *civilisers* now in control of the affairs of our sister Republic, sworn to exterminate the Catholic faith within its confines, have had good reason to anticipate the success of their scheme, because of the complacency with which it has been viewed in foreign lands. The attitude of the United States Government toward this problem leaves a great deal to be desired. And ill-informed Catholics, suppliant Catholics, timid Catholics, servile Catholics, must shoulder a good share of the blame for the extraordinary manner in which the representations made at Washington, by Catholic and other spokesmen, in behalf of the persecuted in Mexico have been treated.

We are told that Uncle Sam cannot thrust his fingers into the pastry of Brother Plutarco, that in any event what takes place in Mexico is no concern of his, that American Catholics ought to mind their own business and cease their efforts to influence the foreign policy of their Government. The ball cannot be snatched out of the hands of Catholic America by such agile albeit dishonest tactics.

We have heard, and continue to hear, a great deal concerning the policy of "the good neighbor" in relation to America's dealings with the nations south of our southern border. Now, contrary to the dogmatic dicta expressed in influential quarters, this policy of "the good neighbor" offers an ideal avenue for intercession by the United States in behalf of the Catholics of Mexico, that they may be released from the satanic code under which they find themselves. And by *Catholics of Mexico* is meant the Mexican people. "Perhaps ninety per cent of the Mexicans are Catholics," affirms William Philip Simms, Scripps-Howard foreign editor.

There is ample precedent for such intercession within the bounds of inter-

national law. An expert on the law of nations, Edwin M. Borchard, in his *Diplomatic Protection of Citizens Abroad*, published in 1915, when he was Assistant Solicitor of the United States Department of State, informs us:

"Good offices, however, have on numerous occasions been extended to protect persons, even not American citizens, from religious persecution, especially Christians in Turkey. Persecuted native teachers and native converts have occasionally received a limited protection, and the treaties of Berlin (1878) and of 1903 with China stipulate that there shall be no discrimination against native converts. On grounds of humanity the United States has at various times ex-

country have solicited and obtained the unstinted coöperation of American Catholics in their well-organized and highly financed campaign against the maltreatment of the Hebrews in Germany. Catholics do not believe in freedom solely for themselves. They desire universal liberty of person and of conscience. To them Adolf of the Swastika and Plutarco of the Compass and Square are alike enemies of civilized society.

It is astonishing to contemplate, however, that from the day on which American Catholics, amazed and indignant at the ferocity of the Mexican régime, raised their voices in protest and besought the good offices of their Government, they have not received from Jewish sources in America that support and coöperation which they have had a right to expect. On the contrary, there has been Jewish opposition of a most ungrateful and insidious character.

American Ambassador Josephus Daniels was quoted in the newspaper *La Prensa* as assuring Mexico "President Roosevelt never will deviate from his 'good neighbor' policy toward Mexico." This was the first public comment attributed to the envoy in connection with the resolution presented by Senator Borah for an investigation of the Church controversy in Mexico.—*International News* dispatch from Mexico City.

pressed its disapproval or conveyed the protests of American public opinion against the abhorrent persecution of Jews in Morocco, Russia and Rumania."

All this has been accomplished, he points out, with "that national reserve against interference in the affairs of European powers which may be considered inherent in our foreign policy." In other language, it has been done in accord with the principle of "the good neighbor."

An arresting feature of Jewish history within the United States is the persistency and success with which the Jews in America have, for a century, besought and received from this Government the exercise of its mighty influence in behalf of their persecuted brethren in foreign lands.

Ever since the accession of Hitler to power in Germany the Jews in this

LET none be so simple-minded as to believe that the treatment being meted out to the Catholics of Mexico—to the Mexican people—is a purely domestic problem of Mexico's. It threads its way unerringly into the foreign relationships of the United States and cannot be eliminated by quarter-hearted apologies and attempts to explain away what cannot be explained away. Josephus Daniels, Ambassador at Mexico City, by his public endorsement of the policies of the factional régime now ruling the affairs of our bordering Republic, brought the issue within the very precincts of the Department of State at Washington.

It is easy to contemplate the outburst of indignation and the personal consequences which would ensue were the American Ambassador to Germany to accord such aid and comfort to the Hitler régime as that which Ambassador Daniels has given, and continues to give, to the Calles dictatorship in Mexico.

Be it remembered that Ambassador Dodd, our envoy at Berlin, far from maintaining silence on happenings under Adolf Hitler's administration, took occasion, in the most pointed manner, to lecture the German government, not from the vantage point of a foreign platform, but upon the very soil of Germany.

As an avenue for carrying on a brazen propaganda within the United States in furtherance of its policies, the Calles *terrorism* is using the immunities granted its diplomatic and consular representatives here. The spokesmen and the scribes of this propaganda have been most alert. In order that it may be intensified, Plutarco and his strategists have adopted additional measures. A *United Press* dispatch from the Mexican capital, January 30, 1935, states clearly:

"Angered at unfavorable publicity, the government is preparing to organize a department of propaganda to operate in conjunction with legations and consulates in foreign countries. A measure authorizing the organization of such a department has been reported favorably by congressional committees and probably will be made a law soon."

THE United States was especially in mind when this legislation was drafted—drafted by the Calles dictatorship for the purpose of influencing public opinion in foreign countries, by means of subsidized propaganda disseminated under the cloak of diplomatic and consular immunity, against the Catholics of Mexico, against the Mexican people. The dispatch tells us further:

"Under the bill a new diplomatic post would be created called 'attaché for propaganda'. Such officers would work directly with Mexican diplomatic representatives in foreign countries. The United States, because of its proximity and importance commercially to Mexico, is naturally the country in which the government is most eager to present its side of the argument. Attachés for propaganda would use newspapers, magazines, radio and lecture courses in seeing that the official side of the controversy is presented."

It is but logical to assume that, in view of their un-American zeal in defending the Calles régime, certain newspapers and periodicals, and certain sanctimonious orators and microphone huggers, are in the pay of the Mexican treasury—accepting the money wrung from the Mexican people for the purpose of keeping their oppressors in power.

The requests which American Catholics and others have laid before this Government in behalf of fair-play for the Catholics of Mexico cannot be silenced or defeated by the specious excuse that any action taken by the United States in the premises would violate the policy of "the good neighbor." There is an old and wise saying that "where there's a will there's a way." A correct disposition on the part of our Government is all that is required to bring about a satisfactory solution of this grave problem.

Almost a century ago Secretary of State Forsyth interceded in behalf of the Jews at Damascus. John Bassett

Moore, a foremost authority, declares in his *Digest of International Law*:

"In 1840 Mr. Forsyth, referring to a resolution adopted at a meeting of Israelites in the city of New York, in relation to the persecution of their brethren in Damascus, stated that the heart-rending scenes which took place had previously been brought to the notice of the President by the American consul there, and that in consequence an instruction was immediately written to the American consul at Alexandria, and that at the same time the diplomatic representative of the United States at Constantinople 'was instructed to interpose his good offices in behalf of the oppressed and persecuted race of the Jews in the Ottoman dominions, among whose kindred are found some of the most worthy and patriotic of our own citizens, and the whole subject, which appeals so strongly to the universal sentiments of justice and humanity, was earnestly recommended to his zeal and discretion.'"

In the year of grace 1935 the State Department of this Republic maintains a sublime composure in the face of the atrocious happenings at our very door under the direction of Beelzebub's proconsul, Plutarco Elias Calles. Not alone has our Government refused to do what Secretary of State Forsyth and President Van Buren did in behalf of the Jews in Turkey, it has permitted its ambassador in Mexico, Josephus Daniels, to hearten those in office there, by public addresses and private assurances.

Apart altogether from other considerations, it is patent that the twenty millions of American Catholics have the incontestable right to expect and require their Government, in pursuance of the policy of "the good neighbor," to intercede for the oppressed and persecuted race of Mexican Catholics, among whose coreligionists are found one-sixth of our total population—the greatest single religious organization in America, the greatest organized force for public good within the confines of this Republic. It can be justly affirmed without misgiving that were it not for Catholic aid, native and foreign, the War of Independence would have turned out to be a war of subjugation. As to this, see the present writer's article in *The Sign*, February, 1935. Catholic America has too long permitted itself to play the rôle of suppliant and meekly to accept a subordinate place in the nation's affairs.

THAT there is persecution, satanic persecution, in Mexico cannot be honestly denied by any person who has taken the trouble to inform himself of the facts. It was astonishing to perceive an influential section of the American press, the very section which clamors loudest in behalf of the Jews in Germany

and which persists in the policy of endeavoring to inflame Catholic opinion against that country by publishing lurid details of anti-Catholic happenings there, denouncing Senator Borah for introducing in the Senate a resolution calling for an investigation of conditions beyond the Rio Grande.

CATHOLIC America should pause and ponder long and earnestly the significance of this state of affairs. Our Catholic people must assert their rights as men, as Americans, not as slaves or tolerated inferiors. And they must be prepared to strike back at all attempts against them, covert or open, whether in the press or in the pulpit, on the platform or before the microphone, with all the power and efficiency at their command. Their self-respect, their standing as citizens, their services to this Republic in peace and war, demand it.

Many instances could be cited of the practical application of the policy of "the good neighbor," by the United States, in behalf of foreigners subjected to tyranny on account of race or religion. In 1878 Secretary of State Evarts, replying to a communication from Jewish intercessors, declared, as quoted by John Bassett Moore:

"It is, as you are of course aware, difficult for a foreign government to make the full force of its influence felt in intervening for the protection of native subjects of the State addressed. Nevertheless, in view of the fact that the informal and friendly offices of the United States have, at times before now, been used with good effect, through the informal action of their representatives abroad in the interest of humanity and of that full religious toleration and equity which form so conspicuous a base for our enlightened institutions, I shall be happy to instruct the United States consul at Tangier that he is at liberty to act, in the sense of your request, so far as may be consistent with his international obligations and the efficiency of his official relations with the Scheriffian government."

Here is the American policy of "the good neighbor" at work on the Dark Continent, upholding religious and humanitarian justice.

It is a recognized principle of the law of nations that when one nation conducts its internal affairs in such a manner as to injure the tranquillity or well-being of another nation, strong official representations may be made to the offending government. In 1911 a hearing was held before the Committee on Foreign Affairs of the House of Representatives on a resolution providing for the abrogation of the treaty of 1832 between the United States and Russia, a measure designed to assist the persecuted Jews of Russia. One of the documents included in the printed report is

an instruction from Secretary of State Blaine, February 18, 1891, to the American envoy in Russia, who was directed to give a copy thereof to the Russian government.

"THE Government of the United States," declared Blaine, "does not assume to dictate the internal policy of other nations or to make suggestions as to what their municipal laws should be or as to the manner in which they should be administered. Nevertheless, the mutual duties of nations require that each should use its power with a due regard for the other and for the results which its exercise produces in the rest of the world. It is in this respect that the condition of the Jews in Russia is now brought to the attention of the United States, upon whose shores are cast daily evidences of the suffering and destitution wrought by the enforcements of the edicts against this unhappy people. I am persuaded that His Imperial Majesty the Emperor of Russia and his councillors can feel no sympathy with measures which are forced upon other nations by such deplorable consequences."

Were the Mexican people Jews, and were the Calles dictatorship to bring into effect against them the code it has applied to the Catholics of Mexico, the United States Government would have been forced to act long ago. But it is silent, complacently silent, while its ambassador at Mexico City, unlike United States envoys to Russia in the days of the czarist persecution of the Israelites, accords the Calles régime every aid and comfort within his power.

In connection with the instruction of Secretary of State Blaine just cited, a dispatch from Washington published in the *New York Evening Journal* on February 9, 1935, is of particular importance. The first paragraph reads:

"Evidence that diplomatic agents of four foreign nations have mixed in the internal politics of this country, and that they have attempted to arouse racial and religious prejudice among the American people, is being submitted to the State Department by the McCormack Congressional committee which has been investigating un-American activities, it was learned today."

The dictatorship of Plutarco Elias Calles, through one of its consuls, is involved in this matter—the dictatorship with whose doings we are gravely told the United States must on no account concern itself. The dispatch informs us:

"Several thousand Mexicans have fled into the Southwestern States. They recently decided to hold a fiesta in honor of a Mexican Catholic event. The consul, it is complained, sought to dissuade them on the ground that they would call attention to the alleged religious persecution in Mexico."

Magdalen's Song

By Sr. M. Jeremy, O.P.

FAIR brow, dark hair, drenched with blood and mire;
Veiled eyes, parched mouth, answer my desire.
Live, brow; look, eyes; speak, mouth, and heal me;
Pierced hands, stir now, girdle and steel me.
Why do you move not to call me from mourning,
Mute lips that silenced the tale of my scorning?

Here we find that Mexicans in their thousands have been driven into the United States to escape religious persecution in their native land. But the principle invoked by Secretary of State Blaine in behalf of the Jews in Russia makes no appeal to Secretary of State Hull.

Certain big newspapers and chesty politicians and pacifists who coo for cash, professed to be shocked when Senator Borah introduced in the Senate his resolution calling for an inquiry into the state of affairs under Proconsul Calles. The Senator from Idaho had the fullest precedent for his action. In the very communication of Secretary of State Blaine just quoted, a communication intended for the Russian government, we are informed:

"On the 20th of August last [1890] the House of Representatives adopted a resolution requesting the President to communicate to that body any information in his possession concerning the enforcement of the proscriptive edicts against the Jews in Russia."

Far from seeking to thwart the House of Representatives, President Harrison responded on October 1, 1890. Blaine points out that in an accompanying report he spoke strongly on "the rumors that new measures of repression were about to be put in force" in the land of the Autocrats. He did this upon the principle of "the universal and intimate sentiment of humanity" and because of the serious effects of such action upon other nations, due to the enforced migration of so many Israelites from Russia seeking escape from their oppressors.

Twenty years subsequently the United States Government, as a result of long sustained pressure from the Jews, abrogated the important treaty of 1832 between the United States and Russia. On December 17, 1911, the American Ambassador at St. Petersburg, acting on instructions from President William Howard Taft, officially notified the Russian government that our Government intended to end the treaty on the expiration of a year, beginning January 1, 1912. By joint resolution both Houses of Congress sanctioned this step. The resolution in question was signed by the President on December 21, 1911.

The spearhead of the drive for abrogation was the refusal of Russia to accord equal status, under the treaty's provisions, to all passports issued by Washington, American Jews being discriminated against. Our Government declined to recognize the right of any foreign power to discriminate against any of its citizens on the ground of religion or race. This grave step on the part of the United States shortly before the outbreak of the World War seems to have been conveniently forgotten.

Our Government then demanded, and backed up its demand in an unmistakable manner, that its passport issued to a Jewish citizen of this Republic, even though he were a rabbi of the highest rank, be fully respected by the Russian government. Does the present Mexican government conform to this principle in relation to passports issued to American Catholics, including the highest dignitaries of the Church? By no means. Still, there is not the slightest indication of the abrogating of an American treaty with Mexico.

It must not be taken for granted that the pressure exerted upon the United States Government by the Jews—and they had the fullest American Catholic support in 1911—was motivated solely by the passport issue in itself. This issue was used—and justly so—as a potent method of exerting American governmental pressure upon Russia in behalf of the persecuted Jews (not American Jews) in the Empire of the Czars. And the American Government made the fullest use of the avenue thus opened to it to act "the good neighbor" for the oppressed Hebrews.

Will American Catholics rest satisfied with less consideration than that which their Government has accorded the Jews? The answer must be a resounding "No!" Twenty millions strong, proud of their part in the founding and upbuilding of this Republic, jealous of its good name, believers in liberty and justice for all races and creeds, let them silence the suppliants, the bide-your-time-men and other obstructionists within their ranks, and with a mighty voice demand that their Government do its simple duty in its relations with the present régime in Mexico.

TEMPLE OF HEROES

A Catholic Visits the Foreign Legion

By John Gibbons

MY title is taken in the first place simply because there really is such a Temple and I have seen it, and in the second place because my original title seemed on reflection rather long; I think it would have been *On the Correction of Some Popular Misconceptions on the Beliefs and Conducts of a Much Misunderstood Body of Men*. And what made me think of writing it at all was just a visit of mine some months ago to Ireland. I was stopping, with an elderly Irish gentleman and his wife.

On the Sunday morning, as we were starting off to Mass, my host said something about the collection and pushed two half-crown pieces into my hand. That is perhaps a dollar and a quarter in American money, and the point is important; for it is about four times as much as the average middle-class Englishman or Irishman would ordinarily give in church. Added to which, of course, it isn't usual for a host to present a guest at all with the collection money. And yes, said the old gentleman, he always liked everybody under his roof to give that five shillings to the Church (and I found out afterwards that the chauffeur also had a similar sum similarly presented). He owed the Church, went on my host, *so very, very much*. It was curious, wasn't it? And it struck me afterwards that I'd twiddle the names about a bit so that nobody would know them, and then write up the truth about the rest of the story. It might interest somebody.

Now the story was that the old gentleman in his hot and flaming youth had once been drunk and had hit a policeman and then bolted for it. Eventually he had found his way into the French Foreign Legion and had served his five years in the thing and had never forgotten it. That was how I knew him to start with; because though I had never served in the Legion, I had been out there with it in Africa and I had afterwards written a book about it. That old gentleman had read my book and had asked me to come and stop with him.

It isn't all the collection of romantic blackguards of the silly books, you know; the bulk of those men are decent out-of-works from all over Europe. They find their way into the Legion for no reason more dreadful than to fill their stomachs. Neither does the Legion spend its service in rescuing female film-stars in the desert

as in the silly pictures; it does some real things, that Legion. There is that *Salle d'Honneur* or Military Museum of theirs in Sidi-Bel-Abbès, and there is that room in it that in their French way they call the *Temple of Heroes*.

You have to do more than look fine on the films to get into that Temple. There is the bit of a monument to "The Five," and that means the five men who were left alive out of sixty-two (and of course they died later in hospital) who held out for eight hours against two thousand of the enemy. That was at Camerone in Mexico. And there was *Capitaine Cotter* of Cork in Ireland, and he has his bit of a record in that Temple. He was the officer who was captured by the Tonkinese and told exactly how he would be tortured to death unless his men surrendered. They took his parole as a gentleman of France and sent him across to his own line to tell his men to surrender. He placed his men under his next-in-command with strictest orders that on no account in the world was there to be any surrender, and then walked back to the Tonkinese and *was* tortured to death. There are quite a lot of biggish names in that Legion, including by the way your own Philip Kearney of your Arlington National Cemetery; that was an American great gentleman who raised his own corps for your Mexican War and who did something dashing in your great Civil War. Incidentally he spent quite a long time with the French Armies and got a French Medal at Solferino. He also served in Algeria with their Legion Etrangère. He was quite a man, you see; there were quite a lot of men in that Legion.

WHAT I really want to say is that they are not necessarily all bad men. You can be bad in the Legion if you want to be, of course, exactly as you can be bad anywhere else, if you want to be. But there is nothing at all in the Legion to make you bad, and actually the great bulk of the legionnaires are very decent men. I know exactly what I am talking about, and if I haven't seen the whole Legion—it is an enormous concern of twenty-thousand men in the infantry alone—I have seen a good lot of it and I have been down as far as Taghit in the Sahara; whereas the bulk of the Legion adventure stories are written from barrooms.

I know of a Catholic church that was built by Legionnaires, working as volunteers in their spare time. If anyone queries what I say, the church is at Taourirt in Morocco. It isn't a very big church, I know, nor do I suppose that all the men who built it were very pious Catholics. Probably half of them were not Catholics at all; likely they were nominal Lutherans from northern Europe. But they are decent men and they probably said: "Why not? The Father is *Bon Sujet* and there is nothing else to do and why not please him?"

THAT Father would be one of the famous White Fathers of Africa, those priests who wear the Arab white burnoose and a turban and who carry hung around their necks a rosary of enormous beads. They were started by Cardinal Lavergne of Algiers, and they were intended to be a sort of Foreign Legion of the Catholic Church. You find them everywhere out there, and actually I once had lunch with one, both trying our best to be polite in my abominable French. That was down at Colomb-Béchar in the Southern Territory and at the extreme end of Marshal Lyautey's military railway. It is a garrison post of the Legion, and then the Legion Officer who was supposed to be looking after me (it is a military zone, and the traveler cannot wander about unaccompanied), finding out that I was unlike most Englishmen in being a Catholic had me in to lunch on the Sunday after Mass and introduced me to the priest.

I remember that officer. He looked about forty and he had about fourteen Campaign Medals. When we had become a bit friendlier, I happened to mention that I knew Lourdes. It appeared that he was a *Client* de Notre Dame de Lourdes and that every two years when he got a European leave he always went to Lourdes. It also appeared that the latest of his medals came from Syria with a bit of fighting against the Druses. He had collected another wound there too, and while convalescing had made what he called a Pilgrimage to Jerusalem and the Holy Places. He seemed to think it a special dispensation of the *Bon Dieu* that had allowed him to collect an extra medal and a Pilgrimage in one and the same campaign! I cannot of course guarantee that his theology would be accurate, but I can guarantee that he was a Man, a

decent man very much respected in his own profession. He was at least as good a Catholic man as he knew how to be. His very charming wife ordered her Arab servants about and beamed upon her little luncheon party, while the White Father beamed back and tried to pretend that he could understand my French.

THERE is no official religion in that Legion and no compulsory being marched to Mass or any other church. The man need go nowhere unless he wants to go. What the Legion does say is that reasonable facilities for the performance of the major rites of any man's particular creed shall be allowed if the man chooses to claim them. So I have been to High Mass in Saida, one of their garrison towns, and found the church full of Legionnaires; but they had gone individually and as volunteers; they were not marched there. And so a Catholic would get, if possible, a meatless meal for his Friday, and a Moslem légionnaire would get leave for his great week in the year; and so it would be with the Lutherans and so it would be with the Jews—and there are plenty of them, too, in the Legion.

If any Catholic reader is interested in a non-Catholic story, then I may tell him of the little Englishman who came to grief through drink and bolted into the Foreign Legion to dodge the consequences. That man deliberately saved up six months' halfpence of pay, and also six months' thirst in the way of good conduct, on purpose to qualify himself for a week-end's leave down to Oran on the coast. Given good conduct, he got a government pass on the railway, you see. Why he wanted to go to Oran was to attend the Church of England chapel at the English Consulate—there to receive Holy Communion according to the rite of the Episcopal Church. He did this simply because there was no such service outside Oran, and because his old mother in England had written and begged him to go. Of course the Lutherans are just the same; I have seen their church in Bel-Abbès. It is down the lane just opposite the gate of the Spahi Barracks, those native cavalry, who wear the huge boots and the great red cloaks.

But then being a Catholic myself, it is naturally the Catholics that I know most about. To begin with, there are no chaplains to the forces in that Legion. But then they have the White Fathers always with the troops, only as volunteers. They have no commissions and no rank as officers; they have no uniforms and, of course, no pay. But all the same, they are always there. It is a bit hard, in fact, on the men who are not Catholics, the Lutherans and the rest. There are not many of their ministers, only just one here and there in the bigger garrison towns like Saida or Bel-Abbès. These ministers have their wives and families

back in Germany or elsewhere. The Catholic Church, of course, is always on the spot everywhere, and, as the priests have no families, they don't need so much support.

Actually some of those White Fathers seem to live on nothing. They might find a friendly officer, but in general they will be with the men; that is, I mean, *On Column* (their term for *On Active Service*). They live with the men and march with the men. Forty miles a day is the Legion's traditional forced march. Under that African sun it means something. But I've heard tales a-plenty of those White Fathers. I have heard of them refusing the loan of a friendly officer's horse or the offer of a ride on an Army wagon. As long as the men could march, they would march with them. And it was *En Avant, Mes Enfants*. It is not all quite like the Legion of the lying books, you know.

Then there is Ain-Sefra and that is one of the famous oases of the desert. There is a huge Legion Barracks there and also an enormous Arab orphanage, conducted by the White Fathers. There is a train twice a week, and you always see the Fathers out on the depot to meet it. It is not gay out there, and I suppose it is about their one contact with the outside world. When I was on that train, I was talking to a légionnaire, the sort of sergeant that they call a *sous-officier*. There is a long halt of half an hour or so, and when we got out of the train to stretch our legs, he shook hands with some of the priests whom he knew. He was obviously saying something in French about me, and they all laughed. When I asked him what it was, he said that there had been a proposal to introduce me as the English stranger to Father So-and-So, and the others said that he mustn't, not if the train was to get away again that week. Father So-and-So, it appears, always talked so much to strangers; he was the most talkative man in Africa, they said, and the proudest. He had once known Père de Foucault, and always wanted to talk about him.

NOW I myself know just a scrap about Père de Foucault. He was, of course, a wealthy young French nobleman and a French officer in the famous African cavalry. He was quite a gay young officer, with a taste for a pretty face or for a bottle—or several bottles—of wine. With all his little gaieties, he was quite a decent sort of soldier; actually he was the very first white man ever to pass the Forbidden Zones of the old Moroccan Empire. He did it, by the way, by discarding his gay uniform and dressing up in the filthy rags of a Moroccan Jew peddler, counting the number of paces he stepped in an hour and so mapping out the country for his France. All this was in an area where he would have been tortured if caught. One day he re-

membered that he was supposed to be a Catholic. Eventually he threw in his officer's commission and studied. In time he took orders as a priest.

HOW he went out as a hermit missionary to the Sahara; how he built himself a Shrine right out in the wilderness of the Hoggar—that is the district of the Sahara Mountains where the Tuareg have their home (the Veiled Men of the movies—only out in the Hoggar they are not faked, not in the least!); how he lived there and finally was killed—all that is known to quite a lot of people. What a lot of people do not know is of my own little luncheon in the Foreign Legion *poste* or Fort of Taghit out in the Sahara with the very beautifully dressed young French officer who was entertaining me. As I was leaving he offered me for my future book my choice of his collection of snap-shots. He had been out there for months and months, and such a man's desert photographs would be worth the having. All were at my disposal, "Except, Monsieur, *that one*." That one was of the grave of the Père de Foucault. He was a Saint, the officer explained, "and one does not give away a picture of a Saint's grave." They don't say things like that, do they, on the Legion Films!

It is a pretty wonderful country out there, and the truth is a bit more wonderful than the fiction. Look at the curious case of Michel Vieuchange, the author of about the dullest book I ever read. It is just the journal of a young Frenchman who wished to go to Smara, one of the Forbidden Cities of Spanish Morocco, where no white man had ever been before. And Michel went. He managed it by bribing an Arab caravan to take him disguised in native clothes. Then as the Arabs were afraid of getting all their throats cut, they made Vieuchange travel, squeezed chin to knees, in a basket hung on to a camel. Weeks and weeks that journey took, and under that sun it can scarcely have been a happy journey. It twisted the man's inside and distorted this organ and that, until in the end he died.

But first he got to Smara, and as he travelled he made his observations through the holes of the hamper, and very dull observations they were; no film director would for a moment have considered the man as even a super, let alone a star or a hero. Weather so-and-so, temperature so-and-so, altitude so-and-so, nature of soil apparently so-and-so; it was all just scientific and geological notes for the future glory of his France. Then after months of it, he got back just in time to die, and the last page of that poor bit of a diary had actually to be finished by his brother: "Confessed complete acceptance of the Catholic Faith; died."

What more could be said?

Appeasement in Europe

By Denis Gwynn

THE first months of the new year have carried further the extremely remarkable improvement of atmosphere in international relations throughout Europe. The contrast with conditions a year ago is quite extraordinary. Less than twelve months ago every experienced observer of foreign affairs was in a state of daily apprehension, expecting that some sudden crisis would arise in Central Europe which would make war inevitable within a few weeks at most. One of the most famous of modern ambassadors declared last spring, after a visit to all the principal capitals of Europe, that he did not remember any period in his whole life when war was regarded in all countries as being so imminent and so unavoidable. Yet today the cloud which hung over every country throughout most of last year has almost entirely lifted. No one expects war, and definite negotiations for preventing it are in progress among the countries which a year ago seemed incapable of finding any common ground.

Looking back, one recalls with a real sense of reverence that brave speech in which the reigning Pope announced, at the beginning of the Holy Year which he had declared as a special contribution to the needs of a despairing generation, that he confidently believed that the Holy Year would mark the turning point—not only in the economic misery of the long depression but also in promoting reconciliation among the peoples. Whether one calls it a coincidence or not, the Holy Year did indeed bring the turn of the tide in trade revival, and in the last six months it has also brought an almost incredible transformation in the outlook concerning peace.

Three events during the summer and autumn of last year contributed greatly to the change which has taken place. The murder of Dr. Dollfuss brought war so near that every force which could assist in preventing it was mobilized on all sides. The "clean-up" of the Nazi organization, with its sanguinary features in Berlin and Munich in June, had shown with terrible force how rapidly and ruthlessly an autocratic Government could act if it were determined to destroy its enemies. And some months later when King Alexander of Serbia was murdered at Marseilles, the general determination to prevent war asserted itself more strongly than ever; and the following months have been largely occupied with constructive efforts to overcome all outstanding causes of strife.

The new year has opened with an unexpected recovery of prestige by the League of Nations. A year ago it had fallen into deep discredit because Germany had walked out of it, so that only three out of the seven Great Powers still remained in it. The Disarmament Conference, which had grown out of the League, had failed more abjectly than ever. It seemed as though neither the League nor the Disarmament Conference could ever become effective international agencies again. There was apparently a strong possibility that the League would incur its final and irretrievable discredit at the beginning of this year, when the fate of the Saar was to be decided by a plebiscite organized and conducted under the League's auspices.

The Saar plebiscite, on the contrary, has been one of the greatest triumphs in the whole history of the League. It has solved without bloodshed, and without even provoking bitter feeling in any direction, the most difficult of those unsettled problems which have been a legacy since the Treaty of Versailles. The Saar problem no longer exists. Its inhabitants have voted overwhelmingly in favor of return to Germany, and the details of the final arrangement are being rapidly carried through. Even the troops which were sent at the request of the League to ensure order and to guarantee a free ballot in secrecy, have been brought home. The vote was conducted with such conditions of complete secrecy that its result cannot be seriously questioned. It was so decisive in favor of a return to Germany, and the minority who voted in favor of continuing the existing rule under the League of Nations High Commissioner was so small, that no one can seriously question the fairness of the result.

IN France the return of the Saar to Germany had been expected as inevitable, but the overwhelming magnitude of the majority who supported Hitler was undoubtedly humiliating to French national pride. Clemenceau and his experts immediately after the war had even argued that the Saar coalfields belonged by right to France, and that racial sympathies alone should have caused the transfer of the Saar to France. Actually the vote for France was much less than 5 per cent; and in spite of every effort to exploit discontent in Germany for purposes of increasing the adverse vote in the Saar, not one-twentieth of the total poll was cast in

favor of continuing the existing conditions.

The French newspapers had certainly hoped for a less decisive result. The fact that the Saar population are overwhelmingly Catholic was one reason why Hitler's critics had hoped that he would be severely snubbed in the Saar as a protest against the harsh treatment he has given to the Church. But the solid German patriotism of the Saarlanders did not waver; they preferred to face persecution rather than to remain as exiles, and the Church in Germany has been reinforced by their restoration to the Reich.

WHERE serious trouble had been expected was in connection with payment of compensation to France for the surrender of the Saar coalmines. The Treaty of Versailles handed over the Saar for fifteen years to international administration, with the proviso that France was to exploit the mines as part of her compensation for the injury done to the French coalfields which were wrecked during the German invasion from 1914 onwards. Hitler's propaganda for years before he assumed office had been so uncompromising that it seemed almost incredible that he should consent to making any compensating payment once he obtained control of the Saar. But the League Committee of three, presided over by Baron Aloisi, showed such dexterity and tact in producing agreement on all the details surrounding the probable return of the Saar to Germany that negotiations were complete before the plebiscite was held. Not only the sum involved but the method of payment were agreed upon in advance; and when the New Year opened the only serious anxiety concerned the possibility of outbursts of frantic excitement within the Saar.

Still more encouraging was the immediate and evident change of attitude in Germany once the Saar question had been settled. The French had expected that Hitler would be in a more defiant mood than ever. Those who are familiar with his propagandist writings—which still provide the basis of Nazi philosophy in politics—could never have expected that the Nazi Government would openly renounce all further claims to winning back territories which Hitler has claimed so ardently as being part of Germany. Before Hitler came to power, every one of his followers had been taught that the Polish corridor to the Port of Danzig

must be wiped out at all costs, and that East Prussia must regain the territory which was given to Poland in the Peace Settlement. But just as the Danzig problem disappeared as soon as Hitler had achieved control of its internal administration by a majority vote, so the restoration of the Saar has been accepted as satisfying all that Germany demands at the expense of France. Even the old claim to Alsace Lorraine has been openly abandoned; and although one must expect that such claims will sooner or later be revived by German nationalists, they are no longer a source of constant and immediate anxiety to Germany's neighbors.

RELIEVED in this direction by the obviously genuine intention of Herr Hitler to consolidate his latest gain without pressing further demands against France, the French were very soon encouraged after their humiliation by the decisive success of M. Laval's visit to Rome. He did not leave Paris until the main lines of a firm pact with Italy had been securely arranged. His conversations with Mussolini were a triumphant success, and his visit to Rome was all the more memorable because he created a new precedent by paying a personal visit to the Holy Father. It is difficult to realize that for over thirty years no Foreign Minister from France has visited the Holy See, although many have visited Rome. M. Laval's breach with that anti-clerical tradition was no mere compliment to the Holy Father, but a deliberate act of recognition of the immense international influence for peace which is exercised by the Vatican.

The pact between Italy and France was much more than a defensive alliance and a mutual pledge to guarantee the independence of Austria. Both Italy and France have common interests in preventing the absorption of Austria by the German Reich, but they have for years been estranged by a conflict of interests on other questions. One question concerns the rivalry of the French and Italian navies in the Mediterranean. Still more acute has been the jealousy between the two countries in regard to colonizing in Northern Africa; for years Mussolini has claimed that Tunis is virtually an Italian city because of its predominantly Italian population. And only a few years ago the Italian press even indulged in extravagant claims that Savoy and parts of the Riviera close to Italy must be regained by Italy.

Until Hitler's rise to power in Germany transformed the whole situation in Europe, Italy had been as vehemently anti-French as in more recent times it has been anti-German. The sudden threat to Italy's northern frontiers, in case Hitler should succeed in annexing Austria to the Reich, changed the direc-

tion of Italy's foreign policy, and she has since been deeply concerned to reach a firm agreement with France on a basis of protecting the independence of Austria. To achieve that result both Italy and France have been prepared to make substantial concessions to each other, but any agreement has been complicated by France's commitments with other States. Since the war, France has given the fullest support and encouragement to the countries which are known as the Little Entente, (Yugo-Slavia, Rumania and Czecho-Slovakia) in order to create a powerful military bloc on Germany's eastern frontier. But Yugo-Slavia and also Hungary are extremely jealous of Italy's territorial gains under the Peace Treaties, and it has hitherto been almost impossible for France to make terms with Italy which would not destroy the confidence and the unity of her allies in the Little Entente.

The supreme importance of the recent agreement between Italy and France is that these difficulties have been overcome, while France has also made a gift to Italy of a large area in tropical Africa, of about the same size as England. The territory which Mussolini has thus obtained is scarcely even habitable until it has been developed by Italian enterprise, but it adds greatly to the scope for Italian colonial expansion; and Mussolini has very evidently decided that Italy is to take her place as one of the chief colonizing powers in Africa.

Having removed the constant causes of friction between France and Italy, the French Government then turned to England, and a no less important agreement was concluded in London at the end of January. Its provisions are too complicated to discuss in detail, but one feature which makes the agreement specially remarkable is that England, for the first time in negotiations of this kind, has had direct interests to promote. Hitherto English support for the Locarno Treaty and similar agreements which were intended to guarantee peace in Western Europe has been inspired chiefly by the desire to establish security and peace, without which trade cannot revive. But in the new negotiations there has been a definite condition that the British Air Force which is admittedly far below the limits of safety in case of invasion—shall be reinforced by the French Air Force in case of attack. So long as Germany was disarmed, England could afford to reduce her expenditure on the Air Force, even while France was increasing her Air Force.

BUT when Hitler and Goering proceeded to create a vast Air Force in Germany, all other countries began to enlarge their own Air Forces still further. The British Air Force had become so small by comparison that a very

large increase was obviously necessary. For several years this need for an immense outlay on the Air Force has threatened to upset the balance of the Budget, and in the recent negotiations the British Government has been striving to secure the co-operation of other Air Forces as an alternative to an immense increase of the British Air Force. No one ever regarded the Locarno Pact, (which obliged England to come to the assistance of either France or Germany if one attacked the other) as providing any compensation whatever for the serious obligations which the Pact involved. But the recent extension of that principle to include particularly the co-operation of Air Forces has under the new conditions brought very definite advantages to England.

THERE has been no anxiety for many years as to the prospect of a military invasion of England or even of a defeat of the British Navy in European waters. But the danger of attack from the air is so different to all other forms of attack that no Government can allow its Air Force to be hopelessly inadequate for defense when its neighbors, no matter how friendly they may be, have it in their power to destroy the whole defenses of the country within twenty-four hours.

On that basis the agreement between France and England for mutual defense has been welcomed in England with much more real enthusiasm than the Locarno Pact inspired. The next phase is to extend the Franco-British agreement to include Germany also, until France, Germany, Italy and England are all pledged to support each other in case any of them is attacked in defiance of the Pact. At the time of writing the question is being closely considered in Berlin, and it is difficult to guess how the proposal will be received. Germany's first reply to the proposal has been very carefully guarded, and commits Hitler to no more than a sympathetic study of the whole problem.

It has been linked up with a demand for guarantees that the independence of Austria must be preserved, and Hitler has such strong reasons for expecting that he could annex Austria within a reasonable time that he can scarcely be expected to surrender this fundamental part of his pan-German program. On the other hand so many difficulties, economic and financial, beset Hitler and his friends that there are very cogent reasons for securing stability in Germany's relations with her neighbors for at least some years to come. The negotiations during the past year have been conducted with extraordinary skill and foresight, and France has, since the death of M. Barthou, had a much more flexible and sympathetic foreign Minister in M. Laval.

Step by step the diplomatists have been

working their way with increasing confidence back to firmer ground, so that the wreckage caused by Germany's hurried departure from the League may be repaired. At each stage the proposals have been deliberately restricted in scope, and have usually been put forward with a definite time limit, so that there may be no complaint on the ground that future developments are being prevented. Just now it would appear that the future depends chiefly upon whether Hitler will agree or not to repudiate all intentions of annexing Austria, or of otherwise upsetting the unstable balance which must somehow be preserved for the sake of peace. If he will agree in principle, even for a short period, the details should not be difficult to settle, and nothing would contribute more to appeasement in Europe than a decision by Germany to return to the League of Nations after signing an agreement which would be virtually an extension of the Locarno Pact.

TO American readers it may seem strange to write hopefully about the prospects of peace in Europe in the very week when Mussolini has dispatched a military expedition with every apparent intention of making war in Abyssinia. Undoubtedly the League of Nations is going to be confronted with yet another of those problems which are so damaging to its prestige. Abyssinia is a member of the League, although Germany and Japan are outside it as well as the United States. It will certainly appeal to the League for protection against Mussolini's invasion if he does attempt to invade the country. Everyone knows that whatever the rights and wrongs of the case may be, Mussolini would defy the League and withdraw from it immediately, if it attempted to interfere with his program.

The dispute which has arisen bears many resemblances to the dispute between China and Japan over Manchuria. Mussolini has been protesting repeatedly against attacks on his military outposts and forts on the Abyssinian borders, which have caused many casualties and have involved a serious loss of prestige to Italy in Africa. The Abyssinian Government replies, just as the Chinese Government replied to Japan, that the attacks have been carried out by irresponsible bands which the Government has tried to suppress; and there has been the usual conflict of evidence as to how the trouble started in each case. The Japanese took the law into their own hands and refused to wait for the report of a committee of investigation which the League sent out to Manchuria. Mussolini would undoubtedly show the same impatience, in view of his recent actions, if the League attempted to prolong the quarrel by appointing a similar inquiry.

At the time of writing it seems almost inevitable that Italy will undertake a military expedition in full force. Various reasons tend to confirm the suspicion of many hostile critics who believe that Mussolini is delighted to have an opportunity of showing what his troops can accomplish in modern warfare. He has been training the youth of Italy in arms and in military discipline for years longer than Hitler has been training the youth of Germany, and there is no question that Mussolini is more openly militarist in sentiment than any other leader in Europe. His expedition against Abyssinia, following so closely upon the agreement with France which enlarges Italy's colonial domain around the Sahara desert, is certainly a reminder to the world that Italy intends to be a great colonial power.

That, however, is no reason to assume that Italy is not legitimately obliged to take strong action to protect her frontiers in Eritrea or that the expedition has been undertaken in any truculent spirit. But the dispute itself is the direct outcome of Italian colonial development in Africa, and if Mussolini throws his whole weight into the campaign one cannot be surprised if Italy demands more at the end of it than she has demanded hitherto. In the meantime the quarrel concerns no other country but Italy and Abyssinia in its direct results. Africa still offers vast fields for exploitation by all the European countries which have acquired large territories there; and except for the

coast of the Mediterranean (where acute jealousies have arisen between France and Italy concerning Tunis), there is no reason to expect any serious conflict in interests between the European powers in Africa. The friction between France and Italy over the Mediterranean coast line has been settled by the recent agreement. The other countries will only stand by and watch with interest to see whether Mussolini is able, with his dynamic leadership and his magnificent military organization, to redeem the discredit which overtook Italy a generation ago in her last campaigns against the Abyssinians.

Of all statesmen in Europe Mussolini is probably the only one who could be accused or suspected with reasonable truth of being capable of desiring a war of conquest. If those suspicions are justified, then it is unlikely that all the efforts of the League of Nations will succeed in preventing war in Abyssinia. But there is another side to the question which Mussolini is most unlikely to have overlooked. Magnificent in their discipline and in their patriotism though his young Italian troops may be, Italy has been suffering more than almost any country in the past year from declining trade and economic and financial difficulties. To undertake a war, even against Abyssinia, may mean imperilling Italy's financial stability, and it might quite conceivably force Italy off the gold standard, with results upon other countries which would be very far reaching.

Two Masters

By Cyril Rostand Carney

NO matter what his name, as best he could
 He served rich cups of song with roses twined;
 But saw not the old serpent lift his hood
 For he had left the serpent far behind.
 Beside his potions he so proudly stood.
 Was not their essence faith in humankind
 And in the Crucified? Ah, to what good?
 The world passed on and all alone he pined.

So humbled, then he studied as he should
 The cosmic poem, Crucifixion, signed
 With crimson ink and rudely scrawled on wood.
 "Ah, Master!" he lamented, "Strangely blind,
 How could I sing of You upon the rood
 When worshipping success with my whole mind?"

RENÉ DESCARTES

*An Intellectual Leader of Profound Influence Is
Considered in the Ninth Article of This Series*

By Hilaire Belloc

IN THE midst of these political figures, Kings and Statesmen and Soldiers, whom we have been considering in connection with the great religious struggle of the 17th century, we must turn for a moment to two men who had no political power. They were neither Soldiers nor Statesmen nor men of any hereditary position; but they influenced the mind of Europe so greatly that their indirect effect was more than the direct effect of others.

These two men stood to each other in time as might a father to a son. Descartes, nearly the contemporary of Cromwell, was born in 1596 and died in 1650. Pascal was twenty-seven years younger, but died only twelve years after Descartes in 1662. It is remarkable to note how both of them survived to see the settlement in the political and military fields of the great quarrel between the Reformation and the Catholic Church.

On the political field that quarrel was settled, as we have seen, in 1648-9. The Peace of Westphalia (as the two treaties ending the Thirty Years War are called) was very nearly contemporary with the execution of Charles I, the end of Richelieu's great work and all the rest of it. In other words, both Pascal and Descartes lived during, and past the turning point; and the impress which each of them stamped upon European thought was given just before it was too late—that is, while the society of Christendom was still sufficiently warm from the struggle to take an imprint, but no longer in the boiling effervescence of the original conflict. Born a generation earlier Descartes and Pascal might have been heresiarchs: born a generation later the one might have been a mere 18th century skeptic and the other a mere private devotee. As it was, their lives and activities were expended at a moment when they would be of maximum effect—challenging criticism without actual condemnation, and influencing the Catholic culture without at first any disruptive effect.

These two men represent the effects upon the Catholic culture of two very great forces let loose by the Reformation, or at any rate let loose by the

break-up of the old united Christian order in Europe. The first was Rationalism: the second may be called (I think with propriety) Emotionalism. Both men remained orthodox throughout their lives, each could claim that he was not only orthodox but strongly attached to the Catholic Church and all that the Catholic Church believes and teaches, yet from them proceeded results which stretched throughout the Catholic culture and shook its stability, while at the same time spreading far outside the boundaries of that culture into the Protestant culture and affecting the whole of European thought.

Of the two it was Descartes who did the most. He was undoubtedly the greater man—indeed, intellectually one of the greatest men Europe has ever produced. But negatively Pascal was also of high effect, because his example and the power of his word fostered that non-rational dependence upon emotion which is ultimately as disruptive of Catholic solidity as is Rationalism.

DESCARTES was the man who started all that mode of thought which at last, in the 19th century, became universal, and is only now beginning to be questioned; the mode of thought which we sum up under the term "scientific" which refuses to accept an affirmation which cannot be clearly stated and as clearly apprehended by the receiver, and refuse also to accept any affirmation (however clearly stated or clearly apprehended) unless it is accompanied by absolute proof based on deduction or experience. From Descartes there followed (as will I think be universally admitted) that tendency in all philosophy called "modern" which till lately grew more and more skeptical of mystery, less and less concerned with the unseen, and more and more occupied with matters susceptible of repeated experiment and physical appreciation. When a man talks of the doctrine of immortality, for instance, as "speculation," while calling the chemical constitution of water out of oxygen and hydrogen a fact, he is at the end of a process which was begun by Descartes. Not that Descartes would have put anything so crudely and falsely

as that, but from him proceeds the habit of founding certitude upon either mathematical truth or physical experiment or the two combined—and nothing else.

FOR instance, in that matter of the immortality of the soul: the man who says he will not accept the immortality of the soul because there is no "proof" of it, means that he requires either a mathematical deductive proof proceeding from first principles which nobody doubts or can doubt, or that he requires physical proof by experiment. Well, the man who says, "I have come to believe in the immortality of the soul, since I attended a Spiritualist séance," is just as much a product of the Cartesian effect upon the world as a man who will not believe in immortality because it has not been proved to him. The man who suddenly begins to believe in immortality because he thinks he has heard the voice of a dead person, or has had some other communication with him susceptible of physical test is, in the sense wherein we are using that word, strictly "rationalist."

And at this point it is important to define our terms, for "rationalist" and "rationalism" are terms that may be used in many varying senses. We mean by the Cartesian rationalism that habit of subjecting all examination of reality (that is, all the search after truth) to a certain process which is called "that of the reason" and "the reason only." It is in reality far too narrow a definition of the word "reason," but it is that which the great bulk of men still give and still act upon. It is "reasonable" to accept the evidence of your senses; it is "reasonable" to accept a mathematical proof. But (they say) it is not "reasonable" to accept any truth on any other basis.

In contrast to this profound effect of Descartes, we mark the effect of Pascal under what has been termed "emotionalism." There is nothing out of the way tending to unorthodoxy, inimical to Catholic solidity, in reliance upon emotion. Where Pascal's influence may be called destructive, or at any rate weakening to the strength of the Catholic culture, is in the tendency to sub-

stitute emotion for reason; to take emotion out of its proper sphere and give it authority in places where it has none. Thus, we may say that Pascal (without in the least intending it) stood at the beginning of that recent movement called "Modernism"; and there has been an influence flowing from Pascal, an influence which he himself would have bitterly regretted had he seen its fruits, tending to ignore definition in morals and doctrine because definition is not an emotional process. There has also come from the same source a parallel tendency to deny any doctrine which shocks some emotion. Or again, to affirm as certain something which the Church has not defined but which suits the private emotion of the believer.

WHEN we use the term "emotionalism" in this particular sense, just as when we use the word "rationalism" in its particular sense, we mean allowing emotionalism in the one case, as reason in the other, to do something it was not intended to do and step outside its proper sphere. Here is an example of emotionalism at war with reason:

A modernist suffering from the ambient agnostic atmosphere of his time denies what he calls the "historical" Resurrection of Our Lord. Yet he insists on the spiritual value (or spiritual truth as he will even call it) of the Resurrection. He ends by the absurdity that there are two truths; one the truth that a thing actually happened, and the other the truth that whether it happened or not doesn't count so long as it creates a pleasing emotion, to which he falsely attaches the word "truth." Perhaps the most famous sentence of all that Pascal wrote is also the shortest example of this kind of thing. That sentence runs as follows: "The heart has its reasons of which the head knows nothing." This is perilously near to saying that emotion is certain of things which reason contradicts.

Both men were great mathematicians, Descartes much the greater. Both men were remarkable writers, Pascal much the greater. From Pascal you may say comes the whole habit of clear modern prose writing; and from Descartes comes the whole business of analytical geometry and the theory of the calculi, differential and integral.

The process whereby each of these

men attained the position he did was very different in either case. Descartes approached the problem of the discovery of truth by a process of elimination. "What are we? Whence do we come?"



The great philosopher and scientist, René Descartes, was born at La Haye, France, in 1596. He studied at La Flèche, the famous Jesuit school. In Paris he formed a lasting friendship with the Franciscan, Pere Marsenne. The beginnings of his career as a scholar have something of a mystical character. In a dream which he interpreted as a revelation, he thought that the Spirit of Truth wished to open to him all the treasures of knowledge. Descartes traveled considerably, but finally took up his residence in Paris, where he had the good fortune to enjoy the patronage and encouragement of the famous Cardinal Bérulle. Conditions in Paris, however, proved unfavorable to his work and he went to Holland in 1629. It was during his stay there that he published most of his works. In 1649 he went to Sweden, at the invitation of Queen Christina. He died at Stockholm the following year. To this day his influence is felt in philosophy.

Whither do we go? What is the Universe and what are we therein?" To answer these prime questions he began by throwing overboard everything which he felt he could not, in the new scientific temper of the time, affirm. And he

reached the residuum that the only thing of which he was absolutely certain—the only thing which he could take as a first postulant, the only thing "known" whence he could proceed to discover the unknown, was his own existence.

That postulate was undoubtedly true, but it was the postulate of a skeptic, and it has acted ever since as a poison. For there is another thing of which we are also just as certain, really, as we are of our own existence—and that is the existence of things outside ourselves. There is no rational process by which the reality of the external universe can be discovered; all we know is that it can be confidently affirmed. Aristotle, who might be called reason itself; St. Thomas, whose whole process was that of beginning with a doubt, and examining all that there was to be said for that doubt before the denial of it and the corresponding certitude could be arrived at, both postulate this second truth. Not only am I, I, but that which is not myself is just as real as I am, and what is more, can be and is apprehended by myself.

THAT is, like all true philosophy, common sense. Your plain man, who is made in the image of God and who, so long as his reason and conscience are not warped, is on the right lines, has no patience with any denial of it. The whole of human society takes it for granted and must take it for granted. The witness in a Court of Justice, the man conducting his own affairs, the simplest activities of daily life, takes for granted as absolutely certain, not only the external universe in which we live, but our own power of apprehending it. Descartes returned to the very extreme of the old Greek skepticism, and said, "No, we must begin with the prime certitude of our own existence; from which, no doubt, we can proceed to a second certitude that the external world exists. But we must not take it as a primal postulate." Therefore, it is from Descartes that the whole stream of modern skepticism flows. He built up a system carefully and accurately from so exiguous a beginning; it was like building

a pyramid upside down, balanced upon a point, yet that system was stable and indeed on all its main lines it has stood for 300 years. It included the idea which most men still have of space, of the universe in three dimensions and

three dimensions only, of the value of physical experiment and the certitude of our scientific conclusions therefrom. Of the certitude also of our power of measurement, upon which all modern physical science is built. The philosophy of Descartes remained stable and held the field because it was supported and continued by the rising flood of

physical science. In some of his detailed conclusions he was fantastic, and would seem particularly fantastic in modern eyes; but his general spirit conquered the European mind and directed it right on into the memory of men now living. Indeed, no small part of our bewilderment, when we hear the doubts or questions of the latest physical

science, is due to our being disturbed in what we thought to be our quite secure Cartesian philosophy; namely, that matter and spirit are quite distinct, and that all time and motion are referable to fixed standards—and so forth. But there is no denying Descartes' far-reaching influence, which has affected even modern philosophy.

JACOPONE DA TODI

Little Known Author of the Stabat Mater

By John P. Campbell

HOW frequently during Lent we sing the impressive Stabat Mater. Yet few know even the name of the interesting person who is responsible for its polished metre and poignant beauty. This almost universal ignorance is the harder to understand when it is realized that this man—lawyer, diplomat, worldling, monk and ascetic, is one of the most arresting figures of a century noted for its color.

The life of Jacopone da Todi is, moreover, a timely topic worthy of our consideration. During times of national economic stress and development, such as we are undergoing, the average man is prone to lament that "never were times as bad as these," and supinely attribute defects due to his own shortcomings to "the times."

The thirteenth century in which Jacopone lived offers a close parallel to our own. In many respects times were worse. The struggle between the Empire and the Papacy affords a contrast between a refinement of luxury never since equalled and an asceticism which is still the cherished elusive aim of our present-day saints. The life of the author of the Stabat Mater gives the eternal lie to the cynic's sneer: "Life is a compromise." He never compromised on any issue.

Jacopone would view with a whimsical smile the claim that posterity remembers him chiefly for his poems, especially the Stabat Mater Dolorosa and its practically unknown counterpart, the Stabat Mater Speciosa. And, being a lawyer, he would be able to advance most plausible and cogent reasons to support his thesis. For surely he had more virile claims to greatness! He had been an eminent diplomat in his day, trusted ambassador on many delicate missions, an associate of the great Cardinals Colonna!

And yet it is none the less true, that his fame today rests chiefly on the merits

of the Stabat Mater. For a time this poem was attributed to Pope Innocent III. Now, however, the consensus of opinion among authorities on such matters credits Jacopone with its authorship.

Born Jacopo de Benedetti of the minor Umbrian nobility, his family, like a good many people today, found it a strain to reconcile the facts of purse with the traditions of ancestry. By dint of sheer intellectual prowess Jacopo achieved for himself a place among the most illustrious of his day and acquired material wealth in keeping with his eminence.

By reason of his generally conceded leadership, he was able to contract a marriage with a family of much higher rank than his own, the lords of Ravallo. Vanna, his bride, was much younger than he. Convent bred, she looked with disapproval on her husband's reprehensible worldliness. But she was a dutiful wife and in the spirit of the times, offered no articulate criticism. In the inexperienced girl he had married, Jacopone found a depth, a sincerity and a worth he had not suspected. With the inevitable potency of good example, Vanna, by her unassuming simplicity, made Jacopone conscious of the shallowness of the sophistries he had always courted as distinctive.

At times Divine Providence works out its ends in ways beyond the understanding of our finite intelligences. Just as Jacopone began to appreciate his wife's goodness to its full measure, just as he was intellectually convinced of the value of the regular, as opposed to the irregular, life, stark tragedy befell him. In 1268—about a year after her marriage, Vanna attended a Tourney, for feats of arms were then in vogue. As befitted her rank, she sat in a gallery with other high-born ladies. The gallery collapsed and Vanna was killed. Jacopone was present. He ran to relieve her and in loosening the rich attire she wore to

please him, found beneath, a hair-shirt, worn as he knew, to atone for his shortcomings.

In the extravagance of his grief, he abandoned alike his high station and his wealth, and, joining the Third Order of St. Francis, became a mendicant. For ten years he lived thus, decrying vanity, vice, and luxury, sparing neither himself nor his listeners. The eloquence formerly enlisted in forensic debate, now was utilized in preaching the Gospels and the literal interpretation of them.

IT WAS during this period that he became known as Jacopone, i.e., Jacopo, "The Fool." His townsmen were led to consider him a fool as many today would, because of the unorthodox means he chose to teach the eternal verities. Asked by a relative who had been marketing to take home some fowl he had purchased, Jacopone took the birds to the family vault, later telling his enraged kinsman, "Surely this is more your home than our present dwelling, as you will be here longer." Again—he appeared in public, walking on all fours, in a harness, like a beast of burden. On another occasion, he graced the wedding of one of his relatives wearing a costume composed chiefly of feathers, in derision of the fine trappings of the guests. No wonder he was called Jacopone!

In 1278, after a decade of this kind of mendicant life, Jacopone knocked at the cloister-door of the Friars Minor. These sons of the gentle St. Francis at first refused to admit him, believing he was a madman, because of his antics. Their gentle Founder would have understood him better. In time Jacopone proved he was rational by two beautiful essays dealing with the comparative value of knowledge, profane and sacred. The sane sanctity outlined in these compositions convinced the religious it was safe to admit him.

At this time, although St. Francis was not long dead, already his spiritual sons were divided over the manner in which their founder had intended them to observe Holy Poverty. One group called the Conventuals, believed the community ownership of property, such as churches and monasteries, was not contrary to the teachings of St. Francis. The second group, called the Brothers Spiritual, declared St. Francis never intended his followers to own anything. As might have been anticipated, Jacopone allied himself with the latter faction. So serious became the problem that the Brethren petitioned the reigning pontiff to settle the issue, by endorsing one side or the other.

THIS was about the year 1294 when, after the Fisherman's Throne had been vacant for twenty-seven months, the saintly hermit Pietro da Morrone was reigning as Celestine V. Jacopone addressed to him one of his famous letters in verse, noteworthy for its bluntness in arraigning the evils of the day, the abuse of benefices, extortion, etc. Whether or not the Pope was influenced by Jacopone we can only conjecture, but it is an historical fact that Celestine granted the Brothers Spiritual the privilege of living in community separate from the Brothers Conventuals under the direction of superiors of their own choice, free to observe the rule of St. Francis in its primitive severity.

Five months after his election Celestine, terrified by the responsibilities of his office and the evils he was not able to cope with, solemnly abdicated, the only Pope ever to do so, to return to his cherished solitude. As his successor the Sacred College chose Benedetto Gaetano, who assumed the name of Boniface VIII. His character was the exact antithesis of Celestine's; a sagacious ruler, he was also a consummate disciplinarian. Fully convinced that the Brothers Spiritual were rendering the Church a disservice by their rigorous observances, the new Pope revoked the concessions and privileges Celestine had granted them and put them once more under obedience to the Brothers Conventual.

Naturally such a character as Boniface had enemies. In their campaign to undermine the Pope, these enemies seized upon the revocation of Celestine's privileges as a pretext to enlist the sympathies of the simple Brothers Spiritual. The leaders of the revolt against the authority of Boniface, were the two brothers, James and Peter, the Cardinals Colonna. They raised the question: "Was Celestine's abdication genuine?" "Can a Pope resign?" They lent their allegations a sinister tone when they circulated the report that Boniface had forced Celestine's abdication, that he had imprisoned the old anchorite, and even had him

executed. These slanders were manifestly untrue—the abdication had been genuinely voluntary—the gentle old hermit had been restricted to a definite territory patrolled by reliable servants of Boniface in order that the simple old soul might not be made the pawn of unscrupulous politicians to further disturb a sadly distracted church. But Celestine was free to pursue his private life as he chose—to return to his fasts and devotions, uninterrupted by the cares of state. His death was entirely natural and so much in the odor of sanctity that he is now honored as a saint. John Ayscough has related this minutely and beautifully in his "San Celestino."

We need not be surprised to find Jacopone among the supporters of the Colonna, for he was a zealot and as such, could not understand a true successor of St. Peter's revoking the right to the extreme observance of Poverty. The Colonna and their little band of supporters were very thorough in the way they went about it. Assembling in the castle of Lunghezza near Rome on May 10th, 1297, they solemnly protested against the election of Boniface VIII, made him out the murderer of Celestine V, questioned the legitimacy of his acts, termed him an usurper of the Chair of Peter, and summoned him to appear for trial at the next universal council.

Jacopone's poetic skill was drafted into service to annoy Boniface, whose forces had besieged the Colonna. His satires on the Pontiff have come down to us and burn with invective, so much so that in the words of Ozanam "... we cannot but condemn such language, but we must remember that Jacopone, though misguided, believed he was stigmatizing an usurper and not the lawful head of the church." And again—for those who may be scandalized by Jacopone's error in siding against Boniface, an error which was of the head and not the heart "... the glory of God would never countenance a concealment of the faults of the righteous. The unbelieving can rejoice in them, the wavering can wonder at them, the steadfast in the Faith find in them a cause for praising the superiority of Christianity, for they never imagine their saints without passions and without weaknesses as the stoics desired their 'wise men' to be; they accept them as nature made them, passionate and faulty, but able to blot out by one day of repentance many years of sin."

JACOPONE had offended—he paid a heavy penalty. Along with the Colonna he was excommunicated, the most terrible trial that could have befallen him. In addition he suffered incarceration in a vile dungeon, while the Colonna went to Rome in sackcloth and ashes to make their submission. It was in September, 1298, that the forces of Boniface reduced the siege and Jacopone was chained

in his dungeon, of which he has left us a minute description, for imprisonment did not stop his writing.

THE imprisonment was not so hard on one inured to monasticism in its most rigid form, but the excommunication was indeed bitter medicine to a true religious, and never for a moment can we doubt Jacopone's sincerity. Realizing his error he addressed a supplication to Boniface to lift the ban of excommunication. His plea was almost haughty "breathing the pride of a dauntless soul." It was ignored. Months passed into years. At the turn of the century, 1300, a universal Jubilee was declared, the faithful of the whole world were summoned to Rome to obtain pardon for their sins and to gain extraordinary indulgences. And still Jacopone languished in his cell. He could hear the pilgrims passing by but he had no part in their joys. Then he addressed a second, and humbler petition to the Pope for his freedom—spiritual and bodily. It likewise remained unheard. It was not until Christmas Day, 1303, that Jacopone was absolved from excommunication by the successor to Boniface VIII, Benedict XI.

His last years were spent in peaceful repose in the Convent of the Brothers Minor at Collazone. When his end drew near and it was evident that he must die soon, the Brethren besought him to ask for the last sacraments. To their amazement he refused, stating they would be administered to him by Brother John of Alvernia to whom he was united by a beautiful friendship. But the Brethren thought this was presumption as good Brother John was many miles away and could not possibly be summoned in time to administer the last sacraments to his old friend. They tried to point this out to the dying warrior, but to no avail. He persisted with pleasant steadfastness to declare that he would receive the last sacraments from the hands of none other than Brother John of Alvernia. Nor was his whim denied, for at that moment, drawn by overpowering presentiment, John had come from afar, and first giving his old friend the kiss of peace, he then administered the Holy Mysteries. After which, on Christmas Day, 1306, Jacopone peacefully slept in the Lord.

His memory, however, lived on. Beatified by public acclaim soon after his death, his memory flourished long. In 1596 the Bishop, Angelo Cesi, raised a monument in the church of San Fortunato of Todi, in which the remains of Jacopone were placed, with the inscription: "These are the bones of Blessed Jacopone de Benedetti da Todi, Brother Minor, who having become incensed for the love of Christ, by a new device, deceived the world and ravished heaven."

And we still remember him, for—have we not the Stabat Mater?

Communism Mobilizes the "United Front"

By G. M. Godden

"THE PRINCIPAL TASK OF THE COMMUNIST PARTY IS TO DEVELOP THE TACTICS OF THE UNITED FRONT."

MOLOTOV, MEETING OF THE EXECUTIVE OF THE "COMMUNIST INTERNATIONAL."

THE principal danger, confronting democratic States, in 1935, is the world-wide campaign of all Communist organizers, in all countries, for achieving a "United Front." What is this great tactical advance of the "United Front"? It is not, as might appear at first sight, a closing up of the Communist ranks. Rather is it an opening of those ranks to admit every kind of militant worker, every class of the community, to close co-operation with Communists. But, once these Socialist, Christian Socialist, and, alas, in some cases Catholic militants have been induced to enter into Communist co-operation, then the front lines of the Communist forces close up, and the would-be co-operators find themselves safely enclosed behind Communist leadership.

It is a masterly tactic; but, to be widely successful, it needs world-wide plausible slogans. The events in Germany have provided one such slogan; and the carefully fomented fears of another world-war have provided a second. Accordingly in all countries, in the last twelve months, so-called "Anti-Fascist and Anti-War" Movements, Conferences, Committees have sprung up; and, by their specious propaganda, have drawn together a formidable array of "United" representatives of the most diverse parties. Pacifists have found themselves standing on the same platform with leaders of that Communist Party which slaughtered more than 1,766,118 Russians during the first four years of the creation of the Communist Dictatorship, camouflaged as the "Union of Socialist and Soviet Republics." Catholics have been induced to stand on the same platform with members of that Communist Party which has shot, tortured and starved to death many more Christians than perished during the persecutions of Nero and Diocletian. Members of the Constitutional Parties in England

have appeared at public meetings in support of that Communist Party which has declared war to the death on all democratic States—for did not Lenin announce that "the full victory of Communism will bring about the total disappearance of the State, including its democratic form."

American men and women who do not wish to witness the ultimate "total disappearance" of American democracy, and of American freedom, to be replaced by a militantly atheist Proletarian Dictatorship, will do well to expose and oppose the "United Front" manoeuvres, during 1935. A little more than three months ago Moscow issued the alluring call to "every worker who is prepared to fight against Fascism and War, unhesitatingly to enter, jointly with the Communists, the struggle for the proletarian United Front"; and directed this call especially to the capture of Social-democrats—"the Communists will continue to spare no effort for a close United Front, based on agreement between Communists and Social-democratic party leaderships. All their energy will be exerted to forge a United Front, from below, of all organizations of Communists and Social-democrats." (*International Press Correspondence*, Moscow, English Edition, 1934. No. 59.)

LAST October, the Communist Party of America was actively engaged in a campaign for a United Front with the American Socialist Party; encouraged doubtless by the resounding success achieved in France, a few months previously, when, by an enormous majority, the French Socialist Party decided to form a United Front, against Fascism and War, with the Communist Party of France. This French decision has been hailed by a former member of the Colonial Department of the Communist International, operating from Moscow, as "an event which may prove a turning point in the working class movement of the world." (*Communist Review*, August, 1934.) Already, the National Executive of the American Socialist Party had written to the Amsterdam (Socialist) International asking it "to renew its attempt to find an honorable basis for a reasonable agreement" with the Com-

munist International. This request discounts the value of the refusal on the part of the American Socialist Executive to effect an immediate union with the Communist "Front." And the American Socialists did much towards selling the pass by admitting the advantage of joint action on specific questions, "mainly in the field of civil liberties." This of course was playing directly into the hands of the American Communist leaders. No wonder that this admission, together with successes among young American workers and students under the slogan of the "United Front against War and Fascism," encouraged the Communist opinion that there existed, in America, "a good foundation for united action in the future, on a national scale." (*International Press Correspondence*. "The United Front in the U. S. A." No. 52.)

IT IS quite clear, from the carefully worded pronouncement of the "Communist International," that the immediate drive is for unity on specific issues only, the wider "organic unity" of the Communist and Socialist Parties being diplomatically deferred. The inference is, of course, that the effect of world-wide union on specific fronts, such as the "Anti-Fascist Front" and the "Anti-War Front," will create a mass movement of sufficient strength to liquidate ultimately the organizations of the Socialist moderates. The classical historical example is the liquidation of the moderate Kerensky regime in Russia by the mass movement, created and directed by the skilled propagandist work of Lenin. And it is relevant to the conditions, today, in America and in Europe, to remember that Lenin carried on ceaseless preparatory work for twenty years, and achieved success in ten days.

The statement issued by the American Communist Party, last autumn, asserted that "Socialist workers can agree with Communist workers on broad solidarity movements in support of the textile strikers, of the Anti-War Congress, of the Left Wing Unemployment Insurance Bill (which Thomas individually endorsed), and of a unified unemployed organization"; and pointed out that "as the workers of both Parties

unite in struggle for immediate demands, they will unite on larger questions." Unite—and be liquidated. For, the only way out, for the American workers, we are told, is by "a fighting united front of the most advanced parties of the working class"; in other words the "most advanced" of all Parties, the Communist Party, will take complete control; and Communist control always spells the ruthless destruction of the "reformist" and Socialist bodies by whose help that control has been achieved.

THE organ of the "Communist International" claims that Communist tactics in the National Student League of America, together with eighteen months of "United Front" propaganda, resulted in the capture of the American Youth Congress, which was held last August, and which claimed to represent 1,700,000 American Youth, including church, and boy scout, bodies. This success was followed up by a campaign for local actions, to culminate in January, 1935, in a National Youth Congress in Washington. Successful "local actions" have been carried out. A State Conference at Illinois, sponsored by the Socialist Party, included delegates representing the Communist Party, and Independent Labor Defense, the M.O. P.R. of Moscow. In New Orleans, in Philadelphia, in New York, and in Boston, joint action between Socialists and Communists has taken place. The official Communist report for America, published last October, concludes "Workers everywhere are sweeping away their reactionary leaders, and uniting in actions for their immediate needs."

The position in Europe should be studied by Americans, and especially by American Catholics. We are told that the rising in the Asturias, last October, was a "United Front" insurrection; and a Spanish Comrade announced last month, at a large Meeting held in London: "it is on the barricades that the United Front really comes into being." In other words the United Front tactic is essentially a tactic of civil war; and civil war, moreover, of the kind witnessed only three months ago in Spain, when Catholic churches were destroyed, and Catholic priests were murdered. The ten days of "Workers' complete control," in Northern Spain, in October, 1934, was the climax of a movement which achieved the setting on fire of 55 Spanish convents and churches in 1931, of 51 in 1932, and of 50 in 1933. The chapel of San José, at Seville, a "National Monument," was burned. The Jesuit library at Madrid, with many invaluable incunabula, was destroyed. The total loss in pictures, books, manuscripts, including pictures by Murillo and Velasquez has been computed at over \$60,000,000. And it is not only churches and shrines that have been attacked in Spain. The vivid words

of a Spanish resident tell us that: "travellers to Galicia will remember the granite crosses and Calvaries . . . standing at cross-roads, marking the approaches to hostels for the pilgrims marching to the shrine of St. James at Compostella, or standing, solemn sentries, on the hill-tops. There is no moor however wild among whose heather they were not found; no headland too high or rugged to be reached by the men who erected them as symbols of a Faith that has given its name to the Christian era. Now, many of them are a heap of ruins."

Further, not content with material destruction, the Spanish revolutionaries of the United Front have attacked the little children of Spain. This is an *Ateneo Libertario* which Spanish children have been taught:

"Sling the bomb, spitting fire, place well the mine, grasp the revolver firmly . . .

Pass on the word for revolution . . .

Help for anarchists . . .

With petrol and dynamite destroy the Government."

An ounce of fact is worth a wilderness of Marxian theory. Churches destroyed, priests murdered, the Cross defamed, children degraded, these are the results, as seen in Spain, of the United Front in action. They are identical with the results of Communist action in Soviet Russia. But the alliance between Spain, under the United Front; and Soviet Russia does not stop here. It is an alliance of causes as well as of identity in results. The founder and leader of the Communist Party of Spain is one Andrés Nin. And Señor Andrés Nin was a close associate of Trotsky when Trotsky was in power in Moscow. Last March we were told that Señor Nin had preached the United Front in Spain "in season and out of season." The results of his labors flared out, in Northern Spain, in October. Further, the Soviet organization of the Communist International, M.O.P.R., started, at the close of last year, a special campaign to send financial help to the Spanish revolutionaries. And, two months previously, the central Communist authority for the whole world, the Executive Committee of the Communist International, together with the body which controls the action of Communist youth in all countries, the Young Communist International, decided to continue rendering the Spanish comrades "concrete assistance." Four agents were appointed under the chairmanship of the well-known French Communist leader Marcel Cachin "to give the decisions practical effect."

THESE agents were instructed to rally Socialists and Communists, inside and outside Spain, for united action; and the Executive of the Communist International authorized the tem-

porary sinking of differences between Communists and the hated moderate Socialists or "reformists," "if the latter are willing actively to help keep the revolutionary flame burning in Spain." If opportunity should occur in America, owing to industrial strife on a sufficiently extensive scale, there will be no lack of agents of the Third International and of the Communist Youth, operating outside America, with the object of fomenting such industrial strikes into civil war; and the first step of these agents will be the building up, or the strengthening, if the structure already exists, of the American United Front.

EFFORTS for such a building up are already in preparation in England. Last month a United Front Meeting was convened in London, at which delegates from over thirty organizations were present, organizations ranging from the "Communist Party of Great Britain" to the National Union of Journalists, and the National Union of Women Teachers. This United Front Conference was officially advertised as a Conference on Fascism and War. A campaign of similar "All-In" Conferences was suggested for the whole of England; and the representative speaker for the Communist Party promised whole-hearted support for Labor candidates at the next General Election in England, with more than a hint of reciprocal aid for Communist candidates: "Our Party will do all in its power to carry unity into the electoral struggle."

Here, in the centre of London, we have the carrying out, to the letter, of the policy laid down in Moscow only three months ago, of inducing the Social Democrats, in England the Labor Party, to enter into joint action with the Communists on the specific issue of Fascism and War. The recent London Conference, moreover, emphasized exactly the tactics ordered by Moscow last November, namely to build up the United Front from below, that is by propaganda in localities, among the "rank and file," rather than by huge spectacular demonstrations. The great achievement of the French Communists last July, in drawing the French Socialist Party into a pact of joint action against Fascism and War, was cited in confirmation of the correctness of this tactic. This resounding United Front success was obtained by preparatory work in localities in the great French cities; in other words by propaganda from below, among the rank and file. Similar propaganda will be assiduously promoted in America during 1935. Let American Democracy, and above all the Catholics of America, be on guard. Smug security is but a poor weapon against the fanaticism of those who are scattering throughout the world the seeds of a revolution more terrible than any yet known to history.

MOSES: SHEPHERD *and* GUIDE

*A Further Prototype of the Sacred Passion Is Found in
One of the Books of the Old Testament*

By Herbert McDevitt, C.P.

THE Book of Genesis describes the patriarchs as holy men chosen by God to reveal His divine plans. They were fathers of large families; their word was the law, their teaching the truth, and their example the pattern for all to follow. By character, or position, or events in their career, they typified the promised Redeemer and the suffering He would undergo for the salvation of the children of Adam.

When the Israelites left the land of their fathers and abode in Egypt, they increased in numbers and enjoyed every blessing of peace and plenty. But after Joseph's death, their fortunes changed. An Egyptian prince became governor of the country, and "a new Pharaoh arose, who knew not Joseph." Indeed, the days of the first patriarchs had passed. It was now God's design to make more known the Passion and Death of Christ through signs and wonders.

Fearing to be outnumbered and overthrown by the Israelites, the Egyptians began to oppress and persecute them. As the years went on, they cruelly forced them to hard labors and deprived them of whatever advantages they possessed. They commanded them to kill every male child that should be born among them. The poor people groaned and wept and prayed to the God of Abraham and Isaac and Jacob to come quickly and deliver them from their misery and slavery. God heard their prayers and raised up Moses to be their shepherd and to lead them to the land He would give them.

Moses came from the tribe of Levi. To save him from the edict of death, his mother soon after his birth hid him in a basket. The daughter of Pharaoh found him and adopted him. She reared him as her son until he became a man. Then it happened that he killed an Egyptian in defending one of the Hebrews. For this act he had to flee from the country and went to a place called Madian. It was there he found a wife, and became a shepherd of his father-in-law. His daily task was to care for the flocks and to protect them from marauders and wild beasts.

While attending to the sheep, he saw on the mountain a bush on fire, which never seemed to diminish or to be consumed. The nearer he approached it, the more he wondered at the strange sight.



IN A FLAME OF FIRE THE LORD APPEARED TO MOSES

Suddenly he heard a voice from the flaming bush calling him by name. Moses answered: "Here I am." Then the voice continued: "Come not nearer. I am the God of thy father, the God of Abraham, the God of Isaac, and the God of Jacob." Hearing these words, Moses hid his face. The Lord said to him: "I have seen the affliction of my people in Egypt, and I have heard their cry. Knowing their sorrow, I am come down to deliver them from the Egyptians and to bring them out of that land into a good and spacious land, into a land that floweth with milk and honey. I will send thee to Pharaoh, that thou mayest bring forth the children of Israel out of Egypt. I will stretch forth my hand and will strike Egypt with wonders. After these, Pharaoh will let you go."

Moses pleaded that the Egyptians

would kill him, that the people would ask for signs of his mission, and that he could not speak fluently. God reassured him that the men were all dead who sought to kill him, that Aaron, the Levite, his brother, would speak to the people in his stead, and "take this rod in thy hands, wherewith thou shalt do the signs."

Moses returned to Egypt and with Aaron spoke to the Israelites and to Pharaoh. He used the rod, as the Lord had shown him; and the signs convinced his brethren of the truth of his words. Pharaoh, however, and his court would neither believe his message nor grant his request. Each time the king of Egypt rejected the proposal of Moses and the Israelites, the rod was lifted up and a great plague afflicted men and beasts throughout the land. It ceased when Pharaoh relented and promised to let the

children of Israel go. After the plague had passed away, Pharaoh become more obdurate and treated the people with greater and greater severity.

FINALLY God said to Moses and Aaron: "Speak to the children of Israel. Let every man take a lamb and sacrifice it in the evening of the fourteenth day of this month. They shall put the blood of it on the side posts and upper door posts of the houses. They shall eat the flesh thereof that night with unleavened bread and wild lettuce. You shall gird your reins and have shoes on your feet, holding staves in your hands, and you shall eat in haste; for it is the Passage of the Lord. I will pass through Egypt that night and kill every first born both man and beast. The blood shall be for you a sign, and I shall see the blood and shall pass over you." On that night a fearful cry resounded all over the land, for in every house there was one dead. In great terror, Pharaoh summoned Moses and Aaron and said to them: "Go forth from among my people, you and the children of Israel. Go; sacrifice to the Lord as you say!" Without delay, Moses and Aaron started for the desert with "about six hundred thousand men, besides children." The Lord went before them by day in a pillar of a cloud, and at night in a pillar of fire.

The Israelites reached the shores of the Red Sea, when they beheld Pharaoh and his army following them in pursuit. Moses lifted his rod over the sea, and the waters stood up like walls and the bottom of the sea was like dry land. The children of Israel passed safely to the other side of the sea. Pharaoh and his chariots and horses and soldiers also entered the miraculous passage-way after them. Again Moses held up his rod and the waters came together destroying Pharaoh and all the Egyptians with him.

As the people continued the journey through the desert, they complained of thirst. The Lord directed Moses to take with him Aaron and the ancients of the people, and he showed him a rock. When Moses struck this rock with his rod, the water immediately gushed forth and the people came and drank of it.

These things which Moses did with the rod that God had given him were wonders to all the people and signs of infinite mercy and power. They also foreshadowed the meaning of the sufferings and death of the Redeemer of the world.

The Rod of Moses is a figure of the Cross of Christ. It was given by God to Moses to do wonders and signs, thus showing men that his message was from heaven. With this rod he united the Israelites and filled them with hope, courage, and trust in God, and finally set them free from the tyranny of their masters. With this same rod he brought terror, suffering, and death to the Egyptians. When they saw the plagues come and

go, even they exclaimed: "It is the finger of God!" The Cross of Christ also gives confidence and consolation to the children of the Faith. For them it is the treasury of divine mercies and surety of eternal life. The Church therefore sings: "Hail, Holy Cross, our only hope!" But to the enemies of Christ, His Cross appears as a stumbling block, a fearful doom, a threat of judgment and perdition. Carrying His Cross on the way to Calvary, Jesus said: "Weep for yourselves; for, if they do these things in the green wood, what shall be done in the dry!"

As Moses divided the sea with the rod until the Israelites had safely crossed to the opposite shore, so Our Divine Savior is lifted up on His Cross that He may draw all men to Himself through the sea of temptations and trials of this world and save them from everlasting darkness and death. When Pharaoh and the Egyptians pursued the chosen people, Moses lifted the rod bringing the waters together and the ruler of Egypt with his horses and chariots and soldiers perished in the sea. In the same way Christ on the Cross conquers the devil and his followers and destroys their dominion over men. It is the sacrifice of Jesus Crucified that teaches men conquest of sinful pride, base pleasures, and unjust wealth.

Thoughts of Our Lord's Sacred Passion are presented more expressively by the blood of the lamb, which the Israelites placed on the doors of their houses. As their first born was saved from death by the sign of blood, so the Precious Blood of Christ is the source of salvation for all men. The souls and bodies of men are signed with the blood of the lamb of God, the blood which filled the chalice at His last supper, which trickled to the ground from His body in Gethsemane, which He shed at the scourging and crowning with thorns and on the way to Calvary and on the Cross, this same blood which comes to us in Holy Mass and in the Sacraments of the Church, will be a sign for God to save us and for His avenging angels to pass over us. The Israelites were instructed to gird their reins, to have shoes on their feet, and staves in their hands, to be prepared for a journey, so too must every man be ready to take up his cross and follow Christ, if he would enter into everlasting life.

A MORE evident reference to the Cross is seen in the action of Moses striking the rock twice to provide water for the people. St. Paul in his first letter to the Corinthians (10:4) compares this rock, which Moses struck in the desert, from which water flowed, to Christ. He says: "And they drank of the spiritual rock that followed them, and the rock was Christ." Isaiah in his prophecy of the Passion speaks of Him "as one struck by God and afflicted. For the wickedness of my people, have I struck Him." When the upright beam

and one across held up the sacred body of Our Savior, there sprang forth the fountain of living water, full of reparation to infinite justice for the sins of man, copious redemption from the consequences of sin, and the inexhaustible merits of Jesus, the Son of God.

AT another time on the long and weary march to the promised land, the Israelites came to a place, which they called "Mara," because all the water there was very bitter. Neither men nor beasts could drink it. God then directed Moses to take a certain tree near at hand and dip it into the waters and they would become sweet. Thus it happened, and the people were again satisfied and ceased their murmurings. This tree of Mara signifies the Cross and Passion of Our Lord, which also takes the bitterness out of sorrow, disappointment, and ingratitude. It makes the afflictions and sufferings of this life bearable and even acceptable with courage, patience, and resignation to God's Will. It was the thought of Christ on the Cross that made St. Paul glory in his infirmities and rejoice that he was accounted worthy to suffer for Him.

Finally, there is a vivid resemblance to the first Good Friday in Jerusalem in the scene of Moses praying on the mountain. As the people journeyed on, they met with many difficulties and hardships, but the worst was the opposition of petty tribes and kingdoms, who sought to kill them. When King Amalec came to meet them with an immense army, Moses gave the command of the Israelites to Josue, and with Aaron and Hur went up to the top of a mountain to pray. As long as Moses stretched out his arms in prayer, the Israelites drove back and slew their enemies. So Aaron and Hur held up his arms from morning till night and Israel gained a complete victory.

From the Cross on Calvary, Jesus looks down upon the struggle of His Church. He sees every battle between truth and error, virtue and sin. His hands too are stretched out all the day long in suffering and prayer that God may give victory to his saints. In very deed, one might hear the same words from the Cross that Jesus uttered before His Passion: "Holy Father, keep them in thy name, whom Thou hast given me. I pray for them; I pray not for the world, but for them. The world hath hated them, because they are not of the world. For them do I sanctify myself, that they also may be sanctified in truth. Just Father, the world hath not known thee. I have known thee, and have made known thy name to them and will make it known; that the love wherewith thou has loved me, may be in them and I in them. This is eternal life, that they may know thee, the only true God, and Jesus Christ, whom thou has sent. I have glorified thee on earth. I have finished the work which thou gavest me to do."

THE SIGN-POST is our Readers' very own. In it we shall answer all questions concerning Catholic belief and practice and publish communications of general interest. Communications should be as brief as possible. Please give your full name and correct address as evidence of your good faith.

THE SIGN-POST

Questions ♦ Answers ♦ Communications

Anonymous communications will not be considered. Writers' names will not be published except with their consent. Send us questions and letters. What interests you will very likely interest others, and make this department more interesting and instructive. Address: THE SIGN, UNION CITY, N. J.

PRIVATE REPLIES

G. F. W., HIGHLAND PARK, N. J.—Monsignor Fulton J. Sheen is not a convert to the Catholic Church.

H. E.—All mortal sins committed since one's last good confession must be confessed in species and number, so far as one can remember them after a diligent examination of conscience. Generic accusations of mortal sins against chastity are not sufficient. In regard to these sins it is necessary to confess them in such a manner that the confessor may know what sins were committed, observing at the same time what is required by the delicacy of the situation. If your confessor tells you to desist from further explanation he signifies that he has all the information required.

M. A. B., KINGS PARK, N. Y.—John Stokesley was Bishop of London from July, 1530, to September, 1539. He was one of the bishops who aided in the divorce proceedings.

CONCEALING TRUE AGE

Am I committing a sin in giving a wrong age when looking for work and at other times? I try to make people think that I am younger than I really am. It isn't because I am ashamed of the years, but because people ask so many personal questions.—BOSTON, MASS.

It is never lawful to tell a lie; therefore it is never lawful to lie about one's age. Nevertheless, when questions concerning one's age are importunate and unjustified, it is lawful to conceal the truth from the curiosity of Paul Prys by means which are not lying or equivalent to a lie, as by mental reservation and equivocation. By this means the deception of the questioner is permitted rather than directly intended. We have an instance of mental reservation in the common answer to an undesired caller: "No, he is not in." Besides, it is quite generally recognized that a woman has the privilege of concealing her true age.

POPE OF HUMBLE ORIGIN

A number of Catholics are of the opinion that a man must be a member of the nobility or of a very influential family to be eligible to the papacy. While I know that such is not the case, would you kindly give a few examples of comparatively poor and unknown men who did rise to this high office?—H. C. A., SOMERVILLE, MASS.

The only qualification which is absolutely essential for eligibility to the papacy is the male sex and the fact of having been baptized. Nevertheless, for many centuries it has been the custom to elect only those who are at least in priestly Orders and members of the Sacred College of Cardinals.

The first Pope, St. Peter, was a fisherman. His successor, St. Linus (67-79), was probably a slave who had received his freedom. The next Pope, St. Cletus (79-89), belonged to the same class. St. Celestine V (1294-5 months) was the eleventh child of peasant parents, who lived in Abruzzi. At the time of his election he was a hermit eighty years of age. Sixtus IV (1471-1484) was the son of a poor fisherman and later became a Franciscan friar. Gregory XIV

(1831-1846) was a Camaldolese monk. Pius X (1903-1914) was the son of a cobbler. Pius XI is the son of a silk spinner.

In a sense the Church is the most democratic of institutions, for the poorest Catholic boy is eligible to occupy the highest office on earth.

GREGORIAN MASSES AND THEIR EFFICACY

Please explain the Gregorian Masses, and how they differ from other Masses for the dead. May we believe that a soul will be released from Purgatory after thirty Masses have been offered for him?—L. D., SIOUX CITY, IOWA.

Masses offered for a specified deceased soul in Purgatory for thirty consecutive days are called Gregorian Masses. They derive their name from Pope St. Gregory, who in his *Dialogues* relates that he had Masses said daily for the soul of a dead monk, who had committed a sin against poverty prior to his death. On the thirtieth day the monk, Justus, appeared to another monk and revealed that he had been admitted into the society of the Blessed. From the days of Pope Gregory the faithful have imitated his example in having thirty Masses offered for the deceased, confident that God will accept them in His Mercy, through the intercession of St. Gregory, and release from Purgatory the soul for whom they have been applied. The Church approves this pious confidence of the faithful, without declaring what is the foundation of this confidence. Tradition has hallowed the custom. Some theologians are of the opinion that St. Gregory obtained from God the promise that, through his intercession, the soul for whom thirty consecutive Masses were offered would be liberated from Purgatory at their termination. All Masses have the same intrinsic efficacy, as each valid Mass is the unbloody commemoration of the bloody Sacrifice of the Cross, but some Masses enjoy an extrinsic title which gives them greater efficiency in regard to the application of the fruits of the Mass. Gregorian Masses are believed to have this title. (Noldin, *Theol. Moral.* 111, 329; Lepicier, *Indulgences*, pp. 100, 261.)

SUPREME PRIMACY ATTACHED TO SEE OF ROME

If for some reason that might arise in the future the reigning Pope Pius XI desired to transfer his title of Bishop of Rome to that of Bishop of some other diocese in the world, could he do it, or must he always remain Bishop of Rome? Suppose, for instance, that Rome were submerged under the sea, could Pius XI become the Bishop of some other diocese, or must he remain Bishop of Rome, even though Rome had been wiped off the map?—M. A. D., WATERBURY, CONN.

It has never been defined whether it is by virtue of Divine law or only by ecclesiastical law that the Primacy over the whole Church is attached to the Roman See, though it is of faith that the successors of St. Peter obtain the Primacy, and that those successors are the Bishops of Rome.

The more common opinion among theologians, according to Tanqueray (*Syn. Theo. Dogm.* 1, 717), is that the Primacy attaches to the See of Rome by virtue of Divine law. Some theologians hold that Christ Himself designated the Church of Rome as that to which the Primacy was to be joined, but this opinion is not clearly proved from either

Scripture or Tradition. The more probable opinion is that Christ determined that the Primacy should be attached to that church or see which St. Peter definitely selected as his own, so that the see once definitely chosen by St. Peter could not be changed by his successors.

Nevertheless, it is not required by Divine law that the Roman Pontiff establish his residence at Rome, though this is most convenient for the peace and good government of the Church. It suffices that the Pope be elected Bishop of Rome and maintain the title to its spiritual jurisdiction. As a matter of fact the Popes lived in other places beside Rome, not only during the times of persecution, but especially during the Babylonian Captivity of the Papacy, when the Popes lived for seventy years in Avignon. Yet they were always Bishops of Rome and retained the spiritual jurisdiction over its church.

Hence, if it happened that Rome itself were "wiped off the map," the Bishop of the city that once was, if he survived, would still preserve the title of Bishop of Rome, and, did he perish, another with the same title would be elected. Meanwhile, he could fix his residence in a place most convenient for himself.

According to Tanquerey (ibid), some of the older theologians maintained the opinion that the attachment or union of the Primacy with the See of Rome was constituted solely by the authority of St. Peter, and that the Supreme Pontiff could, if he chose, separate the Primacy from that see and join to some other, or to no see whatever. The author quoted above says that no censure was attached to this opinion. However, it appears outmoded today. In a letter to Cardinal Rampolla, June 15, 1887, Pope Leo XIII declared that it was not without a special design of Divine Providence that St. Peter went to Rome and fixed his see there, and transmitted the authority of the Supreme Pontificate to it in perpetuity.

RECEIVING REPENTANT FREEMASON

If a young man was baptized and confirmed in the Catholic faith, but later fell away from the Church and joined the Freemasons, what would be necessary in order for him to be received back in the Church?—M. H., OMAHA, NEB.

It would be necessary that he sincerely repent of his disobedience to the law of the Church, which forbids Catholics joining the Freemasons and other like bodies under penalty of incurring excommunication. The Church is ever ready to receive her erring children back again, on condition that they are sincerely contrite for their sins. The Holy Year, which does not expire until Low Sunday, 1935, is an especially appropriate time to petition for absolution, for confessors enjoy extraordinary faculties for the reconciliation of sinners during this time.

ILLEGITIMATE CHILDREN

I heard a priest in a sermon against impurity practically charge the illegitimate child with the responsibility of its own birth, instead of the erring parents. He said that illegitimate children are barred from Holy Orders. In other words, they are considered outcasts. With regard to God and the Church, what is the status of a person born out of wedlock?—L. B., OSHKOSH, WIS.

We opine that you very likely deduced this opinion from the priest's statement that the Church does not permit illegitimate children to receive Holy Orders. This is hardly logical. The Church does exclude those who are illegitimate from receiving Holy Orders, but this is not due to any harshness on her part, but rather to her obligation to look first to the dignity and fair name of her ministers. The fault of a child being illegitimate must be laid at the door of its parents.

The Church considers those children legitimate who are conceived in, or born of, a valid or putative marriage, unless

the parents had received Sacred Orders or made solemn profession, and the use of their marriage rights were forbidden them at the time of the conception. (Canon 1114.) A putative marriage is one in which one party, at least, is in good faith. If both parties are in bad faith as to the validity of the marriage, or if there is no appearance of marriage whatever, the children are illegitimate.

Nevertheless, the Church is very lenient towards illegitimate children. Provided the parents have their marriage validated, if invalid; or newly contract marriage, where none existed, the Church will consider the children legitimate, provided the parents were able to contract marriage at the time of the conception, of the pregnancy, or of the birth. (Canon 1116.) Children legitimated by subsequent marriage are, in the eyes of Canon Law, made equal in all things to legitimate children, unless the law expressly excludes them. (Canon 1117.) Thus, an illegitimate boy who has been rendered legitimate by the subsequent marriage of his parents, may be received into a seminary and receive Holy Orders, but he cannot be made a bishop, or a cardinal.

THREE DAYS AND THREE NIGHTS

In the Gospel of St. Matthew, 12:40, our Lord says: "As Jonas was in the whale's belly three days and three nights, so shall the Son of Man be in the heart of the earth three days and three nights." Our Saviour was in the grave Friday night and Saturday night, and parts of Friday and Sunday and all day Saturday. What is the explanation of this difference?—R. E. V., HOLLIS, N. Y.

You have practically answered your own question. Strictly speaking, Our Lord was not in the grave for three full days and nights, but for only part of three days and three nights. The text of St. Matthew is a Hebraism, which signifies parts of three days and nights. The same Evangelist quotes our Lord elsewhere as saying: "and the third day he shall rise again" (Matt. 17:22, 20:19). Christ was in the tomb part of Friday, all day Saturday, and arose from it on Sunday.

CHURCH THIRTY MILES AWAY

A man goes hunting. There is a mission church five miles away, where Mass is said on the first and third Sundays of the month. He attends on these Sundays. But on the second and fourth Sundays there is no Mass at the mission. The parish church is thirty miles away and the roads are poor for twenty-five miles. Is he obliged to make this trip in order to attend Mass? Now, don't tell me to "see your confessor." I want your opinion.—R. L. K., LOUISVILLE, KY.

Despite your dislike of the advice—"see your confessor," it is usually the best method of solving practical cases of conscience, where it is necessary to know all the facts, especially the moral dispositions of the interested party. However, we shall comply with your request and render an opinion in the matter.

It seems reasonably clear that a trip of thirty miles—making a round trip of sixty miles—is too great a distance to oblige a person to travel in order to attend Mass, even when he has the use of an auto. This particularly the case when, as you aver, the roads are "poor" for twenty-five miles.

Theologians generally teach that physical and moral impossibility excuse from the obligation. A cause which is considered grave by a person of upright conscience is sufficient. St. Alphonsus taught that a foot journey of one hour and a quarter, or about three miles, would excuse. Even a shorter walking distance would excuse when the weather is bad, and the person is infirm, etc. But times have changed since his day. The majority of Catholics in this country would regard such a walking distance as a physical impossibility, though it is not considered such in our missions in China. Local custom must be taken into account. If a vehicle is used twice the distance given above, measured in time, is

necessary in order to free one from the obligation, according to some authors. But this is excessive, it appears to us, even when a person has an automobile and the roads are good. Two hours and a half travelling, with another hour or thereabouts in hearing Mass, is too much to expect of ordinary Catholics.

This exception is especially to be allowed when a man rarely goes hunting on a Sunday, and cannot go any other day. In other words, this exception would not hold for persons who have money and leisure to do what they please. They would, ordinarily, have no cause for hunting on Sunday. Here is where "see your confessor" comes in. It is one thing to go hunting a few times a year on Sunday, and another to hunting on Sunday as a habit. The law to worship God by attending Mass on Sundays and Holydays implies being in a position to obey. To place oneself outside the possibility of attending without sufficient reason is certainly to be condemned. Even when a person has a grave cause for not attending, there is always the loss of spiritual strength, derived from the Mass, to be considered.

SPANISH AND MEXICAN PERSECUTION OF CHURCH: CATHOLIC RITES

(1) *How is one to explain to non-Catholics the uprisings against the Catholic Church in Spain and Mexico? I said that the Church listens to no dictation in matters of religion from civil authorities, but my friends answered that the heads of these governments were Catholics. (2) Please explain the different Catholic Rites.*—M. G. M., EVERETT, MASS.

(1) Your friends evidently imagine that a Catholic cannot fight against the Church which mothered him. History disproves this. Some of the greatest enemies of the Church have been her own traitorous children. Was not Judas Iscariot an apostle, and were not Martin Luther and Henry VIII at one time leaders in the Church? How many of those who are in power today in Spain and Mexico have been baptized in the Catholic Church, we do not know. But it is probable that their number is considerable. It has been alleged that many of the leaders of the present régime in Mexico, and those which immediately preceded it, were baptized Catholics who joined the Freemasons. It is the one great object of Latin Freemasonry to destroy the Catholic Church. But it must be remembered that Catholics who become Freemasons cease to be Catholics. Calles is a Freemason and he is recognized as the dictator of Mexico. (See "Conditions in Mexico," by Rev. Michael Kenny, S. J., in the January, 1935, issue.) We learned on good authority that three-fourths of the first Republican cabinet in Spain were Freemasons. These charges are not always susceptible of proof, but there are many signs that they are not without foundation.

(2) This is a very large order to fulfil, for which we have not sufficient space. For five cents you can obtain a pamphlet which explains the Eastern Rites from the International Catholic Truth Society, 407 Bergen Street, Brooklyn, N. Y. "The Mass of the Western Rites," by Dom Cabrol, was reviewed in the January issue, page 382. It may be obtained for \$1.60, postpaid. You will also find Catholic Rites treated at length in the Catholic Encyclopedia.

STATES WITH STERILIZATION STATUTES

Is there any State in the Union which compels the sterilization of any individual?—E. M. O'N., LUDLOW, MASS.

The following States have sterilization statutes, but we are not prepared to answer whether or not all these statutes are of a compulsory nature: Alabama, Arizona, California, Connecticut, Delaware, Idaho, Iowa, Kansas, Maine, Michigan, Minnesota, Mississippi, Montana, Nebraska, New Hampshire, North Dakota, Oklahoma, Oregon, South Dakota, Utah, Vermont, Virginia, Washington, West Virginia, and Wisconsin. (World Almanac, 1935.)

"UNCLE TOM'S CABIN": LAYING ON OF HANDS: PROTESTANT MINISTER BECOMING PRIEST

(1) *In a book by Lyman Beecher Stowe, entitled Saints, Sinners and Beechers, the statement is made that the appearance of Uncle Tom's Cabin aroused a storm of protest, and that among the protestors was the Vatican, which condemned the book as being subversive of authority. Is there any ground for this statement, and if so what? (2) Dr. Robbins, a New York Episcopalian clergyman, is reported as saying in a sermon: "We do not know with any certainty if the laying on of hands by the bishop was necessary for the ordination to the priesthood in the very beginning of Christianity. But we do know as a fact that in the second century priests were ordained without this ceremony." What ground has he for these statements? (3) Can a Protestant minister who has become a Catholic, and whose wife has divorced him, presumably because of his change of faith, and is married to another, become a priest?*—L. V. R., NEW YORK, N. Y.

(1) It is true that a "storm of protest" was aroused when *Uncle Tom's Cabin* was published in 1852. The protest was not confined to the Catholic Press of this country, but was forthcoming from other sources as well. James T. Adams in his recently published book, *America's Tragedy*, page 127, says in this connection that the book was "one of the leading factors in bringing on the final war . . . sweeping all the possible horrors into one gripping story, the impression was profoundly misleading . . . unfair in the extreme to the South as a whole." It appears to be a fact that the Vatican prohibited the book by special instruction in the Papal States in 1855, three years after its publication here, but the title was never listed in the Index of Forbidden Books. We have not been able to find this instruction. (*The Censorship of the Church of Rome*, Putnam, Knickerbocker Press, 1906; *The Vatican—Yesterday, Today and Tomorrow*, Seldes, Harper's, 1934.)

(2) The essential matter, or external sign, of the Sacrament of Holy Orders has always been held to be the imposition of hands in the Catholic Church. Both East and West agree in this, though the Western, or Latin, Church also employs the delivery of the instruments. The laying on of hands is the only matter of the ordination rite mentioned in Holy Scripture—(Acts 6:6; Acts 13:3; Acts 14:22; 2 Tim. 1:6; 1 Tim. 4:14). Where Dr. Robbins obtained his information, we do not know. Whatever the source of his statement, it is contrary to the testimony of the Acts of the Apostles, the immemorial usage of the Oriental and Latin Church, and the explicit teaching of the Council of Trent.

(3) Men whose wives are living are forbidden entrance into the Catholic priesthood and religious congregations. (Canons 542, 987). Under certain conditions this prohibition may be dispensed from by the Holy See, but we do not think that a dispensation would be granted in the case mentioned.

THANKSGIVINGS TO ST. JUDE

T.C., New Rochelle, N. Y.; E.M.K., Matawan, N. J.; A.P.L., Worcester, Mass.; M.F.H., Los Angeles, Calif.; S.M.G., Brooklyn, N. Y.; M.J.C., Long Island City, N. Y.; M.M.D., Atlantic City, N. J.; M.C.F., Napoleon, Ohio; M.E.M., University City, Mo.; M.C.B., Malden, Mass.; E.W., St. Louis, Mo.; M.L.S.P., East Hartford, Conn.; M.R.A.V., Union City, Ind.; M.C.McA., Danvers, Mass.; M.C., Somerville, Mass.; J.A.S., Sunbury, Pa.; S.A.M., Watertown, Mass.; H.L.W., Buffalo, N. Y.; S.M., Pittsburgh, Pa.; R.H., Woodhaven, N. Y.; E.P.D., Aurora, Ind.; M.A.D., Jersey City, N. J.; M.W.B., White Plains, N. Y.; F.W., Somerville, Mass.; M.M.S., Rousseau Point, N. Y.; R.M.C., Canton, Ohio.

GENERAL THANKSGIVINGS

St. Anthony, A.B.S., Boston, Mass.; Souls in Purgatory, H.E.H., Brooklyn, N. Y.; Sacred Heart, I.J., Harrison, N. Y.;

Blessed Gemma, M.F.H., Los Angeles, Calif.; Sacred Heart, M.J.C., Long Island City, N. Y.; Sacred Heart, M.E.M., University City, Mo.; St. Paul, St. Gabriel, M.C.L., Washington, D. C.; Poor Souls, M.L.McC., Leonardo, N. J.; Sacred Heart, Blessed Virgin, Little Flower, Sacred Wounds, A.E.O'B., Yonkers, N. Y.; Souls in Purgatory, M.M.S., Hasbrouck Heights, N. J.; Blessed Mother, M.J.M., S. York, Pa.; Sacred Heart, Blessed Mother, M.L.S., Cleveland, Ohio; Sacred Heart, Sorrowful Mother, St. Gabriel, St. Paul, Little Flower, S.M., Pittsburgh, Pa.; St. Gabriel, K.M.K., New York, N. Y.; St. Anthony, R.O.B., South Boston, Mass.; Souls in Purgatory, M.G.F.C., Norfolk, Mass.; St. Anthony, E.P.D., Aurora, Ind.; Sacred Heart, Immaculate Conception, M.T.F., New York, N. Y.; Sacred Heart, V.C.P., Springfield, Ill.; Souls in Purgatory, T.R., San Francisco, Calif.; Blessed Mother, St. Joseph, St. Rita, Little Flower, Sacred Heart, C.T.W., Philadelphia, Pa.; Our Lord Crucified, Mother of Perpetual Help, L.K., Pittsburgh, Pa.; St. Anthony, A.L., Philadelphia, Pa.; Souls in Purgatory, G.D., Lafayette, La.; Our Blessed Mother, St. Ann, St. Rita, St. Margaret Mary, Fourteen Holy Helpers, M.M.H., Erie, Pa.; Anon., Brooklyn, N. Y.; J.M., Fitchburg, Mass.; Anon., Weston, Mass.; M.B.E., Freeport, N. Y.

EDITOR'S NOTE—In reply to a number of requests we wish to state that THE SIGN has prepared a special pamphlet on St. Jude. Besides a sketch of his life it contains occasional prayers and novena devotions in his honor. Almost every mail brings us notice of favors received through the intercession of this Apostle who has been for centuries styled "Helper in cases Despaired Of." Copies of the pamphlet are 10c. each or 15 for \$1.

CYRIL CLEMENS

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

You are in error in calling Mr. Cyril Clemens a son of Mark Twain in the March, 1935, issue of THE SIGN, page 474. Mr. Cyril Clemens may be a nephew or a distant cousin—I am not certain of the exact relationship—but he is certainly not a son of Mark Twain.

(REV.) MARK S. EBNER.

[Editor's Note: We relied on the "Contributor's Column" of *The Commonweal* for December 28, 1934. Upon asking the editor of this Review to check on the relationship we received a reply to the effect that the note was erroneous, and that "Cyril Clemens is a distant relative of Mark Twain, and not his son."]]

RE-ACTION FROM THE WOMAN'S PAGE

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

In the January issue of THE SIGN, on the "Woman to Woman" page, I read with great interest a letter written by a Mrs. M. G.

For two years I have successfully used the Rhythm method (having already a large family and being under physical and economic strain) but did find it difficult making my own calculations on the household calendar, knowing that so much depended upon accuracy. However, after reading the published letter I wrote to the National Chart Co., 307 Fifth Avenue, New York, for their Timely Abstinence Chart.

This chart, consisting of movable dials, by simple adjustment interprets the Ogino-Knaus law of nature clearly. It eliminates any doubt or uncertainty and that is well worth the dollar they ask for it. I can now understand Mrs. M. G.'s enthusiasm for it. Their books and literature are also valuable to an understanding of the subject.

In a subsequent article in your very enlightening magazine

entitled "Catholic Leakage" various leaks are considered, but I doubt if one of the greatest is fully recognized today—and that is contraception. In my own acquaintance I know of many falling away from the Church in this manner. After practising artificial means for any length of time, they are hesitant to place confidence in a natural and ethical method. To my mind the method of Timely Abstinence will be the biggest factor in stopping this leak, especially now that a chart has so simplified the procedure that it is just as natural to consult the Timely Abstinence Chart as it is to refer to the clock to guide the daily program, or to the calendar to observe the feast and fast days of the year.

In closing let me express my appreciation to THE SIGN for the helpful information it has afforded me and hope that my own experience will be of some value to others.

LONG ISLAND, N. Y.

G. B.

THE LIE TREMENDOUS

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

An enterprising association of youthful Americans in Burlington, Wisconsin, have recently instituted an unusual annual contest. It is for the honor of having submitted the most tremendous Lie of the year. The 1935 award has not yet been made.

Their lists are open to all comers and the author who concocts the most far-fetched whopper of the year receives the association medal.

For this distinction during this current year, I modestly, but confidently, suggest the name of President Cardenas of Mexico. The only difficulty I foresee is that there is a second important contender, namely, the Mexican Embassy in Washington.

And the curious circumstance is that both have put forth the identical slogan for the distinction of copping off the prize for the most magnificent Lie of 1935, and the slogan is this:

THERE IS NO RELIGIOUS PERSECUTION IN MEXICO.

LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA.

FRANK H. SPEARMAN.

A TRIBUTE TO OUR AUTHORS

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

In the February issue of THE SIGN I have read with great interest the splendid article, "Washington As Upholder of American Catholics," by Joseph Gurn. This is most informative and, as with Mr. Gurn's other writings, is put together in a very interesting manner.

Mr. Gurn's splendid biographies of Charles Carroll of Carrollton and of John Barry are, it seems to me, two of the outstanding recent contributions to the recording of American Catholic history.

Mrs. Terry and I have taken THE SIGN for quite a number of years and are glad to see it maintain year after year such a high literary standard.

In the same issue, we read with interest the article by the Reverend Fulton J. Sheen, who spent his boyhood not far from here and who has attained and reserves a high position among the clergy of the United States.

Respectfully and sincerely yours,

KEWANEE, ILL.

CHARLES D. TERRY.

PEACE AND WAR

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

In your January issue Mr. Edward Connell, writing on Military Training, accuses pacifists of "fuzzy thinking," but it appears that he is himself addicted to that form of thought, for he parallels war training with private boxing lessons and football coaching. Surely an individual who voluntarily

trains for games or athletics and is personally responsible to Courts of Law for his subsequent actions cannot justly be likened to one who compulsorily engages in military practices for the purpose of being subsequently irresponsibly utilized to slaughter at the dictate of a government.

Mr. Connell tells us he prefers to "trust ourselves" rather than foreign nations; it is, of course, always a question of the wickedness of the foreigner, "our own" preparations being merely defensive.

I suggest that the only way to international peace is the widespread recognition that *there are no wicked nations*. Nations consist of groups that vary in mentality from that of the passive pacifist to that of the aggressive militarist, the great bulk of the people everywhere being merely of the defensive school. The solution therefore lies in attacking not nations but individuals and groups within each nation. Political nationalism is a false philosophy, and should be discredited by all who value truth, equity and peace.

LONDON, ENGLAND

JOHN NIBB.

CALIFORNIA COMMENT

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

The following quotation from one of our papers here will, I am sure, be of interest to you: "THE SIGN is a popular magazine, and levies the talent of the old world as well as the new to give its readers a publication of the very first rank."

MAYSVILLE, CALIFORNIA

MRS. T. J. DOLAN.

APPRECIATION FROM SPAIN

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

I have just seen in your magazine an article entitled, "When Communism Comes," by Rupert Lang, in which is described the brutal killing of the Passionists by the revolutionaries. I am glad to see that you made use of the photographs which I sent you. Further details of the deaths of our brethren will appear in our own publication, *El Pasionario*.

We are grateful to all the religious of our Congregation who have stood by us in this our hour of trial

SANTANDER, SPAIN

FATHER JULIO, C. P.

A CATHOLIC DAILY AUDIENCE?

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

While the apathy of Catholics toward the Catholic Press is nothing short of treason, I do not believe the remedy to be a Catholic Daily, as Mr. Celle suggests in the February number. When the weeklies and monthlies are now not read why this optimism that a new crop of loyal, generous and literate Catholics is just around the corner!

We are only slowly getting the secular press to realize that there is a Catholic Church. I know full well how inadequate and how often distorted, when not worse, can be the publicity that our causes get, but I think this publicity should be developed, (and corrected when necessary) and not surrendered. I do not believe, v.g. that the N. Y. Times would publish a papal encyclical had it a Catholic daily competitor and were there no Catholic group to appeal to; and I believe that nothing should be done to lessen in any way the infiltration of Catholic doctrine, etc., into the minds of non-Catholics who never see a Catholic paper.

I further believe that the daily papers are read for their political slant, special features, local advertisements, society news, school news, etc., and I cannot see how one national, regional or even city-wide paper could satisfy all comers as a substitute for their present dailies. As your correspondent writes, few will buy two dailies; yet I am not convinced that the Catholic Democrat and the Catholic Republican will each drop his favorite paper and rush out to buy the Catholic substitute. Nor will their wives merge their individual prefer-

ences. Nor do I believe for a moment, as Mr. Celle intimates, that the hordes of Catholics who now support the tabloids will be inspired over-night with good taste and ardent loyalty. For international and nation-wide news a Catholic daily could serve, but it is not for those larger issues that a daily paper is read.

Catholic culture, literature, doctrine—these are not "hot stuff" to be snatched off the presses lest they be out-of-date on the morrow. Even swiftly moving Mexican history is quite adequately treated in our present periodicals and those who do read them can be well informed. The admirable *Christian Science Monitor* is always held up, but I do not believe it is the model for us and our totally different problems, people, etc. Mr. Celle has perhaps forgotten that in the west there is now a Catholic Daily. I have not seen "El Debate" recently and so have written to Spain for a copy. It would be interesting to have some opinions from young newspaper men on this old question, though I believe that our press, like our schools, is an extra, not a substitute and that we will always have to pay for the luxury of being loyal.

NEW YORK, N. Y.

M. E. McLAUGHLIN.

A THOUGHT FOR THE DEPARTED

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

Only two issues of your magazine have ever been seen by me. Maybe I am negligent on my Catholic literature but you may rest assured that your publication has my heartfelt support. It certainly is excellent reading matter and I have often paid more money for less value.

It has often occurred to me to make the following suggestion but on account of the oddity and uniqueness of the proposition, and the fact that the Church is crowded with all sorts of Societies, I feel somewhat hesitant to suggest just one more.

My idea is to form a Society—call it "The Bells" or "The Chimers" or any other fit title. The members have no duties except to offer up a prayer or simply an ejaculation for the Poor Souls in Purgatory *whenever they hear the strike of a chime*.

Chimes are indicative of the passing of time and as time passes we are all just that much nearer to the Day of Reckoning. If we give the future a thought we shall realize that it will not be very long before we ourselves shall be in need of the prayers of others.

It does not take long for the living to forget the dead and I believe that if such a custom were initiated it would be of great benefit. It needs propaganda.

BROOKLYN, N. Y.

A DOCTOR.

EDITOR'S NOTE: The suggestion is in accord with Catholic practise. It is a custom amongst many religions to recall, when the clock chimes, the presence of God. Without forming a society, individuals might well adopt the practise indicated to remember the dead.

FAVORS "CATHOLIC CAMPAIGNERS"

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

Regretfully, I pen the following lines, as a protest to your March correspondent, signed John J. O'Connor, Washington, D. C., telling us that he is President of the Catholic Evidence Guild of Washington, and Vice-President of the National Catholic Evidence Conference.

When this gentleman, presumes to attack an old veteran, as the country knows Mr. David Goldstein to be, he lays himself open to much criticism. Mr. Goldstein's efforts, based on years of experience in the field, to coördinate the lay-street Apostolate and give it an intelligent American name, deserves some attention; more at least, than he has received. The name "Catholic Campaigners for Christ" is the most expressive title ever proposed for this line of Catholic Action.

It should not be brushed aside with a dubious statement, "that the present name is now associated with our type of lay activity not only national but international."

The trite saying that "words are expressions of ideas," surely gives Mr. Goldstein the better of the argument. When he says, "we specifically deny that 'evidence' is a word confined to the court room, either in practice, or in the minds of men," your correspondent tries to wipe out by his *ipse dixit* method a controversy which merits consideration. Mr. Goldstein is offering a name for the work, more expressive, more concrete, and less objectionable to those for whom the propaganda is waged. May the day hasten when every city of America will have a troop of "Catholic Campaigners for Christ." This field of Catholic Action will be properly understood when the high name and label is attached to it.

We propose that your Washington correspondent amicably discuss this title with America's oldest and ablest "Catholic Campaigner for Christ."

ROXBURY, MASS.

J. F. CUTLER.

SHILLALAH CONSCIOUS

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

Being a member of the Church Militant (or is Church Dormant more correct?) I read with keen interest the article that Michael Collins nominated *Shillalah Apologetics*. In his opening paragraph, Mr. Collins endorsed as correct, the title "Church Dormant." When applied to many members of the Kingdom of God upon earth, that title—with its implied accusation, is only too accurate. A saddening percentage of church-members are devitalized: even among church-goers, many are anemic. On the score of the very principle of causality, such an element is incompetent, not only for apostolic work, but even for "homework." They have never taken seriously that salient exhortation of the first Vicar of Christ: "Be ready always to satisfy everyone that asketh you a reason for the hope which is in you." (Reminds one of poor Topsy, when interrogated as to her parentage: "Ah dunno—ah just grewed!")

However, throughout the remainder of his article, Mr. Collins seems to be shillalah conscious: he indicts the Church as too militant. It cannot be denied that there are some Catholic Christians who, by their antagonistic and unduly resentful attitude, do more harm than good: but, they who so brandish their shillalahs are rare exceptions and can hardly be said to constitute a "many."

Moreover, speaking of the siege mentality—can we of to-day adjudge the siege to have been lifted for the Catholic Church in America? To my mind, that question is rhetorical and hardly calls for an expressed answer. While it is true enough that a certain type of charge—the sort which in this Era of Initials might be indicated as the KKK type—has fallen into contempt, the Church seems to be at least as much as ever at grips with strenuous opposition. No longer need we fight for our church buildings and the like, but we do indeed fight for our church principles. Protestantism may be broken down, but her progeny continues to multiply—or what is worse—is evolutionizing into indifferentism. The enemies that camp without the citadel may have changed weapons but they are still there. The Mexican situation, the birth control campaign, and Communism are samples in order. Fear and anger are, psychologically, like Siamese twins: if a wholesome fear be the order of the day, then so too is a certain type of indignation, whereby a man can "be angry and sin not," and without which a man is supine and dormant.

For one, I hope that in the next edition of the *Catholic Encyclopedia* the contrast will be clearly struck between worship and veneration. A promiscuous use of terms such as these, which officially have and must have a difference of implication, is the occasion of more than one headache to the Catholic apologete: such promiscuity furnishes a handle to misunderstanding.

Does Mr. Collins uphold Mr. Arnold Lunn as an ideal apolo-

gist? Certainly Mr. Lunn has won and deserves his epaulets, but like any other who is not in general command, he needs supervision. I wonder if Mr. Collins is aware of the controversy that has been running high in certain clerical journals—a controversy occasioned by Mr. Lunn's presentation of Catholic tenets regarding eternal punishment? As for his endorsement of Miss Mary Borden's secession from Christianity, on the grounds alleged, she might "have very sensibly ceased to be a Christian," had her mentality been that of Mr. Collins' "hinterlands"; but, since that supposition is contrary to fact, I am inclined to think that approval is out of order, and weak.

The ideally temperate attitude toward those who differ with us can be well illustrated by the different attitudes we take toward a lie on the one hand, and toward an indeliberate statement of untruth on the other. A lie we refute and resent; but even the indeliberate statement of an untruth should never pass unrefuted—when Christian truth in its fullness is at stake. For all that I know, Mr. Collins may enjoy Long Island as his habitat; be that as it may, we can point to the *Brooklyn Tablet* as an ideally militant organ of Catholic action; it is edited according to the realization, as a working premise, that we Catholics are under the influence of the grace of the sacrament of Confirmation.

LONG ISLAND, N. Y.

DEFENDER OF THE FAITH.

ARCHCONFRATERNITY OF THE SACRED PASSION— PROGRESS

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

Since so many of your readers are members of the Archconfraternity of the Sacred Passion, I think that they will be gratified to know the progress that is being made by this most excellent society.

Membership has greatly increased throughout the United States and Canada—not only in members, but in interest and fervor. People are no longer satisfied with simply sending in their names; they wish to become more like Christ by doing or suffering something for Him. Many have candidly confessed that the Archconfraternity has made them better Catholics.

It is remarkable how many prominent men from all walks of life have become fervent members and zealous promoters. Especially worthy of mention is a Chief Justice of the Supreme Court, who feels proud of his affiliation, and has pledged himself to do all he can to extend the influence of the Archconfraternity.

Besides the branches in the different Passionist Monastery churches, one secular parish has its own canonically established confraternity with a flourishing membership and regular monthly meetings. Nearly every community of Sisters in the United States is represented in the official register. Remarkable interest is shown in four seminaries—St. Bernard's in Rochester, N. Y., Niagara University, Niagara, N. Y., St. Charles, Overbrook, Pa., and St. Vincent's, Beatty, Pa. In St. Charles' this membership exceeds 250, and the faculty has highly approved of this as something very helpful for fostering fervor among the seminarians.

If only your Catholic readers who are not members could be persuaded of the advantages of membership, I believe that they would be glad to join. St. Paul of the Cross instituted this society for lay people, and Holy Church has approved it and conferred many and great indulgences upon it. There are no dues attached to membership.

This society should be especially attractive to men. There is nothing sentimental about devotion to the Sacred Passion of Christ. It appeals to all that is highest and best in man—a longing to be united to Christ, our God and Redeemer.

REV. FATHER RAYMOND, C.P.,
Director of the Archconfraternity

of the Sacred Passion
ST. MICHAEL'S MONASTERY,
UNION CITY, N. J.



When the Reds Marched

By the Sisters of Charity

THEY say that the mind of the wayfarer is superstitious, that he likes some good omen of wind and weather to speed him on his journey. But when their sampans pulled out from Shenchow on the afternoon of October second, Bishop-Elect Cuthbert Martin O'Gara, C.P., and his party gave the lie to this notion. The day was steely, stolen from December; the wind contrary, strong, and heavy with rain. Yet, before setting their faces toward Hankow, the travellers waved us a cheerful good-bye.

That was on a Tuesday. By Sunday, the seventh, they had reached their destination; and a week later we at Shenchow were getting letters describing how the streets, buildings, and citizens of a modern city looked to the "country visitors." Altogether, we received a thoroughly detailed account, for we had six representatives; four from our own community, Sisters Agnes Paula, Finan, Alma Maria, and Marie Thérèse; and two from the Josephites, Sisters Christina and Magdalena. It was through them that we were aware of the preparations being made for the consecration of our Bishop. And when, on the Feast of Christ the King, we followed in spirit the actual ceremony of consecration, we knew that letters from our absent Sisters would later supply all that imagination alone could not see.

We were not disappointed. In time, we learned enough to make a satisfactory

mental picture of all that had transpired in the Hankow Cathedral on the day that gave us our own Bishop and elevated our prefecture to a vicariate.

It had been first decided that the Bishop's party should return to Hunan during the ensuing week. But, mean-

time, Hankow was crowded with consecration guests, as well as delegates to the then current Catholic Action Convention. So when Bishop Massi, considering the influence of numbers and the prestige of the nations represented by the visiting missionaries, planned a public procession of the Blessed Sacrament through the streets of his city, our group delayed to take part in it. Everything conspired to its success. The day was Sunday, November 4, and the weather was perfect. The government signified friendship by offering a plane to circle above the Blessed Sacrament all during the march, and by providing forty picked soldiers to form a guard of honor about the canopy.



Coat of Arms
of
The Vicariate
of
Shenchow

Shenchow means prefecture of the *Morning Light*. Shen is the name of the River which runs through it; chow is "prefecture."

The main part of the field or background of the shield is green, to denote a fertile lane. The chief (upper third) is of blue for the sky. In the base is the heraldic convention for water—alternate wavy stripes of silver and blue to suggest the Shen River. The star of six points—the morning star—is an heraldic attribute of Our Lady.

Over the shield a Cross indicates the Catholic Faith; and standing on its arm and proclaiming the morning light is a crowing cock, herald of the morning.

THE ceremonies were begun with a Pontifical Mass of which our Bishop was celebrant. Later, when the procession formed, there were in line Archbishop Zanin, carrying the Sacred Host; fifteen bishops, perhaps seventy-five priests, and more than one hundred Sisters—in all three companies there being Americans, Irish, Italians, Spaniards, French, Germans, Australians, and Chinese; eighty Chinese seminarians; the professions, as represented by Chinese Catholics in uniform—doctors, nurses, and teachers; the work of the missions for youth, typified by Chinese students and orphans; and a vast body of lay people, estimated at three



THE SISTERS OF CHARITY AND THEIR COMPANIONS PAUSE IN THEIR JOURNEY BACK TO HANKOW TO ESCAPE FROM THE MENACE OF MARAUDING ARMIES.

thousand, who marched simply to profess their faith before their pagan countrymen. And, certainly, those mute and wondering Pagans who crowded the sidewalks, the balconies, and the property walls of Hankow deserve praise. Usually so ready with their quips and outspoken with their comments, they stood in respectful silence the while the procession went by.

THAT night, at ten after eight, the six Sisters and Father Jeremiah, C.P., boarded the train for Changsha. Just four hours outside of Hankow the train gave a sudden lurch, and the passengers were thrown on their faces. Everyone switched on the lights and began moving about, only to be ordered immediately to sit quietly in the darkness till morning. All during the night they heard the steady footfalls of an armed guard patrolling in the rain outside; but not until dawn, when they saw the engine and the coal car overturned on an embankment below, did they begin to learn what had happened. Then they were told that bandits had unscrewed the tracks, planning to swoop down on the wreckage and loot and rob the passengers. Two factors had combined to save them; the first, from injury, through the intelligence and courage of the engineer who, noticing that the engine had begun to wobble, sensed the danger, detached the engine, and then jumped to save himself; the second, from the bandits, through the quick action of the train officials and the passengers' own ready cooperation. For some time past, because of repeated trouble in the district, the trains between Hankow and Changsha had been carrying armed guards. Perhaps the bandits did not know this. Anyway, when after the first crash they heard no further cries, saw the cars remain in darkness, and perceived the soldiers on duty outside, they thought that they had wrecked a military train and promptly fled to the hills, not even stopping to extinguish their lanterns.

For fourteen hours the travellers sat in the cars at Puki, awaiting, with vary-

ing degrees of patience; the relief train. Meanwhile, a continuous and heavy downfall of rain didn't brighten their world any; neither were they without fear that the bandits would realize their mistake and return to finish their work. Finally, at two o'clock on the afternoon of November fifth, the relief train arrived. The passengers climbed down from their own cars, over the debris of wreckage, and into the relief train.

Twelve o'clock that night they reached Changsha. It was too late to apply for hospitality at the local Spanish mission, so the Sisters and Father Jeremiah went to a hotel. Early the next morning they boarded a bus which brought them six hours later to Changteh. There they had to put behind them quick transportation and modern conveniences, and hired two sampans. Before dawn, on the morning of November seventh, they were on the long waterway between Shenchow and Changteh.

They anchored the first night at Taoyuan, but hadn't been there many minutes before they learned that the city had been deserted by the soldiers and was now overrun with bandits. Hugging the shore, the sampans drifted along quietly until they had reached a little town reported to be safe. In the morning, Father Jeremiah visited the magistrate and hired a military escort of ten soldiers to accompany the party as far as Liulincha, where there was said to be little danger. Father then moved on to the Sisters' boat and turned his over to the soldiers. Probably because the foreigners kept discreetly inside the one sampan and the soldiers with their big guns outside the other, there were no more bandits nor rumors of bandits. By Sunday, November eleventh, the party had reached Liulincha, the first Passionist mission along the Yuan River.

THAT is, they were opposite Liulincha. The rain that had begun immediately after the conclusion of the festivities at Hankow on the evening of the fourth hadn't abated once; so that the river was swollen and hazardous, and the two sampan owners wouldn't venture



AT THE WHARF IN CHANGTEH, HUNAN, THE SISTERS BELIEVED THEMSELVES TO BE SECURE. THEY WERE FORCED TO CONTINUE FARTHER BECAUSE OF THE SUCCESSSES OF THE RED ARMIES.



AN ANXIOUS TRIP. IN THEIR SEDAN CHAIRS THE SISTERS MAKE THE LONG WAY OVERLAND FROM THEIR MISSION TO A PLACE OF SAFETY.

the crossing. A messenger, however, boarded a small boat especially built for the rapids, and returned with Father Nicholas, Liulincha's pastor. At the close of a pleasant visit, the travellers gave him some of their supplies, among which was a three pound tin of ham, and about which more anon. The sampans then continued on their way.

BELOW Liulincha a favorable breeze arose. The tired oarsmen hailed it. The boatmen promptly hoisted their sails. And the sampan holding Father Jeremiah and the Sisters just as promptly dipped over until the sail and the water formed a perfect straight angle. Inside, the dazed occupants were still huddled where they had been thrown against the submerged side, when the boatmen hastily pulled in the sail and the sampan tipsily righted itself.

Towards evening, they saw a runner on the shore who was apparently trying to attract the attention of the two boats in midstream. Accordingly, the rowers swerved towards land, and soon those in the sampans could hear his question, "Are there foreigners on that boat?" When the runner finally boarded the boat, he explained that he had come all the way from Shenchow with a note from Father Quentin, C.P., the pastor, to Father Jeremiah. Everyone watched Father's face as he read, and everyone knew before he spoke that he had bad news to tell. "We have instructions to return either to Liulincha or Changteh," he said. "The Reds are marching towards Shenchow, and the priests and Sisters may have to get out tonight." With the Reds before Liulincha and the bandits behind it, there wasn't any choice. Father decided that, dangerous crossing or no, they would go to Liulincha. The return passage was much easier than the coming. The rain had mercifully stopped; and when the party had to climb through six feet of mud on the banks of Liulincha, they understood that the river had fallen six feet since morning. And the pastor of Liulincha? After the first warm greetings and surprise were over, he exclaimed, "Fine people, you! You give me a ham and then come back to eat it!"

We'll leave in Liulincha awhile those who went down to Hankow to see our

Prefect consecrated Bishop. Meantime, there was excitement in Shenchow; and to tell an intelligible story we shall have to sketch in some background.

During the past year, we had already had two serious Red scares—one in January when boats were actually hired and waiting at the beach to carry us away in case of danger; the other in July. The second one, that of July, eventually passed from our district over to Yuanchow. So, before the end of September, the Sisters of Saint Joseph had to leave their mission. They were still with us in early November, when the Reds once more began to maneuver in our direction.

When the first disturbing reports of this third scare began to come in, all Shenchow was deep in preparations for the installation of the Bishop, scheduled for November eighteenth. The church was being redecorated; vestments were being made; the street outside the mission, as well as the path inside leading up to the priests' house, was being hung canopy fashion with lengths of white cloth; a temporary theatre for the reception of public officials was being erected within the mission walls; even the children were busy making attractive artificial flowers. Hoping, however, that these new rumors would prove as groundless as the last two, we all went on with our work, praying that the Reds would at least wait until the Bishop had been installed in his office.

THIS continued until the afternoon of Friday, November ninth, when Fathers Timothy McDermott, C.P. and Bonaventure Griffiths, C.P.—the Yungshun missionaries, and Father Anthony Maloney, C.P.—the Wangtsun missionary, suddenly appeared in Shenchow. We then learned that Yungshun had been taken so quickly on the evening of Monday, November fifth, that Fathers Timothy and Bonaventure had time only to consume the Blessed Sacrament, grab some ready money, and run for their lives through one city gate just as the Reds were entering through another. When the missionaries had tramped nearly five miles, one of their servants caught up with them bringing two saddled mules. The priests rode all night, and the next day at three o'clock arrived at Wangtsun, where they stayed overnight. Wangtsun, so close to Yungshun, was in imminent danger; so, at noon of Wednesday, November seventh, Father Anthony left with Fathers Timothy and Bonaventure. After riding day and night, they arrived two days later in Shenchow. The next day, Saturday, November tenth, a messenger from Yungshun brought word that one of the first acts of the invaders was to burn the mission buildings to the ground. This word is still unverified.

It was then decided that the taking of Wangtsun would be our signal to flee from Shenchow. Father Quentin Olwell,

C.P., our pastor, despatched two runners with messages—the one we've already mentioned to Father Jeremiah and the Sisters, telling them to go back; the second to the Bishop, also enroute from Hankow and about a day behind the others on the Yuan River, stating conditions. Father also sent to all the missions a circular letter advising the Christians not to come down to Shenchow for the Bishop's installation as they had planned. These letters were never received. He hired three sampans to lie in readiness for us, warned us to be ready to leave at any moment of the day or night, and urged that each one of us should carry away but two small traveling bags to make the going quicker and easier. They talk about soldiers being armed to the teeth. For the next three nights we went to bed clothed to the rubbers—out of deference to the rain!

ON Tuesday, the thirteenth, the tension began to slacken. The Reds were driven out of Yungshun, so rumor said. Meantime, the Bishop had joined Father Jeremiah's party at Liulincha; and, in consideration of a more cheerful outlook, they were all continuing their journey to Shenchow. By Thursday, the Christians and their pastors, happily unconscious of the letters that had never reached their destinations, began to arrive in whole delegations from all over the vicariate. On the afternoon of Friday, the sixteenth, the Bishop arrived. He was met at the beach by all the Priests, Sisters, and Christians, and escorted to the church through streets filled with respectful crowds, both civilian and soldier. The future of the Church in Shenchow had never looked brighter, perhaps, than at the moment when, standing in the beautiful sanctuary surrounded by his brother priests, the Bishop gave the assembled Christians his apostolic blessing. Saturday, Father Jeremiah and

the Sisters reached Shenchow before noon. And towards evening the outlook was so promising that the ceremony of installation, which had been postponed in the lost letters, was advanced to Monday, the nineteenth. We all breathed more easily, and unpacked our two handbags each.

SUNDAY came, and with it evil reports. Out of a mass of rumors, we gleaned this much—that Yungshun had been retaken and the Reds were then marching towards Wangtsun. It was seven in the evening and we were having our community rosary when Father Quentin entered the chapel and announced that we had better repack, that we would probably have to leave during the night. Still optimistic, we went to our rooms and commenced the work. Fifteen minutes later, Fathers Bonaventure and Timothy arrived with instructions to get on the boats immediately. We all felt sickish for a moment, realized that this wouldn't help us pack, then began to throw things into our bags—some things that we needed very much and others that we didn't need at all. Soon we were in the courtyard, each with two bags, her lantern, and her bedding. The children stood around silently; and so did we, our spirits lower on their account than on our own. Then Sister Magdalena spoke out, her voice rising plaintively in crescendo fashion, "But we were here only thirty hours!" It was the right thing to say at just that time. Those of us, who had been going about for a week with all the clothes on our backs that we could manage and still perambulate, paused to look at the others so fresh from the road and two wrecks. Everyone smiled and spirits rose.

After we were safely on the boats with nothing to do but wait for morning, as if by common consent every Sister decided that she would be content only



BISHOP CUTHBERT O'GARA, C.P., ASSISTED BY FR. WILLIAM WESTHAVEN, C.P. AND FR. JEREMIAH MC NAMARA, C.P. IN THE PUBLIC EUCHARISTIC PROCESSION THROUGH THE STREETS OF HANKOW, CHINA.

with her luggage by her side. What we had in our bags were simply heavy clothing needed immediately and black goods not easily replaced in China—nothing in comparison with the valuable materials, medicines, books, furnishings, and food-stuffs that we were leaving behind. But that nothing suddenly became important; and for all of an hour, bags were passed from one boat to another and from one hand to another until the reaction that craved something to do was satisfied.

Very early on the morning of the nineteenth, the day on which the installation was to have taken place, we saw from the boats our older girls leaving the compound. We knew that they were going to Wuki, considered safe for them. The little girls were left in the care of the old women dependents of the Shenchow mission. Our six oldest girls (in their late teens and early twenties) and the three young women catechists from Yungshun and Wangtsun we had with us. During the night, all of the visiting Christians had departed for their respective homes.

It was still very early when our boats pulled out and we left behind us rumors that the Reds were less than thirty miles away from Shenchow. There were thirty-one people in our three sampans—seven Fathers, the four Sisters of Saint Joseph, our eleven Sisters, and the nine young women of whom we've just spoken. All around us, and as far down the river as we could see, were other sampans filled with fleeing families. Someone has estimated the number at two hundred. Anyway, there were so many of them that they formed their own protection; and

no one worried about bandits, not even between Changteh and Liulincha. Nights, when we docked, or in the mornings before we set sail, passengers from the other boats would come and speak with us. Among them was a government clerk, a translator, who repeatedly assured us in correct but unadventurous English that the Reds were "bad persons!"

We reached Changteh on Thursday; and that night, while sleeping on the boats, had our only mishap. One of the sampans began to fill with water, which the boatmen promptly baled out. The noise of baling, however, awakened a Sister (we'll mention no names!) who had slept through the filling-in performance. She stood up and finished dressing. The other Sisters watched in silence. "Now that you're ready, where are you going?" one of them finally asked. "Out, of course!" was her quick response. "Out where?" continued the inquisitive one. She didn't answer, but probably pondered the water on three sides of her and the locked city gate on the fourth. A few moments later she was lying in her place again—still fully dressed—her cap sticking up from the bedding.

On Friday morning we boarded the bus for Changsha and spent the night there. Early Saturday morning found us on the train for Hankow. We arrived at ten in the evening, and were met by Fathers Dominic, William, and Ronald, C.P., who took us to the Jardine Estate, a property owned by the Passionist Fathers. Here we found everything in readiness for us—beds loaned by Bishop

Massi from his boys' school; blankets, pillows, and mattresses loaned by the Canossian Sisters from their hospital; table service, table linen, sheets, and pillow cases loaned by the Franciscan Missionaries of Mary from their hospital; furniture gathered in from warehouses; curtains on the windows—not hemmed yet, but really stylish from the street; everything, even to such welcome details as thick turkish towels, writing paper, and pencils for each Sister. It was comfort personified. And since the telegram announcing our flight had arrived only the day before, we're still wondering how so much was accomplished in so little time.

So we're in Hankow now surrounded by all the comforts and spiritual advantages of home. We have only one anxiety, the missions. The last word we had from Shenchow was that there had been skirmishes between the Reds and the local soldiers, but we know nothing further. During the week, Fathers Germaine and Paul, C.P., came in from Yuanchow; last night, Fathers Anthony, Timothy, Francis, and Denis, C.P., from Changteh where they had been staying in order to remain within the province and return the more quickly to their missions. The other Passionists from the missions now in Hankow are Fathers Ernest, Sidney, Michael Anthony, Bonaventure, Harold, James, and Cyprian Leonard, C.P.; Father Leo is in Changsha, keeping a watchful eye on his seminarians. The Bishop and the other Fathers are still within the Shenchow vicariate. And it is for them chiefly that we ask the prayers of the community.

Communists at Our Gates

By Quentin Olwell, C.P.

DURING the months that have passed since my former letter from Yuanling, our Vicariate has suffered more than at any other time during the Passionist occupation of this mission field. My intentions to write regularly were of the best, but a real River Dragon (Ho Lung) appeared and brought a reign of terror to our district.

Yuanling was to have been the scene of a great demonstration on the return of Bishop O'Gara, C.P., after his consecration at Hankow. November eighteenth was the day set for him to take over his Vicariate, of which this city is the centre. Great preparations had been made for the event.

Two weeks before the appointed day rumors had reached us that the Red Army, under the leadership of Ho Lung,

was enroute to our territory. A few days later definite word came from Yungshun that Fathers Timothy McDermott, C.P. and Bonaventure Griffiths, C.P.,



BISHOP CUTHBERT O'GARA, C.P., ARRIVES AT SHENCHOW AFTER HIS CONSECRATION IN HANKOW. THE CELEBRATION THERE WAS INDEFINITELY POSTPONED BECAUSE OF RED ARMIES WHO WERE MENACING THE CITY.

had barely escaped with their lives when the town was taken over and pillaged. Our next great loss was the Mission of Wangtsun, which fell into the hands of the Reds. Refugees began to pour into our central Mission.

During the week delegations of Christians and missionaries arrived at Yuanling. The Bishop himself returned on the seventeenth and was greeted by twenty of our priests and by the Sisters of Charity and of St. Joseph. By five o'clock the next afternoon we learned that the Communist horde was closing in on our city. The next four hours of confusion and panic are indescribable. In the Mission and at the Sisters' compound plans went along as prepared, so that at nine o'clock all the Sisters, the Fathers engaged in the study of the

language, those from other missions with their Christians, were all on boats ready to move at a word. The terror of the people was extreme. All night long crowds were moving out of the town into the country to places of safety, carrying their belongings with them. The few troops in town were among the first to prepare to get out of the town and to a safer place. This attitude of the soldiers was in no small measure the reason of the real panic that ensued.

The next morning the situation remained unchanged. Reports, however, from the authorities were none too pleasing. A new danger loomed in the uprising of local bandits and the possibility of looting by a crowd of ne'er-do-wells. Word was given for the priests and sisters who were in the boats to leave without further delay.

About noontime the town settled down to await its fate. If the Reds had appeared at that time the town would have been theirs, for most of the soldiers had fled. Bishop O'Gara and one of the missionaries remained in the mission, hiding vestments and packing such essentials that they might have to take with them. Arrangements had been made for them to cross the river and get to the mountains, there to await the ultimate fate of the city. Your chronicler has been trying to think of a Chinese proverb that would tell in a few words the story of the Communist advance. I suppose it might be covered by the expression—"great bodies move slowly." Because of the number of his followers the River Dragon was not able to take advantage of the city's helplessness. Meanwhile, over four thousand soldiers arrived to protect the city. About noon, on the Vigil of the Feast of the Immaculate Conception, word reached us that the soldiers and Reds were fighting about twenty miles away. Another panic of smaller size followed. At five o'clock the city gates were closed and no one was permitted to enter or leave the town. An hour later we could distinctly hear firing. The soldiers were in a grand rout.

A COUNCIL of war was held by the Bishop and his companion. It was decided the Father learn what the military was going to do about the affair. After narrow escapes of being bayonnetted by the sentries, he met a Catholic officer, who was escorting his general's belongings—bullets, horses, guns, supplies—across the river. His advice was to get out of town immediately. But no one was allowed to leave the city. This good officer offered to permit the Bishop and the Father to travel with him. The crossing of the river is not easily forgotten. The military had built a pontoon bridge. It was pitch dark. Soldiers were running here and there and searching everyone whom they met. The Reds had arrived at the North Gate of the city.



HOME LIFE ON SMALL RIVER BOATS. SHOES, CLOTHING, BEDDING ARE AIRED BY THE PEOPLE WHO LIVE IN POVERTY AND SQUALOR. EACH ARTICLE IS CAREFULLY GUARDED.

Machine gun and rifle fire became deafening. The pontoon bridge was made of various sized boats—none too securely joined. Uncut trees and boards of all sizes had been thrown across to make a passage. Over this were led the pack animals. The Bishop and his companion followed the troops. A cry went up. One of the horses had fallen through the boards. He was picked up and put on his feet. The procession moved on.

AFTER what seemed an age the opposite shore was reached. The Bishop and the Father took their bearings. Because of the confusion and panic they had not eaten since noon. Evening meal was also forgotten in the rush. After an hour's idling on the other side of the river, during which the attack on the town was distinctly heard by them, they noticed that the soldiers were returning. It seems that two of the regiments deserted. The officer in command of the remaining troops sent messengers ahead of those who were deserting to spread the report that the Reds were approaching in that direction. For this reason the two regiments fled back to town and were able to help in its defense. The Bishop learned that the magistrate, who had left the city earlier, was in a village eight miles distant with a bodyguard of

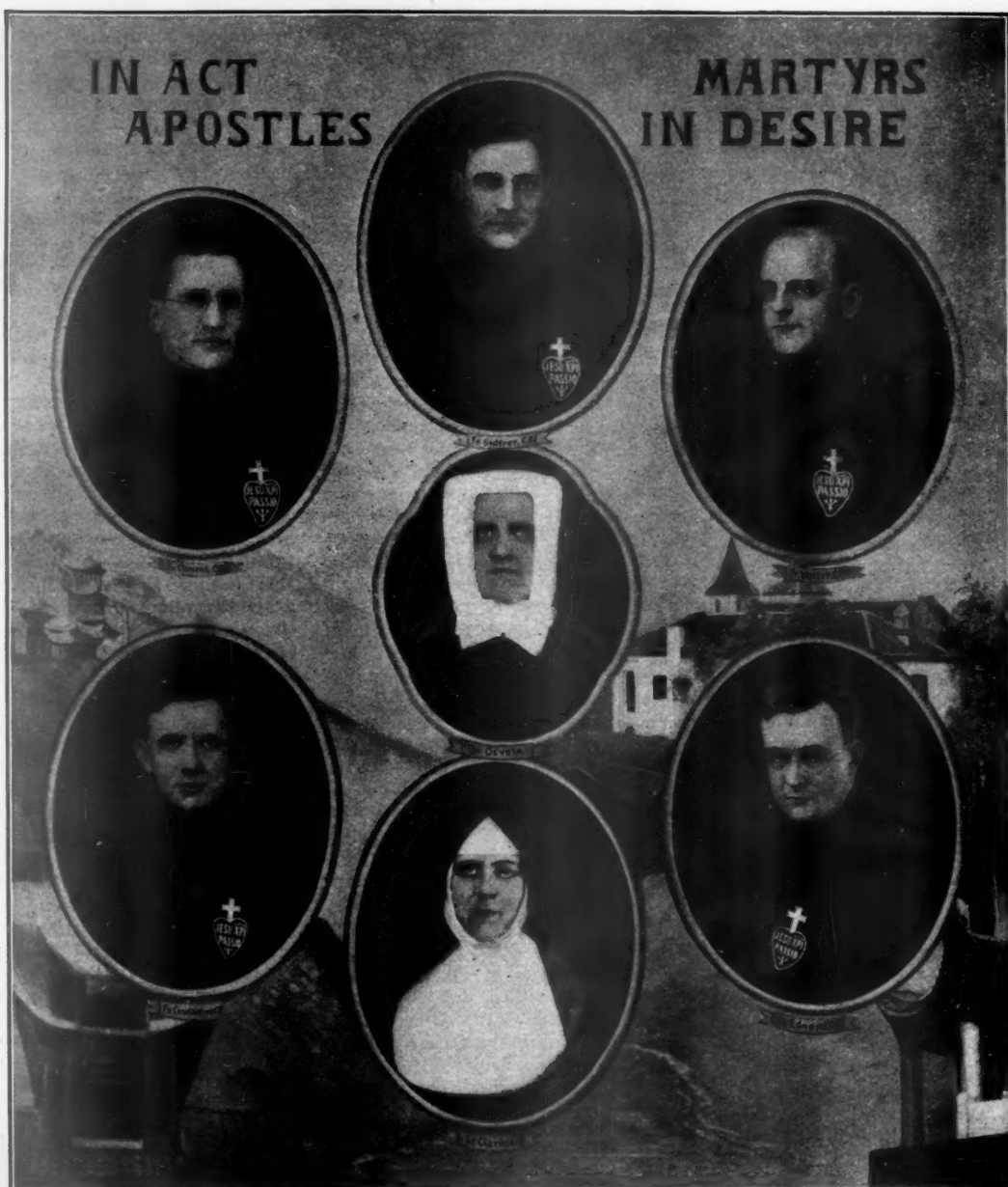
thirty soldiers. Two hours of walking brought the missionaries to the magistrate's place of refuge. He asked for the latest reports of the battle and decided to stay in the village at least until dawn. The next morning—since the Reds were unsuccessful in attempting to scale the walls—the city was still under siege.

WITH soldiers and local constabulary all engaged in fighting, the Bishop realized his presence might be a tempting opportunity for some small bandit group to seize him and his companion for ransom. After a breakfast of rice our two missionaries left the village. The Feast of the Immaculate Conception and the next day were spent by them in walking up and down the mountains. An airplane belonging to the Nationalist troops appeared the next two days and bombed the Reds. Meanwhile, the Bishop and his companion were able to get back into town. It is fortunate that they returned, since the soldiers, who had been none too well paid, were helping themselves to whatever appealed to them. Thanks to the bravery of some of our Catholic orphans and their quick thinking, our own mission had not been touched. The Seminary and the Boys School were both occupied by soldiers.

The siege was finally lifted. As I am writing, twenty thousand Nationalist troops are stationed in the town and many of the provincial civil authorities are taking up headquarters here. The Communists have been driven out of all but three of our counties. Before long we shall have law and order and our means of communication with Hankow will be much improved. Of course, the presence of the civil officials and the soldiers is sending up the cost of living. We shall have to pay for our new-found security. With this increase of almost double the city's population, the law of supply and demand will affect our budget seriously.



PRECEDED BY BISHOPS AND ACCOMPANIED BY A MILITARY GUARD OF HONOR, THE BLESSED SACRAMENT IS CARRIED PUBLICLY FOR THE FIRST TIME THROUGH THE LARGEST INLAND CITY OF CHINA.



The Memory of Their Heroic Sacrifice Lives Forever

This month brings the anniversary of several of the Passionist missionaries in China. Reverend Fathers Godfrey Holbein, C.P., Clement Seybold, C.P., and Walter Coveyou, C.P., were killed by bandits near Chenki, Hunan, on April 24, 1929. Two days later Fr. Constantine Leech, C.P., died a victim of fever at Yungshun. Fr. Edmund Campbell was stricken suddenly and passed away at Hankow, April 14, 1925. Sr. Devota Ross succumbed to cholera at Chenki, July 29, 1932. Chungking, Szechuan, is the last resting place of Sr. Clarissa Stadtmiller, who died July 24, 1927.

RED LAUGHTER

By Raphael Johnson

"NOW, perhaps, you can tell me; what is this madness that has seized the ruling class of Mexico?" asked Father Griffin, chaplain at Randolph Field, when I met him in San Antonio on my return trip. I count him my closest friend, not because I have known him since the A. E. F., but because I owe to him my Catholic faith.

"As a mere recent convert to the Church," I said, "I am hardly qualified to answer."

"You're a newspaper correspondent," he argued. "That licenses you to talk whether you know anything or not. And you're just back from El Toro's headquarters."

"I can answer you best, Father," I said, "by telling you the story of his son and the Holy Light."

"You mean the Mexican flyer I pointed out to you at the Field when you were on your way down?" asked the uniformed priest.

"Yes, Joe Toro," I said. "You read what happened to him?"

Father Griffin nodded gravely. "But the Holy Light; what was that?"

"The Light and Joe Toro are the story," I said. "In a way Joe Toro typifies Mexico. You remember I stopped off at Randolph Field to interview him?"

"And I told you that you'd learn a lot they wouldn't print," the chaplain reminded me. "But I never got to see you after you talked to him."

"Well, the interview is part of the story," I said.

At the time of that previous visit of mine to the army's "West Point of the air," El Toro's campaign against what is now officially "the Catholic rebellion" had just begun to scream in newspaper headlines. Our city rooms had added the name of Joe Toro's father to the roster of Mexican military despots whose gory triumphs and disasters have for twenty-five years bewildered the United States.

The Chicago desk wired me to stop off and get a statement from the boy. I looked up Father Griffin first. He took me out by the splotch-painted hangars.

"What I can't understand," I said, "is a Mexican officer in an American military school."

"That's your ignorance," responded the chaplain. "You don't understand international courtesy. There he is."

The "Little Bull" was easy to pick out. Unlike our student officers, all in dungarees, Lieutenant Toro wore the

flamboyant uniform of the Mexican Army.

The students stood by their roaring ships while mechanics and officer instructors inspected.

At some signal, switches were thrown off, so that propellers whirled back into sight and stopped. A major gave peremptory orders to the Mexican flyer. Young Toro waved his arms, protesting. His plane was trundled back into a hangar.

"Why, he's drunk," I said, as he approached us.

"If he isn't" remarked Father Griffin, "then it's the first time."

As he saluted the chaplain, Toro's scowl lifted. He smiled. "Hola! padre," he greeted. I thought of a boy who has been play-acting and suddenly encounters an adult.

"Is he a Catholic?" said I.

"If anything," the chaplain answered. "At least he tells me his mother kidnapped him and nearly made a priest of him. I'm just as glad El Toro interfered with that. He'll go back shortly—to bomb churches, I suppose."

When the afternoon shadow of the giant administration building grew long, and the last planes circled down from the high-Texas blue, I knocked on Toro's open door.

"Sure. Come in, please. Sit down. Have a drink," he fired at me. He had discarded service blouse and boots. His creamy silk shirt bore a blazing monogram, and he wore straw sandals. His cheek bones were higher than I had noticed. He listened to my explanation impatiently.

"Sure! Sure!" he told me. "Excuse me. We need company. That makes good talk." He went out. I heard him shouting in the hallway.

TWO big electric fans wagged from side to side on the desk. Cigarette burns had scarred the top of an ornate radio cabinet. Bottles crowded the few pamphlets in the bookcase. From the mantel, flanked by youthful feminine pictures, frowned the posed photograph of a moustached foreign officer—El Toro, I decided.

"No man is home," his son complained, returning. "Think of this: an officer to work all day like one who digs by a shovel! Bah!"

"Is that your father, the General?" I asked, pointing.

"Sí, señor," he confirmed. He had served me whiskey, and now he poured

white liquor for himself out of another bottle in the bookcase.

"Why," said I, "does your father's government persecute the Catholic Church?"

A mask came over his face so that he resembled the picture.

"The others from your newspapers ask me, 'How you like this United States girl?' or 'When you will fly the ocean?'" he recalled. "You want different talk, eh? I will answer you."

A RAT-TAT on the door interrupted. Three students joined us, boyish, air-tanned chaps, true to our type as Toro was to his. I heard who had been "washed-out," who had "cracked up," why you couldn't put the new super-charger on a training ship, what a good party there had been at the country club. Our host threw off his mask. He strutted and played the clown.

I took dinner at the mess, and it was late evening before we were again by ourselves. Out of politeness, I think, Toro had refused pressing invitations to go to town. But his mood had changed.

"No talk yet," he warned me. "First we will sit and drink good liquor and get acquainted. Then I will tell you the so-funny answer. We will laugh and you will understand."

We sat in the dark for coolness. I managed to keep my drinks to half the size of his. He tuned his radio to a Mexican station. For a time there was only the small glow of the dial and the crackle of heat static. Then, as starshine drifted into the room, we heard the twang of faraway guitar strings.

"You hear that, hombre?" asked Toro. "That is old Mexico. It had not learned to laugh. Now comes I think—Listen!"

A new rhythm attacked us. Joe Toro snapped his fingers. This music was defiant. It did not dance; it stamped. Its last phrase was a jeering insult.

"Every night this hour they play that, the Cockroach. You know *La Cucaracha*, the song of our revolution?" asked he.

"I've been to the movies," I said.

"If you understand that song," he insisted, "you do not need to ask me your funny question." He snapped off the radio.

"Why was my question funny?" said I.

"Because you ask it and do not laugh," he replied. The liquor was showing in his voice. He went on: "You cold blooded people are all the same—Spanish, English, the same. In my country

three men of every four have hot blood like mine, I am what you call Indian. You of cold, pale blood conquered my people. What did you give them?"

"Civilization," I said.

"*Na!*" he snarled. "Work! Fences and prisons. A bit in the mouth and a load to pull. Commandments: 'Thou shalt'—'Thou shalt not.' Give me liberty—"

"—Or give me death! One of our 'politicos' made that up," I said.

"Death!" he sneered. "Be afraid! That is it, too. You could not teach us that. In Mexico on Dead Man's Day—your Halloween—our children eat candy skeletons and deaths-heads made of sugar."

"That teaches them to laugh, I suppose," I said. "If I understand what you mean, it is that your father and leaders like him merely express the will of the people. Why then does your father talk of educating the people to the revolution?"

"Listen, hombre. Revolutions are made by thinkers," he declared. "The people are like sheep. If you let a flock of sheep out of a corral and hold a stick so, the first ones will jump over it. Throw away then the stick, and all who follow are jumping, too."

"So they will believe what you choose to teach them," I said.

"Yes," he agreed, "but remember, we have learned it all from you."

"From us?" said I.

"From you," he repeated. "Since the schools of the Jesuits and others long ago were closed in Mexico, it has become for many years that a father who takes pride in his son and would make him really an educated man has sent him to your countries to learn: to Paris, to Berlin, to London—since the war, to New York. Myself, I went to your schools."

"And learned this laughing business," said I.

"I learned to laugh at God!" he asserted. "Since then I can laugh at everything else. But we will not be hypocrites like you, saying to the people, 'This is right; that is wrong.' We will let no man lie to them like that."

"LAUGHING aside," said I, "can you change the belief of a people with machine guns?"

"Listen, *amigo*; they will learn," asserted young Toro. He set down his glass after another drink and leaned toward me confidentially. "If you were down there where my father has his headquarters, I could explain all by the story of the Holy Light."

"That's in Sonora, isn't it?" said I.

"Yes, in a valley of Northern Sonora," he agreed. "There the people are very pious."

"I know. Every cottage has a cross on its white wall; wayside shrines with flowers; that sort of thing," I said.

"You know my country, then?" asked he. "You have been there?"

"A long time ago," I said. "I don't really know the country, but I expect to go down there again shortly as a correspondent with your forces."

He resorted again to the bottle. "Maybe you will fly down with me," he invited. "I will go back in three weeks."

WATCHING his shaky hand pour *tequila*, I was glad that I did not have to wait that long.

"It is called the Valley of the Holy Light, that place where my father has his headquarters," he asserted. "I have flown into it so many times. You would not know why it has that name."

"No," I said.

"There are so many stories our people used to believe," he explained. "That was one. In centuries past the first *padre* built that monastery. It is on what is called a *butte*—you would say it is a hill—a rocky hill that cuts across the valley. In a tower above the altar that old *padre* lighted a lamp, a light for travelers and pilgrims. Always he kept it lighted. Dying, he promised he would pray for the souls of his people. You know how that is?"

I nodded.

"I do not believe it, but the peons mumble that he promised he would make prayers for them so long as fire was kept in his lamp. Those *padres* were driven out, and other *padres* came, and they were driven out. But still the lamp burned. That also I do not believe, since there has not always been oil to feed the lamp; but it is the story. I know it is believed, for once when the black-shirted *padres* were allowed there again I was taken, a young boy, by my mother to that place. I myself fed oil to that lamp."

"Sort of a symbol of faith," I said.

"Right, *amigo*. How did you say it? A symbol of faith. That is it. I was acolyte then. So it was that when our national revolution came at last to that valley we did not—what is it you say?—confiscate? We did not exactly confiscate that monastery. For a time we allowed the *pobre* fools to keep their light burning. We did not wish to make those people mad, for then they are like the marihuana smokers, crazy. Do you know what my father, General Toro, did?"

"Can't imagine," I said. "Nothing would surprise me."

"Something I forgot," he reminded himself, not forgetting, however, to tilt his bottle again. "There was more of that story besides prayers. There was added to it a curse. I will not say I heard this from the *padres*, but the people believed that evil things would come to them if this light were put out. Even the old women told that a curse should come upon the man who did it. So my

father built another light, a tower with a brighter fire. He told them it was the light of science. You see what he did for them?"

"Not exactly," I said. "What good was this new light to them?"

"You do not understand, *senor*," young Toro protested. "He got that idea from what I told him. Often I would fly into that valley at night. You see, although I go to this school here and they think I am so green I cannot take off with a few drinks in my skin, I have now been flying more years than some who teach here." He began to air this grievance.

"So you gave the General an idea," I said, recalling him to his narrative. "The idea was to erect a beacon light for airplanes, was that it?"

"Si, *senor*; but he thought of it first. I told him, 'Don't put out this damn Holy Light! When I fly into this valley at night I need a light on that black *butte*. The old Holy Light is not very bright, but without it I shall perhaps crack up.' He is very proud that I am a flyer, my father. I am his only son alive. So he said, 'We will have a better light there.' There was no electricity in that valley, so my father has built a line across the mountains. Now when there is fog I fly in and see that big beacon light on the *butte*. There is a landing field and he puts in ground lights. Soon there will be electric light in the town."

"I think I understand," I said. "Now there are two lights, you would say, the dim light of faith and the bright light of science."

"*Na, senor*, only one," he corrected me. He laughed. "One night my father made the old light very bright, so they would remember it. He set fire to that monastery and burned it down. Now there is only the new beacon."

"And the peasants are impressed?" said I.

"*Cabrones!*" he exclaimed in contempt. "That was funny, *senor*. When that monastery burned until there was nothing but stones and black ashes, you should have seen those old women with black robes around their heads, and those old men in their big hats, all going about and crossing themselves, waiting for the curse to fall. But the old *padre's* light was out. My father grows fat, and I fly in and land by the light of science, so now I think they begin to laugh too and wonder why they were kidded, like you would say; kidded so long by that old fake light up there. You see?"

"It is an interesting story," I said. "So it's true that you studied for the priesthood?"

"THAT *padre habla*, eh?" he challenged. His speech was becoming thick. He wet his lips with his tongue. "Tell that *padre* for Joe Toro that he *habla* too much." He drained his glass

and this time smashed it on the floor. "Come on," he urged, embracing my shoulder. "We are too serious. Drink! Laugh! Forget!"

He snapped on the radio current and began to sample the programs on the air. He hummed and half-crooned the chorus of the Cockroach:

*"Porque no tiene, porque le falta
Marihuana que fumar!"*

"You smoke once marihuana cigarette?" he questioned.

To my denial he commented, "Na. It is for the sheeps. This is better." He swigged liquor from the bottle, bending his head far back.

A FINE gold chain was pulled into sight from under his shirt. I wondered idly whether the chain might support a locket; his mother's picture in it, perhaps. Such lockets are still worn by Mexicans.

I essayed a last question. "Your mother took you to the Monastery of the Holy Light. Does she approve of the new light?"

"Muerte," he whispered hoarsely. "She is dead. Why do you ask?"

Before I could answer, a new mood seized him. He strode about the room talking loudly.

"If *Mejico* sometime comes to kneel again and make *confiteor*, it will because the woman leads him," he proclaimed. I thought he would pull the chain out to show me the locket. Instead, he pushed it down under his shirt. Swaying, he halted before the mantel and stared at El Toro's portrait. Slowly he raised his hand to a salute.

"Perhaps tomorrow before I leave you will write me a letter of introduction to your father," I said, rising to go.

"Cabron!" he shouted.

"If? Your friend?" said I, pretending indignation at the insult.

"El Toro!" he declared. "You. Me. All of us. *Cabrones*."

He stumbled backward and sprawled supine on the bed. I switched on the room lights. His eyelids had fallen, and his mouth drooled.

From somewhere a distorted radio voice began the inescapable Mexican song:

*"La Cucaracha! La Cucaracha!
Yo ne quiere caminar!"*

I turned the thing off.

It was growing chilly. I straightened Joe Toro on the bed, covered him, and switched off the fans and lights.

Something drew me back to the bed before I left. A moonbeam slanted in. It softened the drunken grossness of his sleep so that the face looked very young, the countenance of a pouting child. His hand, still at his forehead, held the grotesque salute.

General Sandez Toro, "The Bull of

Sonora," strutted up and down in front of his headquarters, trailed by his staff. He curled his moustache with a practiced hand. Despite the chill of the evening, his gold-braided coat was thrown open. His gold-hilted saber bobbed and clanked as he walked.

"The big tamale-eater," said a rival press correspondent, watching him. "Why didn't you ask him that question?"

"What was that?" asked the third member of our trio.

I explained that Father Griffin had told me that El Toro chose St. Vincent's Hospital when he went to Los Angeles for an operation.

"It has a saint's name. Are you sure it's a Catholic hospital?" asked the previous speaker.

"Aw, the big tamale-eater!" exclaimed my first colleague. "What business has he got around saints anyway, after he burned down that convent on the hill there?"

Neither of my two friendly rivals was a Catholic, but they had no love for El Toro. They had been on the ground much longer than I.

We were standing in front of a little cantina, drinking syrupy sodas flavored with cinnamon. A red sunset kindled the charred ruins of the Monastery of the Holy Light on the rocky *butte* at the end of the town's street.

"He'll answer anything like that tonight," volunteered my first friend. "He's feeling amiable tonight."

"Must have captured another priest," remarked the second.

"No," the first told us. "His son's coming in this evening. Flying down from Texas, they tell me."

A month had passed since the night I left Joe Toro sprawled on his back at Randolph Field.

I HAD regretted that I did not call again on "the little Bull" to obtain the letter of introduction. "The Bull's" only signs of friendliness to me had been evidenced when I told him of my call on his son. Even then there was little relaxation of his guarded reticence. I was glad Joe Toro was flying down there, although I said nothing to my competitors about my acquaintance with him. I was hoping for a chance to get some really outspoken copy through the censors.

El Toro's new loquacity was chiefly about his son. During our short walk to the landing field where we were to greet the youth, his father talked of little else. He recited Joe Toro's exploits as an aviator.

Just before we reached the place, the tall beacon on the *butte* began to throw its beam into the gathering darkness. El Toro was inspired to tell us a ribald version of the legend of the *padre's* light. He told it with large gestures and deep-chested laughter.

"So, senores," he concluded, pursing

his fat lips and twirling his moustache, "the light of scientific truth shines up there, an' the old *padre's* word is proof a lie. I do this for my people." He waved genially toward a peasant couple who halted at our approach and stepped off the road. I noticed that at his gesture they both cringed and looked at the ground.

THE sentries at the field were wearing their *ponchos*. In those upland valleys the swiftness of weather changes is bewildering. There had been merely a few wisps of fog drifting across the high *mesas*, but now, as darkness fell, black clouds raced overhead and fine rain beat our faces. It was time for Joe Toro's arrival.

"Nothing cares he for this," a staff officer told me. "Not while the beeg light shines up there."

The hazard of the *butte* to an airplane approaching in darkness was obvious. Looking up at the rocky mass, I tried to picture how the serene glow of the *padre's* lamp must have comforted the little people of the valley before the glaring beacon was set on its crags.

The lightning bolt struck without further warning. Its blinding flash was like a blow across the eyes. Beacon light and ground lights blacked out instantly. A long roll of crackling thunder echoed and was lost in the distance as intense darkness closed in.

Before any one of us spoke, we heard the drone of the lost plane. Orders were shouted. After what seemed an age, soldiers ran out from a shed with lanterns and sputtering torches. It rained harder.

For a few moments I felt a sense of relief as the plane's drone died away. Then it came roaringly nearer. The unseen pilot was circling. Listening to the unearthly wail of his engine I thought of the sirens of sinking ships on fog-bound waters.

The soldiers waved their feeble torches. I heard El Toro's great voice. "Call now," thought I, "for the *padre's* light!"

Gazing fascinated toward the *butte* I seemed to see the black meteor. There was a splintering crash as the plane struck the hillside, then empty silence.

I saw the crushed body before they laid Joe Toro out. His face was unmarked. Type of his lost country, his features still bore the stamp of youth—the countenance of a pouting child. His hand was not at salute. The gold chain around his neck had snapped. Over his heart lay the pendant it had supported. It was not a locket, as I had thought. It was a silver crucifix.

As we walked down the hillside I thought of the dead youth's words: "Remember, we have learned it all from you." Father Griffin agrees with me that those were words worth pondering. It was from us he learned red laughter.

WOMAN TO WOMAN

IN OUR high schools and colleges there is rampant a most peculiar stunt these days. The best way I can describe it is to call it the Cult of the Dirty Shoe. Spic and span they go to school, our young people. Their hair is sleek and smooth if they are male, and fluffy and well curled if they are female. Their sweaters are neat and their frocks immaculate. But if you happen to glance at their feet what do you see? You see the worst looking shoes you ever gazed on, bar none. They are preferably white and black or white and tan, although white is a strong word to use for the strange dinginess, the greyness of what was white when it left the shoe shop. Somehow it fits many of our present school ideas too: our schools are fussy enough about all sorts of things—the frills are carefully ironed out and the inessential furbelows are all neatly in place. But the solid footing is covered with some very odd coverings. The one comforting thing about this awful foot gear that our young hopefuls insist on wearing and not having cleaned is that it is a cultivated sloppiness and therefore a thing that will suddenly disappear some day. But the sloppy foot gear of education itself—ah, that is a very different thing.

A BRILLIANT new book, *Follow the Furies*, by Eleanor Chiltern has provoked from all the reviewers high praise—with just one reservation. The author stacks the cards when it comes to her religion, they complain. I have never seen that complaint about a proletarian novel, for instance, nor one with any truth or moral to teach of any sort—except Catholicism. There is something very interesting about that, too. It is as though a nerve that was supposed to have died during or soon after the Reformation, suddenly showed signs of life. An interesting subject, but I shall not discuss it just now. But I hope all my readers read the novel.

JOHN HAYNES HOLMES, interpreter, propounder and almost discoverer of the not too new cult of Modernism, has a book review in the Herald Tribune. Just why they give him religious books to review I can't quite see, unless it has something to do with the law of the attraction of opposites. A certain Dr. Brown has written a book called *God at Work*, and Dr. Holmes is against it. He says he knows Dr. Brown is a very bright man and a good theologian, but he says such silly, outmoded things in this book. "I wish," says Dr. Holmes, very testily, "I could understand why he insists on expressing

By
Katherine Burton

himself in outmoded language; he calls his book a study of the supernatural. But what was formerly regarded as beyond and above and apart from nature—namely, the supernatural as contrasted with the natural—is now regarded as

pure illusion. The supernatural has become the superstitious." Then, almost in tears at Dr. Brown's oddness, he adds, "He deliberately and obstinately insists on preserving the old word and regards it as the basic conception of religion." Ah, these annoying Christians! They come around with their Lourdes and Lisieux and now here is Dr. Brown, whom even Dr. Holmes, with his high standards, considers a good theologian, going Christian on him. The most interesting thing of all is that Dr. Holmes doesn't even try to fight the opposition: he ignores and pushes it aside. With shadow boxing this would be fairly easy, but some day Dr. Holmes may find this opponent is no shadow, but substantial reality.

FROM the *Announcer*, the bulletin of the Catholic Young Women's Club of New York City, I quote the following very pertinent idea: "We have a theory at C.W.W.C. that 'taking on' special religious practices for Lent is even more meritorious than 'giving up' certain things. 'Taking on' going to daily Mass, daily saying of the Stations, the Rosary, etc., seems more difficult to attain than the 'giving up' of candy, for instance." Why not practice "taking on" and "giving up" too for Lent?

MONTH OF THE RESURRECTION

IN the days when God's plan and not the Five Year Plan was flourishing in Russia there was a greeting which neighbor gave to neighbor on Easter Day. "Christ is risen," said one and the other answered, "He is risen indeed." That greeting is silenced now or at least it must be muttered in secret. In Germany the Nazis have put down the day on the farm calendars as the feast of Ostara, goddess of Spring. In Mexico the beautiful processions are forbidden and the Easter duty must be performed stealthily or perhaps go unmade. Where throngs bent the knee when the Blessed Sacrament went by, now little children repeat solemnly after their teachers, "There is no God."

Yet in all these countries, as the Feast of Feasts draws near, there are springing up, round unbelievers and believers alike, at the feet of the just and the unjust man too, blossoms of Spring, and leaves are unfolding. At the very heart of the bud already lies the promise of fruit. All creation sings its hymn to its risen God, and only the human being, so gifted with eyes to see and a mind to understand, refuses to see, insists on not understanding. But as in the heart of the bud lies the fruit, so in many a human heart lies the faith that will blossom and grow to fruit some day. As in the depths of the Catacombs grew faith and hope and love, so in the prisons and homes of the faithful the promise of Easter is still being fulfilled. For us in this country, as yet untouched by any such actuality of terror and deprivation, let us pray this Easter time for the unhappy in other lands, pray that their hearts may hold what their eyes may not look at; that the knowledge that our Lord suffered for them as they are now suffering for Him may give them strength, and that they may remember that the Feast of the Resurrection which celebrates the setting of the key-stone of our Faith was preceded by the black tragedy, the suffering of the Crucifixion; that to gain the lasting Love they must endure the passing hate.

WHENEVER I hear of what are popularly known as Job's comforters I think of a certain experience of my own. I was on my way to a hospital and when we reached there my room was not quite ready for me. Since the day was very cold and the ambulance warm, they left me there for a while. The driver, apparently feeling the duty of host upon him, opened his little window a bit and asked me, in a friendly way, "What's the matter with you?" I told him there was fear of peritonitis, and he nodded his head solemnly and said, "My mother died with that, come Christmas day." This rather staggered me, being worried enough without extra blows, but I rallied and said, "Oh, but I am very strong and so seldom ill that I am not worried at all." Once more he gave me a look, and said, "Them's the kind that goes quickest." By the time they took me into the hospital, I assure you I could hear in the distance a requiem coming nearer and nearer. I still remember his bright smile and wave of encouragement. It is strange how well meant sympathy often hurts.

The Sacred Chalice and the Cup of Hemlock

By Stanley B. James

OVER four hundred years before the Birth of Christ there stood before his fellow-citizens in Athens, to answer with his life to the charge of having preached doctrine subversive of the State religion, a snub-nosed, shabbily dressed old man. His appearance was not unlike those fauns which we find so often in the statuary of the ancient world. He was an oddity—that was clear—but an oddity who might be dangerous to the established order. Men laughed at him. For years the great dramatist, Aristophanes, had been gibing at him, holding him up to ridicule on the Athenian stage.

But the fathers of the city did not laugh. They were incensed by the fellow's impudence and by his success in indoctrinating the Athenian youth. Owing to his teaching, they said, the old gods were now held in disrepute. A crime of that kind was punishable with death. The accused man might be condemned to drink the fatal cup of hemlock. That is why Socrates stood facing his accusers on this memorable occasion. Happily Plato, a disciple of Socrates, has left us a full account of the trial. Through his eyes we are enabled after nearly two thousand, five hundred years to see the Silenus-like prisoner for ourselves and listen to his defence.

It is a suggestive fact that each of the great nations of antiquity killed its representative man. Our Lord reminded the Jews that their hands were stained with the blood of the prophets who had been sent them and warned them that they were about to commit an even greater crime than that of slaying a prophet; at their instigation He Who was more than a prophet, their long-expected Messiah, the Son of God Himself, would be crucified. Not long before, the Romans had assassinated the greatest soldier that military race had ever produced. Julius Caesar embodied the very genius of ancient Rome. His character, though not without its flaws, represented what was best and most typical in the world-conquering city on the Tiber. Nevertheless they were Roman daggers that did him to death. Earlier still, the Athenian State, renowned through all time for its philosophers and poets—dedicated, one might say, to the search for truth and beauty—had condemned to death, in the person of Socrates, the wisest of all its

wise men, the one whose teaching comes nearest to that of the Gospels. Every nation, it would seem, had its Calvary whereon it committed national suicide.

For it must be clearly understood that the man who stood charged with undermining religion on that morning four hundred years before Christ was the object of a malicious conspiracy. He was not guilty of that wherewith he was accused. He professed no theory regarding the gods. His real crime was that he compelled conventional people to examine the grounds on which they held accepted opinions. By his unflinching championship of Truth he aroused the enmity of the sophists—those clever dialecticians who used their skill in argument to defend whatever it was expedient to defend. He provoked antagonism because he questioned the State's authority to declare what was the truth. Received opinions though they might be backed by all the weight of tradition, and be upheld by the public authorities, had to submit to his cross-questioning and to reveal the hollowness of the arguments by which they were supported. To challenge the State in this way was no light matter. In ancient Athens the State was the final authority; it constituted the real foundation of Society. You may say, if you will, that Socrates stood for the autonomy of religion as against the State's claim to dictate its citizens' creed.

AND the worst of it was, from his accusers' point of view, that he had proved himself quite above mercenary considerations. The sophists made a trade of philosophy. For a fee they were ready to defend any cause. Not so Socrates. Button-holing people on the sidewalk and drawing them into an argument on some question of morals wherein he showed them how confused was their thinking, he was content with having gained a victory for Truth. He asked no fee, nor was he likely, for such services, to get one. His shabby appearance was an indication both of his poverty and his honesty. No one could say he lacked courage. His championship of justice was no academic affair. More than once he had risked his life rather than do what he deemed dishonorable. His refusal, when occupying a public office, to concur in the judgment passed on certain citizens on the score

that it was illegal brought upon him angry threats of imprisonment and execution. But he did not flinch. "I thought it my duty to face the danger out in the cause of law and justice," he told his enemies. On another occasion he incurred the risk of death by refusing to be an accomplice of the Dictator then ruling Athens in procuring the assassination of a fellow-citizen.

IT is easy to understand the enmity which such a man aroused. The unpopularity of the Catholic Church is attributable to a similar cause. Because it tries to get men to define the terms in which they speak of religion, because it refuses to be content with vague, sentimentalisms, because it insists on the rights of reason and punctures the flatulent pretensions of amateur theologians it finds arrayed against it the whole tribe of the flabby-minded. "You talk about the *Christian Church*," it says. "Where is this Church, where do you locate its authority, what is its Creed?" Of another it inquires: "What do you mean when you speak of Christ as divine? Do you, or do you not, use the term as it might be used of ourselves?" The questions are logical and persistent.

In still another case it puts the query whether Our Lord's words, "This is My Body," are to be understood literally. Constantly it is driving people into dialectical corners, and an institution which does that cannot be popular. There is nothing the average man more dislikes than being obliged to think logically, and when he is forced by logic to see the reasonableness of a distasteful proposition he becomes very much like a rat that has been cornered. We can sympathize with Socrates therefore when we see him persecuted by those who resented his insistence on truth.

And our sympathy is deepened when we observe the dignified way in which he died. The scene in the Athenian prison when, surrounded by his friends with whom he had been, up to the last moments, calmly discoursing, he drank the hemlock is one of the great moments in history. It is impossible to withhold our admiration of the old man when, with unshaking hands and assuring his companions that, since he had done only what he thought right, he had no fear

of death, he took the fatal draught and lay down to die.

Undiscriminating writers have sometimes classed the death of Socrates with that of Jesus. Both gave their lives, it is pointed out, because they outraged the religious prejudices of their countrymen. Some have gone further than this and have professed to find in the Athenian's unruffled demeanor something superior to the Agony which marked Christ's last hours. The comparison shows a strange failure to appreciate the meaning of the Cross. It even overlooks such minor points as that Socrates was an old man full of years and ended his life in a manner which entailed no physical pain and was without the indignities suffered by Our Lord. But there are profounder differences than these.

WE must remember that Socrates was not, properly speaking, a religious teacher; he was a philosopher and it was as a philosopher that he died. The virtues which he exhibited were those which we associate with the philosophical mind. He was detached, equable, courteous. For such a one vindictive anger would have been vulgar. In a rational frame of mind and without emotional disturbance, he pointed out that in any case he would not have had long to live and that there was nothing therefore to call for an excess of grief. He died like the reasonable old gentleman that he was, without any fuss. But it is significant that no one ever glorified the cup of hemlock as the Sacred Chalice was glorified in the legend of the Holy Grail. No fervent strains have celebrated the prison cell in which the Athenian breathed his last as Calvary has been celebrated through the centuries. We do not lift on high statues of the snub-nosed philosopher drinking the poison as we lift to lofty heights or set by the wayside representations of the Crucifixion. The devotion which Socrates inspires may be described as admiration. That which is offered Jesus is unqualified worship and love. There is a great gulf between philosophy and religion. The scene which Plato has described represents, it might be said, a man dying for the true God. That is fine. It appeals to our love of the heroic. But the story which the Evangelists tell represents the True God dying for sinful man. That stirs our wondering awe, our passionate love. We cannot measure the fact of Calvary. It transcends all human conceptions and is to be stated only in terms of the infinite.

Socrates, we have said, died for the truth. But Jesus is the Truth. The Unknown God Whom the philosopher served in Christ assumed manhood. Christianity is not an abstract doctrine nor a code of morals. Nor is it a mode of arriving at these things. It is an

intensely personal devotion involving the whole man and penetrating to the inmost motive. One may become a disciple of Socrates by adopting his methods of ratiocination, but one does not become a disciple of Jesus unless He Himself be worshipped and given opportunity to indwell us.

And this personal character of Christianity is brought out in a supreme way by the attitude which Our Lord adopted towards His Death and by the way in which we identify Him with His Cross. Socrates accepted his fate with what we may grant was a noble magnanimity. But his contribution to the world's wisdom would have been much the same if he had not died in the way he did. His death, as Mr. Chesterton has pointed out, was something in the nature of an accident. "From the point of view of his friends at least," we read, it was "a stupid muddle and miscarriage of justice interfering with the flow of a humane and lucid, I had almost said a light philosophy." But Christ planned His Death. It was not something thrust upon Him for which He could show His contempt by an attitude of philosophical detachment, but it was the goal towards which, from the beginning, He had been steadily moving.

To quote Mr. Chesterton again: "We are meant to feel that Death was the bride of Christ as Poverty was the bride of St. Francis. We are meant to feel that His life was in that sense a sort of love-affair with death, a romance of the pursuit of the ultimate sacrifice." Thus it is that He is identified with His Cross. That Cross was the great masterpiece in which He fully expressed Himself. We cannot separate Him from the crucifixion nor the crucifixion from Him. And this is so because it was to offer Himself a Sacrifice that He came into the world and towards that end He consistently moved. It was a steady hand which held the helm of the vessel that was being steered right into the heart of the storm.

What strikes us in studying the Passion is not any weakness on the part of the Sufferer but the strength which, in spite of His sufferings, held Him to His predestined course. Right through the Agony in the Garden, right through the brutality of the arrest, right through the ignominy of the farcical trial, facing the desertion of friends, subjected to every humiliation, conscious of excruciating pain as they nailed Him to the Cross, parched with thirst, listening to the jeers of a callous mob and losing, at the last, even the sense of His Father's presence, He wavered not for a moment.

THIS will-power is not that of a stoic too proud to let it be seen that he suffers. Jesus groaned. He shed tears of blood. He cried out that He thirsted.

But these tokens of human weakness enhance the attraction of the Cross. The glory of Socrates is that, being a man, he manifested that passivity which was said to be an attribute of the gods. The glory of Jesus is that, being God, He revealed His condescension by sharing our capacity for sorrow and pain. What would have been a flaw in the philosopher, in the dying Savior it is an added splendor.

JESUS was greater than Socrates on his own ground. He proved Himself the Athenian's superior in that very realm of reason in which Socrates was supposed to be a master. We speak of Christ's Death as His Passion. But it was a Passion controlled by a mind which knew the why and wherefore of what was happening. In all those awful hours during which the Savior suffered there is no sign of mental eclipse. To the end the Crucified was master of Himself. Amid the appalling tempest that broke around and over Him reason maintained its regal seat. In the throes of His agony He remembered to provide for His mother and could answer coherently and graciously the petition of the dying thief. Socrates maintained to the last the serenity of the sage. But a far greater thing has to be said of Jesus Christ. Amid the execrations of His enemies and the tortures of His racked frame, He maintained the fidelity of the Lover. To God He said: "Into Thy hands I commit my spirit." And for the reviling crowd He prayed: "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do."

The world is not likely to reverse the judgment of the centuries by endorsing the view that the cup of hemlock outshines in splendor the Chalice which Christ offered the Father. But that does not prevent us seeing in the fate of Athen's greatest son a faint anticipation of the Tragedy on Calvary. Even Paganism held in its records a story which may have prepared the way for the preaching of the Apostles. And in one respect the Death of Socrates was a truer anticipation of the Crucifixion than that myth retold by Aeschylus in his drama concerning Prometheus. The Fire-Bringer was punished for favoring men by the jealous Jove. He was nailed to the rock because he had stolen the prerogatives of the gods to bestow them on mortals. But actual history showed men themselves killing their would-be deliverer.

In the story we have been tracing we can see the folly of men in condemning to death one who brought to them the great gift of reason. And this dimly anticipated the Gospel which was to tell how men were guilty, not merely of folly but of sin, in as much as they killed the Prince of Life who came to bestow on them the gift of Divine Love.

Father Louis Conrardy, Apostle of the Lepers

By Mother M. Mildred, S.H.C.J.

FATHER CONRARDY was a comparatively young missionary when I first met him. I was a very small child, but I can still recall his face and bearing. He was about middle height, erect and rather slight, and he walked briskly like one who had a work to accomplish. He had large, clear brown eyes surmounted by a noble brow, and he wore a beard about ten inches long which was a source of wonder to us until we were told that the Indians respected bearded men more than smooth-faced ones. They called him HIMTUKEN, or "the bearded."

At the time we first knew him, Father Conrardy had come in Washington on business for his "dear Indians," and like many another friendless priest visiting the city, found a warm and constant welcome in our home. To the children of the house there was never anyone quite like this Indian missionary. He told us stories of the red folk, wrote in the Indian dialect in our autograph albums (for in those days the smallest children boasted of these treasures) and taught us to say sentences in the correct Indian style. How proud we were of these autographs! One of them preserved through long years runs thus:

NERMITZ AKAMKENEKEE
EMANA WATASHKAST

May Glod bless you!

Father L. L. Conrardy,
Umatilla Reservation,

P. O. Pendleton,

Ogn.

WE learned afterwards that Father Conrardy had gone to Oregon in 1875, where he succeeded Father Adolph Vermeerch at the old agency on the Umatilla Reservation, and had opened a school there. He soon built a boarding school and brought in the Sisters of Mercy to teach the Indians. He built a more spacious church, having a tower bearing a large bell to call the Indians to prayer and holy Mass. His "parish" comprised Morrow and Wheeler Counties. Indefatigable in his journeys among the Indians, Father Conrardy built the first churches in Pendleton, Hepner and Marysville.

When his Washington business was completed, Father Conrardy returned to Oregon, leaving us children desolate but

with the hope of seeing him again. What was our dismay a few months later to learn that he had gone to join Father Damien in Molokai! "We shall never, never see him again," we wailed. I always remember that day as the opening of a new epoch in my life. Mother's words of eulogy, her eyes glowing with enthusiasm as they invariably did when the thought of a noble deed fired her imagination, gave us a glimpse into another world. Life acquired something new and soul-stirring that could never die. We felt that now we knew a "real, true saint."

Father Damien had been attacked by the fatal malady, and Father Conrardy's great heart, always thirsting for harder labors and heavier burdens, had gone out to him. To quote his own words: "I wrote to ask him if I could help him and he replied, 'I cry to you from the bottom of my heart to come to my assistance,' and I went. 'If I lose my hands,' he said, 'what shall I do? I can no longer administer the Sacraments.'"

Father Conrardy helped Father Damien in his work. He became his companion, his pupil, and in the end, his consoler. Their work was universal;

besides ministering to the spiritual needs of thousands of lepers, they built cottages, hospitals and chapels with their own hands and cared for the sick as well. Father Conrardy helped nurse Father Damien through the agony of his last days, anointed him and was by his side when he died. The saintly Father Damien never lost the spirit of gentle gaiety that had always been his. When at the point of death he was asked by Father Conrardy with characteristic simplicity to bequeath to him his mantle, his answer was a laughing, "Cui bono? It is full of leprosy!"

Father Damien was buried under the pandanus tree which has been his only shelter during the first three months of his labors for the outcasts of Molokai. Later, the British Government erected a monument over his remains, on which are inscribed these words: *GREATER LOVE THAN THIS NO MAN HATH, THAT HE GIVE HIS LIFE FOR HIS FRIENDS.*

ONE day, I think it was in 1906, I was told that a white-haired priest wished to see me. He had to tell me his name, for there was nothing in this hale and hearty figure to recall the ascetic vision treasured in memory since childhood. Only, with the sound of the name, one could see that the eyes were the same. They were keen, clear, penetrating, but kind. The soul of the apostle of charity looked out from them, a soul inviting trust and confident of winning it. My surprise and delight can be better imagined than described. It was like seeing one from the dead, without, however, any feeling of unreality or fear. Father Conrardy told me something of his experiences. He had carried on Father Damien's work for eight years, and when Father Pamphile De Veuster, the younger brother of the founder of the mission came to Molokai, wishing to follow in the footsteps of his saintly relative, Father Conrardy withdrew. He travelled in China and Japan to study the leper colonies in those countries. Then he realized that a knowledge of medicine would not only add immeasurably to his usefulness to the poor, forsaken wretches, but would also enlarge his influence with the officials.



A MODERN APOSTLE

With the consent of ecclesiastical superiors, he repaired to Oregon and took up that study. He obtained the coveted M.D. Degree, and then spent a year at the University of Liège, his native city, perfecting himself for the work he had in view. He told me that he had come to the States for the purpose of begging funds for a leper settlement he contemplated founding in China, and also to find Sisters who would be willing to help him in the work of the new settlement. "The Americans are generous," he said, "and I know they will gladly help me." He seemed to have lost none of his old enthusiasm, nor of that confidence that insures success. He was absolutely devoid of the fear of contracting the loathesome malady. It can readily be understood how powerful such a nature as Father Conrardy's was with those over whom he exerted any influence. In spite of the unmistakable evidence of practical ability, shrewdness in organization, and power of endurance that appeared in all he did, there was an air of otherworldliness about him which was equally unmistakable. While he spoke clear, correct English, the slight foreign accent gave to his conversation a quaintness that was very attractive. It was a grace, I thought, to have seen him and receive his blessing, with the promise of a perpetual memento. I never again saw Father Conrardy. I read of his success in China, and of his death on August 26, 1914. For many years, I tried, in vain, to find an account of his life in China. At last, in the *Records of the American Historical Society*, I found an article by Father Van Der Heyden, in which there is much that is interesting and satisfying. The following facts I gathered from this article.

FATHER CONRARDY was an alumnus of the Louvain University. For four years after ordination he was an assistant at Stavelot. The soul of the young priest, however, felt that charity of Christ urging him tremendously and irresistibly to the mission fields. He went to India in 1871 where the combination of inhospitable climate and unquenchable zeal soon prostrated even his robust frame. After having recuperated in Belgium, he devoted himself with the same fervor to the American missions, and as we have seen, eventually went to Molokai. Then came his preparation for the founding of the Chinese mission. With \$30,000 collected in Europe and America, he set about the crowning work of his life. He bought from the Chinese Province of Canton a tract of twenty-one acres. While preparing for his lazaretto, he came across a colony suffering from the bubonic plague. He at once laid aside his own work to minister to them. He himself fell ill, but recovered, and with unabated energy pursued his design.

Saint Joseph's Leper Island, Kwang-

tung, soon housed eight hundred patients, and was progressing successfully, when the Chinese Revolution broke out. This gave the bandits an opportunity they did not neglect. The colony was ruthlessly plundered, and Father Conrardy having only an overcoat for an outer garment went off to Canton to seek aid from the officials there. This was refused, and his appeal to the American Consul also rejected, which caused him to go back to his people as poor as when he left them. Scarcely had he returned, when floods devastated the island. Nothing daunted, he continued, after the waters had abated, to work on. It seemed as if the powers of evil, jealous of his converts, stirred up enemies on all sides. In 1912 pirates visited the island, taking everything available. This time Father Conrardy secured from the police in Canton a guard for the island.

The native officials at length recognized the value of the labors of this unselfish and tireless missionary, and confided to him all the lepers of the Canton district. The government paid four cents a day for the maintenance of each patient. Father Conrardy planned

to build five dormitories, each having a kitchen, able to accommodate from fifty to sixty persons. To help him, he secured the services of two priests, one a native Chinese, and five Sisters. With his usual energy he applied himself to the herculean task of learning the Chinese language, which hard at all times, was especially so to one of his age, but so well did he succeed that he could make himself understood and the poor outcasts flocked to his catechetical classes and begged for Baptism. During the last three months of 1913, he reported that sixty-five deaths had taken place, and every one of the patients had been baptized!

Before his death Father Conrardy felt assured that his work would not perish, for the *Société des Missions Etrangères* of Paris had undertaken to sponsor the mission. His only regret in death was that he was not at home with his dear children with whom he had hoped to labor years longer and among whom he had hoped to die, but in a hospital in Hongkong. From there this indefatigable and heroic apostle went to receive his reward from His Divine Master.

My Path

By William P. Sears, Jr.

YOUR path is to the Elysian Fields, you say,
And there amid the asphodel and laurel
You plan to bask through endless eons
In sunlit bowers and flowered groves

My path leads out beyond the city's wall,
Without the gates, where one must go alone.
High up the steep, past countless crags,
My path leads on to Calvary's barren brow.

And thus our paths diverge. I go alone;
God speed you on your quest.
A single shadow frets my path.
A vision leads me on.

My path is desolate, dismal, drear.
And few there be to greet me on the way,
But high above, I see it now—
Ah! sweetest wood. The shadow is the Rood.

It is the Rood!
The Tree that leads me on.
Far more glorious than scented groves,
Far more majestic than flowered glades.

At last, beside the simple shadow
I find release beneath the Cross.
And quiet, peace and satisfaction,
So near the scene of sacrifice.



EVODIA AND SYNTYCHE

BY ENID DINNIS



THE letter was from the Bishop. Father Paul Danvers picked it out from amongst his correspondence and his hand shook a little, although his nerve was as steady as the nerve of a young man of five-and-thirty should be, even when suffering from the strain of intensive literary labor. The contents of the letter would be of a momentous character.

Father Paul Danvers was an enthusiastic devotee of his illustrious namesake, the Apostle St. Paul, and at the present moment he was engaged in writing an analysis of the psychology of the great teacher of the Gentiles—it was old-fashioned to call such a work a "Life." The Acts of the Apostles did all that kind of thing right enough. The deep understanding was to be arrived at by exhaustive study of the writings of the saint, marking the evolution of Paul the apostle from Saul of Tarsus. Saul—Paul—St. Paul. It was a most fascinating and absorbing task. But it needed time and leisure, and there was little leisure for a lecturer at a Seminary. Paul Danvers had made bold, at last, to write to the Bishop and explain the situation and ask for the necessary freedom for concentrating on his book. He had enclosed some valuable comments on the part already written from theologians of note, and had given the Bishop a sketch of his scheme. The latter was not an unlettered man; he encouraged scholarship, and particularly study of the Scriptures. The arrival of the Bishop's letter after a lapse of some two or three weeks was about to settle the matter.

Paul tore it open. He ran his eye eagerly over the opening lines. They were encouraging. "Decidedly," the Bishop wrote, "a Seminary was not the place for private, independent study." Then followed some kind words about the projected work, and over the page was the Bishop's solution. There was a small country mission, the parish of Stillwater, in need of a priest. It was a quiet-going mission, not in any great need of working up. Father Paul Danvers might

be able to find the necessary leisure there for his literary work and gain some experience at the same time. His Lordship wrote as though the latter might be all to the good, but then he was not a writer himself.

Paul Danvers laid the letter down and cogitated. Charge of a small country mission? Well, it might be worse. He fixed his eyes on an oil painting on the wall, one of his own productions. He might have been a portrait painter had he not been a priest. The picture represented St. Paul in contemplation, learning the things which it is not lawful for a man to utter.

Well, there would certainly not be too much to do. A rural rector who could not occupy himself with reading or writing was proverbially at a loose end. "There will be no chance of your getting bored at Stillwater," the Bishop had written. The reader placed the accent on the pronoun and marked that the Bishop was alluding to the book. There would be distractions, of course—tiresome distractions, but they would not take up much time. The main part of the day could be devoted to the psychology of the giant who had called himself the least of the apostles.

Yes, it was certainly not too bad. After all, complete segregation in his study had been too much to expect, at any rate now. He might get that for his next great work, after this one had made his name for him. He had prayed hard to St. Paul—why was it that so few people prayed to St. Paul?—to obtain for him the required leisure. Perhaps more people would be praying to St. Paul after they had read his book?

The saint in the picture remained in contemplation, somewhat aloof from the eager thoughts of his client. The latter was making a mental picture of Stillwater. It would be quiet; his study here, at the Seminary, was not. The students made a hideous noise out in the grounds at recreation time. He would say his Mass in the morning, get his office done.

Once or twice a week there would be confessions. Benediction would bring a special blessing on his work—the book—one evening in the week.

The princely saint in the picture maintained the abstracted look of one caught into the third heaven, but that was no guarantee that the saint himself adopted that attitude whilst things were happening to the eager young man who was interpreting his soul to the twentieth century. After all it was only a study in oils. Father Paul went over to his desk and sat down and penned a dutiful letter to his Bishop accepting the position of priest-in-charge of the mission at Stillwater.

A FEW days later found Father Danvers inspecting his new sphere of activity. Stillwater gave promise of all that he had hoped for. There was an air of peace about the little presbytery attached to the church. His study window would look out onto the garden at the back. The hoot of the passing car did not trouble its peace. He stood in the middle of the empty room and planned a place on the wall for his St. Paul. It would be just over his writing-table. There would be sermons to think out, but he didn't mind that, he rather enjoyed preaching—on the unconventional lines that the greater preacher to the pagans had adopted. Yes, Stillwater would see the book through.

The little church was altogether satisfactory; simple and devotional. Paul Danvers went and said his prayers there with a full heart. He would be faithful to his cure of souls. How glorious it would be if he could give the larger vision of the great man of God to these people here. Their minds would be, no doubt, somewhat narrowed and cramped. Only the trivialities of everyday life would enter into them. Life was a big business, Father Paul told himself, as he knelt there before the tabernacle. Suffering had to come into it. Perhaps when the book was published it would provoke

envious criticism. It might make him enemies? Scourging and ship-wreck, fasting and vigils, these came into the life of the saint whom he was bringing back to life, as it were. He would have to suffer in order to write his book. He could himself arrange the fasting and vigils. Heaven would see to the scourgings by the enemies of the Faith. Perhaps the devil would make personal attacks on him, as he had done on the Curé of Ars? His predecessor had had a devotion to the saint in question and there was a statue of St. John Vianney in the little church. It was regarding him now, with the holy curé's well-known smile on its lips. Paul had faced the beasts at Ephesus—there was no record of the incident—

THE apostle's namesake felt a tap on his shoulder. He turned round quickly. A man in clerical dress was standing there. A short, stoutish man, with a smile on his face as broad as the holy curé's, if not so full of unction. The intruder proceeded to introduce himself.

"I'm Father Jennings from Overhill," he said; "they told me I should find you here when I called at the presbytery. Very glad to make your acquaintance."

Father Paul got out of his seat and accepted the outstretched hand. He turned and genuflected—the new-comer might make his own apologies for interrupting to the silent Presence on the altar. This Father Jennings was evidently expecting to be attended to.

Paul led the way into the little sacristy. "I'm sorry I'm not in residence yet," he said. "I can't invite you into the house; it hasn't a stick of furniture in it, so far."

"That's all right," Father Jennings replied, cheerily. "I heard you would be coming over to-day and I thought you might be glad of a few tips about getting the place ready—first charge you've had, isn't it?"

"I shall have everything very simple," the new priest assured him. "Just a bed and a chair and a writing-desk—those are my requirements. I'm a kind of hermit, don't you know?"

The other was surveying him with some amusement. He had a kindly pair of eyes, the lid of one dropping rather lower than the other, which gave the impression of their owner having tipped a wink on some occasion and left it there. "Take my advice," he said. "Make yourself comfortable. Remember the folks who will be coming to see you."

"Oh, I shall have a waiting-room for them. I don't intend to encourage visitors."

Paul pulled up, and blushed. It didn't sound very polite to this particular visitor. But the other took no offence. "Well, an arm-chair for the guest," he said, "and take my advice and sit in it sometimes yourself. Best have two, or the guest may feel uncomfortable."

"I am looking forward to being very busy," Paul said. "I don't intend to pay calls, and all that."

The visitor pursed up his lips. "You may find Stillwater a bit stagnant," he observed, "but there are a few ripples occasionally. People to be kept the right side of, don't you know? Human beings are queer fish, and pious ones queer enough to be put in an aquarium of curiosities."

"I know nothing of parochial work," Paul said. "I've been lecturing in a Seminary."

"Nice chaps, were they?" Father Jennings asked, with interest.

"Yes, very." It was spoken vaguely. "Some had better heads than others."

"Poor beggars," the padre murmured. "I remember how I loathed lectures. Awfully homesick I used to be, and there was a dear old Irish father who used to take me for walks, God rest his soul. He used to talk about dogs. I often think he saved my vocation."

Paul fell to wondering how much longer this good padre would go on babbling. He showed no signs of drying up.

"But, to return to our muttons," the priest said. "There are two families that you will have to be careful with, the big folk of the congregation. The Sowerbys and the Saggs. They sit in front in church, on each side. Mrs. Sagg's time is taken up with keeping pace with Mrs. Sowerby—has to trot, a little bit out of breath, don't you know?"

Paul Danvers obviously didn't know. "Socially and culturally the Sowerbys are a bit ahead of the Saggs," the other explained. "Mrs. Sowerby's father was a bit of a scholar—knew Greek and all that. She and Mrs. Sagg were girls together, and they've always been just a bit across one another. There was a bit of a crisis at the bazaar this year."

PAUL wondered if he might glance at his watch. He refrained. "I am very busy writing a book," he said. "I have no intention of going in for social amenities. Tea-parties and all that. I shall simply have no time for it. And I shall certainly not encourage visitors." He said it quite pointedly this time.

"Well, if you're keeping Mrs. Jones on as your housekeeper you'll be all right. She's the most famous tame dragon in the diocese; but the maids don't get on with her. But there—" Father Jennings broke off, "I'm keeping you and you want to get on a bit, I don't doubt. Well, God bless you. I won't forget to pray for you. Remember, it's fraternal charity that you've got to rub into your flock." Paul breathed a sigh of relief as the good pastor took his leave. A good-natured fellow, but, thank Heaven, his parish was six miles off.

Less than a fortnight found the new pastor installed in his "hermitage," as

he called it in his mind. Mrs. Jones had made all ready for him. His portrait of St. Paul hung over his writing-table. The studied austerity of his own room was an apology for the repellant bareness of the visitor's. Father Paul Danvers came into residence full of set purpose. These people, so taken up with the trivialities of life should be taught to press forward to the high things. To adopt the vision of the great Apostle whose interpreter he was.

THE new pastor was seated at his desk making his first sermon, to be delivered on the following Sunday. "Fraternal charity." He had been advised to rub that in. It was certainly the message of Paul, of the author of the thirteenth chapter of the first epistle to the Corinthians. "And the greatest of these is charity." That would be far too hackneyed for a text. He must be arresting. So much depended on a preacher's text. The thirteenth of Corinthians I was more or less threadbare from the textual point of view. He must hang his discourse onto some other peg. He rested his head in his hands and thought strenuously. Then the inspiration came, and he seized his pen and began to write—He was being practical. He had come down to everyday life, but it was—he could not get it down fast enough.

There came a knock on the door. Paul looked up. "Come in," he cried, with the accent on the second word.

Mrs. Jones entered. "If I might have a word with your Reverence," she said—It was a very grim edition of Mrs. Jones. "It is about the girl."

"The girl?" His Reverence raised his eyebrows interrogatively.

"Yes, Father, she has been very impertinent to me; and it's *not* the first time." Mrs. Jones paused for effect after delivering the latter part of the sentence slowly. It afforded the listener an opportunity not usually available at so early a stage in the good lady's discourse.

"Then send her away," he said. "Give her notice." Mrs. Jones demurred. "She's a good worker," she said, "and she does what she's told. I should be sorry to lose her. What I would like, Father, would be for you to say a word to her, just to bring her to her senses. She's down there now in the kitchen."

The Father flung his pen down. "Really, Mrs. Jones," he said, "I can't be expected to settle kitchen differences. I am at this very moment preparing my sermon." (It might have been the Book!)

Mrs. Jones remained unawed. She had heard many sermons and known many preachers. "But a word from you, Father," she said. "Just to show her that she can't do just what she likes. You'd never guess how saucy Alice can be from the looks of her. Sometimes I

think I shall have to send her about her business."

"But why not?" the pastor said. "Surely there are plenty of girls to be got?"

Mrs. Jones still demurred. "I'd like to tell your Reverence just what happened," she said.

Paul held up the hand unoccupied by the pen. "Please don't!" he cried. "You can see I am busy. Another time, I beg of you, Mrs. Jones."

Mrs. Jones retreated. She closed the door not too gently and Paul heard a prolonged sniff, as from a nose that had become articulate. He returned to his sermon notes. "Charity is long-suffering." He was not going to talk platitudes. His inspired train of thought had been shoo-ed away. It really was too bad!

Alice, the girl, waited on the Father at his mid-day meal. Her eyes were red and swollen and her expression glum, but Paul Danvers was wrapped in his thoughts and took no more notice of the person who waited on him than he did of the food he was eating. "He's very holy," Alice said to Mrs. Jones; but the latter had not yet returned to speaking terms, so Alice went into a quiet place and wept afresh.

The little church at Stillwater was packed to its fullest capacity. The new rector was to preach his first sermon at the mid-day Mass and much curiosity was felt by his flock. Father Paul Danvers was said to be a daring and original preacher. Stillwater, however, for the most part was chiefly interested in the man, the tone of his voice, the look of him. The old rector had been a kind man.

PAUL ascended the pulpit and glanced down at his audience. Front seats were occupied on either side by members of the Sowerby and Sagg families. He remembered Father Jennings giving him that rather snobbish piece of information. The lady at the corner of the Sowerby seat was arrayed in furs, and a wild beast of some description fixed its glittering eye on the preacher from her bosom where its head hung. The Sagg side was likewise resplendent in furs. It had been rather vulgar of Father Jennings to warn him to keep on the right side of the Sowerbys and Sagg.

Paul made an effective pause, then he delivered his text—from the Epistle to the Philippians: "I beg of Evodia, and I beseech Syntyche, to be of one mind in the Lord."

There was no mistake that his audience had been arrested by the unconventional text. There was a perceptible movement. Something like an electric current seemed to have run through the two front benches. A complete hush followed. Rigid attention. Even the wild beast peeping over Mrs. Sowerby's

shoulder seemed to be listening. Paul delivered his discourse. It was an exposition of the mind of Paul the Apostle in regard to charity. The apostle of the moment put in an impassioned plea for largeness of mind as well as of heart. It was an excellent and scholarly sermon. It had certainly produced an effect. The very manner of the servers towards the new rector was charged with awe. A hush hung over the sacristy after Mass whilst Paul unvested himself. His inaugurating discourse had impressed Stillwater.

The days that followed where consolingly quiet. Mrs. Jones appeared to have learnt her lesson. She seemed just a wee bit scared of the new pastor, as of one who might be prepared to go to any length, if necessary. On the Thursday following Father Danvers received his first visitor. He had feared for Sagg and Sowerbys with eager, open arms: they had not, so far materialized. The present visitor proved to be his former one, Father Jennings from Overhill. The latter was shown into the study, it could not be avoided. His genial face wore an

expression that might be described as complex. Gravity, perhaps, predominated.

"My dear chap," he said. "I'm told that you *have* put your foot in it!"

"IN what?" Paul said; "and when, and how?"

"What, in the name of—nothing—made you choose that text on Sunday?" The speaker met the mystified gaze of the other. "Didn't you know?" he asked, "that Mrs. Sowerby's name was Evodia?"

"No, I didn't," Paul said.

"And Mrs. Sagg's name is Syntyche."

"Good Heavens! You're joking, of course?" It was just the silly kind of joke that Father Jennings might think funny.

"It's so, right enough. You see, Mrs. Sowerby's father, as I told you, was a bit of a Greek scholar and when his wife had a baby girl he called it Evodia. There was an addition to the family that Mrs. Sagg springs from—herself, to wit, about the same time and the parents were not to be outdone in cultural Christian names so they called their baby Syntyche.



"I'VE MADE IT RIGHT FOR YOU WITH BOTH LADIES."

A bad omen, of course, for the young ladies involved, but on the whole they've kept fairly good friends. It was the bazaar that upset the apple-cart."

Father Paul Danvers sat with his hand on his brow absorbing the situation. He recalled the tense silence following an electric current. He recalled the ladies in furs, and the stony eye of Mrs. Sowerby. It had resembled the gaze of the creature round her neck. No wonder! But what a cad the rest of the congregation must be thinking him! Such Christian names would not go through life unnoted. Everyone would be able to place Evodia and Syntyche, apart from the affair at the bazaar. It was far balder than a broad hint. It was—unthinkable!

"What on earth am I to do?" he asked the other, feebly.

"It's a bit intricate," the visitor admitted. "An apology might make matters worse. But, there, my boy, don't go worrying. They'll soon find out that you're not the kind of man to do that sort of thing. Just keep on being genial and friendly and not too high-brow."

AFTER Father Jennings had taken his leave Paul sought escape from the nightmare in his manuscript. The Apostle to the Gentiles had let him in for this hideous mess. He ought to help him out of it. He fell to wondering if the saints in glory who had been rapt forever into the uncomprehended Mysteries could be expected to take notice of the quite petty misadventure of this life here below. People had a way of expecting it of the saints. If only St. Paul would help him out. His thoughts ran on in this new direction. His prayer was uncommonly like the knocking of Mrs. Jones on his door. The Sowerbys and Saggs, their outraged feelings, were as incongruous and infinitely more out of proportion than the fatal faculty possessed by Alice for "giving lip," as the college boys had called it. They were nice chaps, the college boys.

The St. Paul in the picture above him remained rapt in contemplation. But then, it was not an authentic representation. Paul tried saying his Office. Saggs and Sowerbys punctuated the Psalms—danced on the margin of his book like the imps introduced by the medieval illuminators. He drank a cup of tea and then went into church. He was sick at heart. The sight of the pulpit gave him the shudders. How on earth was he going to get out of this ghastly mess? Mr. Sowerby practically supported the church, and Sagg came in a good second with his contribution to expenses—that was a fine way to begin his prayers! He knelt before the little tabernacle that encompassed Infinity. Infinity which had taken on a habitation to be measured by inches was not, one may guess, outraged by the distraction in the mind of the man

at prayer. "Pray about your distraction" was a piece of advice that Paul had often given his penitents. It occurred to him now. The mind of Christ was large enough to find room for the little worries of mankind. It was only narrow human minds that failed to do so. Half an hour later he was still kneeling before the Tabernacle Whose Occupant saw, exposed in the Tabernacle that contained the thoughts of the worshipper, a revolving and recurring representation of the direful incident of Sunday.

"Father Jennings would like to speak to you, Father."

Paul rose from his knees. Alice had brought him the message. He noticed that her eyes were red. "Would you like to come and have a little chat with me this evening, Alice," he said to her, and his smile reflected itself on her woe-begone countenance.

Father Jennings was waiting for him in his study. His full face was more rounded than ever. There was an incessant twitch in his left eye.

"Look here, my boy," he said, "I've made it right for you with both ladies. I called round on Mrs. Sowerby and explained to her that having learnt from me that you had some cultured folk in the congregation you had chosen a sermon out of your repertoire that had a high-brow flavor about it. You had heard that her father was a Greek scholar—a little bit of vanity on your part, perhaps"—the pastor's smile widened, "but excusable in the circumstances."

"She was all right after that. Then"—

There was a relapse to the normal of the raised left eye-lid—"I went on to Mrs. Sagg's and told her the same story. It was all at a hazard, that about your 'repertoire' so don't go and say that I've been telling a fib. She took it in all right, too—about your trying to live up to a cultured congregation. She'll be asking you to lunch next week."

"I'll have to go," Paul said. "But what a brick you have been to take all this trouble."

"No trouble at all. And the Sowerbys will be sure to ask you to tea."

"I'm in for it," Paul said.

"I guess you are. And a good job, too. Take my advice, my young friend, be human. John Sowerby's tennis-mad. Mug up your tennis news before you go. James B. Sagg is all for horses—know anything about them?"

The speaker's round face had become full of kindness. His smile had almost as much unction as that of the graven Curé in the church. "Stillwater will teach you a lot," he said; "a lot of things that a priest ought to know. And later on," he added, "you will be able to get on with your book."

Paul was thinking. "I have an idea that I shall re-write it," he said—"begin over again. You see, the great thing about Paul was"—he spoke eagerly and dogmatically, as one does who has discovered a new truth—"he was all things to all men."

"That's right," Father Jennings agreed. "And if I remember rightly, he gained them for Christ."

Quatrains at Dawn

By An Abbey

By Le Garde S. Doughty

THE night flies west upon its raven wing,
For sudden dawn's white-feathered arrows sing
Swift from the eastern bow. And Earth is shocked
To speculation and remembering—

Remembering that were as well forgot
With error seething out of polyglot;
And speculation blind and counter-blind;
And who, of all most blind, will say it's not?

"I know," says one; another, "but I know";
"And I"; and like the cart-wheel spokes we go.
And who is sage and who is harlequin?

And what is counterfeit and what is so?
And now the Alchemy of higher sun
Drips gold along the dewy walls of dun.

Ah peace! Though schisms cleave the outer world,
This haloed house is one and only one.

THE LAND OF DOMES AND SPIRES

By Walter Taylor and Juan de Dios

ALTHOUGH it is our sister Republic and is separated from the United States only by the muddy Rio Grande and an imaginary line, old Mexico is really a remote and unknown land to most Americans; people usually think of Mexico as the land of revolutions. Mexico has had more than her share of political disturbance but, contrary to popular belief, the Mexicans are a cultured and artistic people and the history of their country is not entirely a story of bloodshed and civil strife. There have been long periods during which culture flourished and a distinct and unique Mexican art was developed. Mexico City was a city of splendid mansions and churches when the Pilgrim Fathers first set foot on American soil.

To the traveler in Mexico, from the arid desert country of the north to the steaming, tropical "hot lands" of its southern extremities, a source of endless amazement is the artistry and the romantic beauty of the many churches. The churches of Mexico are like old etchings come to life. American students of architecture, who look so constantly toward Europe, might well turn their eyes to our Latin-American neighbor for inspiration. And not only are the cathedrals of Mexico's large cities worth study, but even in secluded villages may be seen towers and domes which rival the best work of Europe and are reminiscent of the triumphs of Moorish art found in southern Europe.

They have never been accurately counted but if they were, the number of churches in Mexico would reach an astounding total. The lovely old city of Puebla has so many that it is said the Pueblans may attend services in a different church every day in the year. Indeed, the Mexicans call Puebla "the city of churches" and from a distance it looks like a dream city with its innumerable gold and porcelain domes and spires glistening in the sun. In some districts, huge, beautifully designed churches may be seen standing on desolate plains far from any human habitation. On a flat extent of land near Chulula, over fifty large and imposing church buildings were constructed. Today they are crumbling ruins and some are occupied by families of workmen. Just why these many churches were built so far from

This account of Mexican churches was written by two travelers before the recent persecution brought ruin to so many places of worship. It will at least throw some light on the men who devoted their wealth and the poor who contributed their mites gladly to building homes for their Eucharistic King.

any center of population, nobody seems able to explain.

The two centuries after the Spanish Conquest were years of great religious fervor in Mexico. The pagan temples of the Aztecs were demolished and Christian churches were erected by the hundreds. Millionaire and peon alike subscribed lavishly to this church building crusade. Great fortunes were being taken from the Mexican gold and silver mines at that time and many of the churches were literally encrusted with the precious metals. The Mexican women gave their choicest jewels for the ornamentation of religious statues and altar pieces.

One eccentric millionaire mine owner, Pedro Alvarado, had a passion for constructing extravagant buildings. Alvarado was a peon who discovered a fabulous gold mine and overnight became a multi-millionaire. He built a sumptuous mansion for himself and constructed no less than twenty fine churches in various parts of the country.

The unusual feature of this great outburst of church building was the manner in which the Aztec and the Spanish art were blended, resulting in an architecture which, while it resembles that of Spain and Italy in some respects, is absolutely unique. The Mexican artisans brought a fresh, new note to the old European design. The buildings are like those of the Old World in outline but in the intricate carving and relief work of the façades, the Aztec influence has crept in and the result is impressive. Many of the Mexican churches have been overtaken by the march of modern times and have been remodeled and are in use as

warehouses or schools; but even in their present condition they add great beauty to the country and their histories are often full of interest. They are usually built of stone and stucco, painted with a kind of kalsomine. Through the years this kalsomine has faded to wonderfully mellow tints of pink, yellow and lavender, giving the buildings an appearance of even greater antiquity than the oldest can honestly claim.

Oftentimes little churches of matchless beauty are so crowded away amid more imposing buildings that most travelers pass their doorways without noticing them. There is such a little chapel in Victoria Street in the city of Saltillo. It is an architectural gem. Founded in 1619, it has been kept in good repair and regular services are still conducted there for the elite of the town. Its quiet courtyard is planted with pecan trees and magenta bougainvillea, making it one of the really lovely and unforgettable sights of the town. Saltillo also boasts the oldest church in north Mexico. This ancient edifice, which was built in 1565, stands just outside the city proper. It is almost a complete ruin now but a part of the façade still stands and in the carving, the Aztec influence shows plainly. The Saltillans declare that somewhere near this old ruin a fabulous treasure is buried, a treasure well guarded by the ghost of the monk who put it there.

WHILE the interiors of many of the churches are quite handsome, many are disappointing. They have become dilapidated with the passing years and the original statues and other fixtures have been stolen. During the revolutions, when the soldiers clamored to their superiors for pay, they were often told to go to the churches and strip what gold they could from the decorations. The walls of many of the cathedrals are painted with murals, many of them well done. In some, hang pictures by the great masters. Perhaps the most celebrated art treasure of Mexico is a canvas by Titian which hangs in an unimportant church building at Tzintzuntzan. The painting is said to possess healing power and is prized highly by the people of the locality.

The crowning glory of all the early



THE CHURCH OF SANTA CATARINA AT MONTERREY, MEXICO. THE TOWER OF THE CHURCH IS SEVERAL CENTURIES OLD. THE MAIN BUILDING OF MORE RECENT CONSTRUCTION.

church building is the imposing Cathedral of Puebla which was completed in 1636. This is an excellent specimen of Mexican church architecture and the exotic interior is as beautiful as the outside. Rare woods, marble, onyx and gold have been used lavishly and give the interior a rich appearance. Inside the choir is hung a magnificent chandelier of solid silver. The walls are hung with priceless Flemish tapestries, a gift to the cathedral from Charles V of Spain.

Mexico City has many beautiful and historic churches. The great cathedral in the heart of the city, and which was built on the ruins of an Aztec temple, is

the most famous but it is not architecturally as beautiful as some of the smaller and less famous shrines. By far the most interesting church in the capital is Jesus Nazareno which was founded by the great Cortez in 1575, shortly after he conquered Mexico. At one time the conqueror's bones were entombed in the church but they were later removed to Italy where they now rest in the tomb of the Dukes of Montelone, relatives of Cortez.

Another church with an intriguing past is Jesus Maria which was originally a convent, founded in 1557. The story goes that the daughter of Phillip II of Spain came to Mexico and became a

nun at this historic church. The tale gains credence from the fact that the convent received large sums from the Spanish royal treasury during the reign of Phillip II.

THE ornate church of Our Lady of Guadalupe near Mexico City is worth a visit. Our Lady of Guadalupe is the patron saint of all Mexico and the church is a national shrine. Every December tenth is a nation-wide holiday and every Mexican who can possibly get there goes to the shrine on that date. Yaqui Indians from the northern State of Chihuahua walk hundreds of miles to be there on that holy day. The church itself is a stately basilica which cost two and one-half millions to build. Situated on a rise of ground, it is particularly beautiful when viewed from afar. A feature of the interior is an altar railing of solid silver and weighing twenty-six tons. The church is the burial place of Santa Ana and many other men famous in Mexican history.

The lovely churches of Mexico tell a vivid story of the nation's romantic past. That this story may not be lost to future generations, several societies and a number of private citizens of wealth have taken steps to preserve many of the beautiful but less noted churches that are falling to ruin. Until a few years ago, American art dealers were able to buy paintings and other church treasures. To stop this unpatriotic pillage, the Mexican government has passed a law which forbids anyone taking from the country any article more than one hundred years old. This work of preservation is a noble one, for the Mexican church buildings are among the greatest heritages of the Mexican people.

Catholic Terms Defined

By Donald Attwater

ELEVATION OF THE HOST. After the consecration at Mass is a custom dating only from the end of the twelfth century. It is done in order that the people may look at the Sacred Host and worship it.

EMBER DAYS (derivation of expression uncertain). The Wednesday, Friday and Saturday following the first Sunday in Lent; Whitsunday, Sept. 14 and Dec. 15 observed as days of penitence and prayer for the clergy ordained at those times.

EMPEROR, THE. Referred to in the Roman Liturgy was the ruler of the now extinct Holy Roman Empire.

ENCLOSURE. i. The restriction on certain religions which forbids them leav-

ing (except as provided by law) the precincts of their monastery. ii. The material extent of this enclosure.

ENCYCLICAL. A letter addressed by the Pope to the clergy and laity, usually of the whole world. They are by no means necessarily infallible documents.

ENVY. Regret because of another's good; a deadly sin.

EPIPHANY, THE (from Greek, manifestation). One of the three chief feasts of the Church, on Jan. 6, celebrating the manifestation of our Lord to the Magi, at his baptism in the Jordan, and at the first miracle at Cana.

EPISCOPALIAN (Greek *episkopos*, overseer or bishop). This word may be

applied to any Christian church that has a hierarchy of bishops (or dignitaries calling themselves such). In America it is commonly used to distinguish the Protestant body deriving from the Church of England.

ERASTIANISM (from Erastus, a Protestant theologian). The subordination of Church to State.

ESCHATOLOGY (Greek *ta eskhata*, "the last things"). The branch of theology that deals with death and what follows.

EUCHARIST, THE SACRAMENT OF THE. The sacrament in which the body and blood of Jesus Christ are truly, really, and substantially present under the appearance of bread and wine.

EUCCHARISTIC LITURGY or SACRIFICE. The general name for the eucharistic service in its different forms, that of the Western church being called the Holy Mass.

EUDISTS, THE. Another name for the Congregation of Jesus and Mary, from its founder St. John Eudes.

EUTYCHIANISM (from Eutyches, a Greek monk). An extreme form of Monophysism, which see.

EVANGELICAL. Pertaining to the gospels. In a special sense the word is applied to certain forms of Protestantism.

EVANGELICAL COUNSELS, THE. Voluntary poverty, perfect chastity, and complete obedience.

EVANGELIST. i. The writer of a canonical gospel. ii. In a general sense a missionary.

EVIL. That which is opposed to good and to perfection. Evil is the privation of a due good, and in itself it is not real. But it is real in so far as it presupposes the good that it limits, e.g., sin is in the soul.

EX CATHEDRA (Latin "from the chair"). The Pope is said to speak *ex cathedra* when "exercising his office as the shepherd and teacher of all Christians, he, in virtue of his supreme apostolic authority, defines a doctrine concerning faith or morals to be held by the whole Church."

EXALTATION OF THE CROSS. A feast kept on Sept. 14 commemorating the return of the True Cross to Jerusalem by the Emperor Heraclius in 627 after it had been carried off by the Persians.

EXCOMMUNICATION. An ecclesiastical censure which excludes a person from the communion of the Faithful. Some crimes involve excommunication by the very fact of their commission. To describe an excommunicated person as "turned out of the Church" is very rough and ready, for no baptized person can be completely excluded from the Church short of final impenitence.

EXEGESIS (Greek, explanation). The explaining of the true sense of the Bible.

EXORCISM (Greek, *exorkizo*, "to put on oath"). The driving out of evil spirits from a possessed person by adjuration, which still has to be resorted to by missionaries in pagan countries and sometimes in civilized ones. "Lesser exorcisms," as in the rite of Baptism, do not imply possession.

EXORCIST. The second of the minor orders, whose duties are implied by the name. They are now never exercised by a cleric below the priesthood.

EXSULTET, THE. The so-called blessing of the paschal candle, really a chant of praise, sung on Holy Saturday and beginning with this word.

EXTERN SISTER (Latin, *externus*, "outward"). A member of certain strictly enclosed orders of nuns who lives in the convent but outside the enclosure.

EXTREME UNCTION, THE SACRAMENT OF. "Extreme Unction" signifies "last anointing," because it is the last of the sacramental anointings that do or may take place during a Christian's

life. It confers health of soul (and sometimes of body) on a person who is dangerously ill. It is not intended by the Church that its administration be put off until the person is thought to be dying: the mere danger of death is the proper occasion.

FACULTIES. The powers or rights granted to bishops and priests to enable them to exercise certain acts of jurisdiction outside their ordinary competence.

FAITH. A virtue by which we are disposed to assent to all the truths revealed by God, because God can neither deceive nor be deceived. St. Paul defines faith as "the substance of things to be hoped for, the evidence of things that appear not."

FALL OF MAN, THE. The rejection of a supernatural life involved by the disobedience of the first man to a command of Almighty God and the loss of supernatural gifts which followed that sin, not only for Adam but for all mankind in his person. The fall did not involve an intrinsic corruption of human nature, but left it weak and prone to evil. The "essential wickedness" of fallen man is a Protestant heresy.

FAMILY PRAYERS. It is in accordance with the mind of the Church that the members of a household should meet together at least once a day for the purpose of worshipping Almighty God. Why is this so much neglected nowadays?

FASTING is the limitation of the amount of food taken on certain days, as an act of penitence, in accordance with the laws of the Church. It concerns the quantity of food taken and must not be confused with abstinence, which may or may not be combined with it.

FATHER as an ecclesiastical title belongs by right only to members of religious orders and congregations, but in English-speaking countries and in the Eastern rites it is extended to all priests whatsoever.

FATHERS OF THE CHURCH. In general all those writers of the first twelve centuries whose writings on the Christian religion have a special weight; in particular, those of them who were also distinguished for unblemished orthodoxy and holiness of life.

FATHERS OF THE DESERT, THE. The monks and hermits in the Egyptian deserts in the fourth century, from whom all Christian monasticism derives.

FEAST, PROPER. A feast observed only in a certain locality or by a certain religious order, etc.

FEAST OF DEVOTION. One formerly but no longer a feast of obligation with holiday, e.g., all the apostles except SS. Peter and Paul.

FEMINISM. The Church teaches that no pursuit or occupation should be denied to women as women unless it is not in accordance with her natural rôle in the human economy; and also that her complete spiritual equality with man does not carry with it identity of function or status.

FERIA (Latin, free day). The litur-

gical name for all days of the week except Saturday and Sunday, and any week-day on which no feast or vigil occurs.

FINDING OF THE CROSS. A feast kept on May 3 commemorating the finding of the True Cross at Jerusalem, said to be by St. Helen in 326.

FLOWERS. The decoration of an altar with flowers, natural or artificial, is allowed (except at certain times), but is not in accordance with the best traditions of Christian worship; for shrines and elsewhere in a church they are appropriate in any profusion. Flowers at a funeral (except that of a child), in the form of wreaths or otherwise, are unfitting and discouraged by the Church.

FONT. i. The permanent bowl in which the baptismal water is kept and at which Baptism is normally administered. It is directed that the base of the font be below the general floor level, three steps if possible. ii. A holy-water stoup.

FORBIDDEN TIMES. Advent and Lent, during which times marriages must be celebrated without the nuptial Mass and Blessing. These may be supplied later.

FORTITUDE. A cardinal virtue and gift of the Holy Ghost, whereby a man is inclined to face those evils which he most fears; i.e., bravery, which means control, not the absence, of fear.

FRANCISCANS, THE. A general name for all those, especially the three branches of the Friars Minor, who follow the Rule of St. Francis.

FRIAR (French *frère*, "brother"). A member of one of the mendicant orders, principally Dominicans, Franciscans, Carmelites, and Augustinians; the principal of the lesser friars are the Servites. A friar is not the same as a monk, for a friar is not permanently attached to any particular monastery and by profession is engaged in the works of the active ministry.

FRIARS MINOR, THE. The friars founded by St. Francis of Assisi in 1209, now divided into three independent branches, the Capuchins and Conventuals (which see) and simply the Friars Minor. The last is the second most numerous order in the Church and follows the unmitigated Rule of St. Francis, being engaged in preaching and missionary work, especially among the poor and the heathen. It has five provinces in U. S. A. The habit is brown, with round hood, rope girdle and sandals.

FRONTAL. A piece of material covering the front of an altar. In general the rubrics suppose that the main altar shall always be so covered during the celebration of Mass.

GAUDETE SUNDAY. The third Sunday of Advent, from the first word of the introit. It is a day of liturgical rejoicing.

GENERAL. The common word for the highest superior of an order or congregation, whether abbot general, prior general, minister general, etc.

GIFT OF TONGUES. The gift of speaking so that all who hear can understand, whatever their own language may be.

THE PRIEST WHO IS GOD

By Aloysius McDonough, C.P., S.T.D.

DURING Lent, the anniversary season that commemorates the redemption of the human family, it is strategic that we give heed to a manifold truth: namely, that an indispensably necessary rescue was accomplished for man by the God-Man, on the Hill of Atonement and Reconciliation. Furthermore, the benefits of that mediation are imparted to us predominantly by the sacrifice that we call the Holy Mass. The essential parity between what was accomplished on Calvary and what is effected in the sacrifice of the Mass, is superbly expressed in the following quotation: "I know of no words that serve to set in bolder relief the significance of the Mass than those of a Protestant layman, Augustine Birrell. 'If the Incarnation be indeed the one divine event to which the whole creation moves, the miracle of the altar may well seem its restful shadow cast over a dry and thirsty land for the help of man, who is apt to be discouraged if perpetually told that everything really important and interesting happened, once and for all, long ago, in a chill historic past.'"

In this article, I shall outline the rank of importance that belongs to Christ's action on Calvary—not only from the viewpoint of God, but from the viewpoint of man: then, I shall explain just how it is that the sacrifice of the Mass is today's Calvary, undiminished in dignity, efficacy, and importance.

Reviewing the story of our origin, we find at first pages that are bright with the record of human happiness, of intimacy with our Divine Maker: then, with a startling abruptness that only human inconstancy can explain, pages darkened with the stain of infidelity and punishment. The Lord God had formed man from the dust of nothingness, had installed him in a garden of delights. Then in order to test the loyal love of man, the Creator barred him from just one of the enjoyments of paradise; in no way whatever were our first parents—so to speak—ambushed by their Sovereign; they had been duly warned by the promulgation of sanction. As a just punishment, the first Adam and the first Eve were disinherited as adopted children of God, they forfeited their prospects of a heavenly heredity, they bartered even their immunity from physical and mental

defects. And so it is that we of today find the world not as God had made it but as man has spoilt it. We, the offspring of wayward and spendthrift parents, by solidarity, find ourselves under the same deprivations.

However, to the arch enemy of the human family, grovelling under the guise of a serpent, the merciful Almighty thundered: "I will place enmities between thee and the woman, and thy seed and her seed: she shall crush thy head and thou shalt lie in wait for her heel." Here we have the first in a litany of divine promises for a Savior.

From the very first hour of His coming, He began the work of our rescue: angels carolled the message that inaugurated His career of atonement: "On earth peace to men of good-will." As His name signifies, Jesus Christ is the anointed Savior of mankind. He underwent expiation only once, but for the people of all times and every place: for us no less than for them who knew Him as the Son of the Carpenter; for us, no less than for them of the tiny commonwealth whence He chose to operate. He had and He still has a body and a soul, just as we—He is one of us: and yet, though really human, instead of being merely human, He can boast of being a Divine Person, the Second of a Trinity. Solely as God, He could not suffer, but as man He could: merely as man He could not offer to the Almighty an acceptable atonement, but as God He could: and so this Divine Person took unto Himself and made His very own a human nature that as our Pontiff He might bridge the gap—the rift—between Creator and creature. A marvel, indeed, to men and to angels—a plan that only divine wisdom could conceive, that only divine power could carry out, that only divine love can explain!

DURING the three and thirty years of His stay upon this earth, our heavenly Savior taught us by word and example: He worked miracles for our assurance and encouragement: He went about doing good to all. The last few hours of his mortal life saw the consummation of this providential mission, a project accomplished by God through a human instrument divinely attuned. He whom the catalogues of men classified

as a forsaken Jew, was condemned, after a mock trial, to the shame of a Roman whipping: to this ignominy, the evil genius of the soldiery added, as a tiara for the King of Kings, a helmet of thorns. Crucified between two thieves whose criminality was made to pale by prominence given to the helpless Wonderworker, our Savior drooped upon the cross-beams until death. "Greater love than this no man hath, that a man lay down his life for his friends." Hence, the love of Christ our Savior stands proven.

BUT the dolorous atonement undergone by Christ in our stead is more than a demonstration of His love for us: there is a further feature or aspect of His expiation that is of essential moment. Our Lord's sacrifice of Himself was a sacrifice in the *liturgical* sense of the word: His sacrifice was fundamentally a fulfillment of the *virtue of religion*. He was successful as our Savior principally because He is *Priest*: as a Priest Who was at the same time His own Victim, He offered to God a perfectly acceptable sacrifice: thus He manifested perfectly toward God the attitude called the virtue of religion—the first dues of Creature to Creator.

The virtue of religion is the first and most urgent attitude that a man can and should have, regarding God. Sacrifice is the most appropriate expression of that virtue. Hence, an understanding of that virtue and of its highest expression, will open up grand vistas of appreciation for Calvary and for Calvary's re-presentation—the sacrifice called the Mass.

Everywhere throughout this vast, wonderfully complicated world of ours, we find that one thing depends upon another, we find a *relation of dependence*. As scientists have demonstrated, an interdependence coördinates the awe-inspiring planetary system of which our own world is but a fraction. In the vegetable kingdom, the flowers and trees and all the rest depend for their growth and fruitfulness upon the richness of the soil, upon a due proportion of rain and sunshine. A similar relation of dependence characterizes the animal kingdom: but among us rational creatures, this dependence is particularly

intricate and of personal moment. Although we seldom advert to the fact, we depend much upon trolley and subway systems for transportation: between billions of people and the network of conveyance that criss-crosses the globe, there is a close connection—a *relation of dependence*. What serious difficulties are smoothed away because we can depend upon farmers in remote corners of the country, and upon miners who toil in the bowels of the earth. After God, we depend upon our parents for the very existence that we enjoy today. Briefly, this *law of dependence* is universal among creatures.

NOW besides depending upon one another, creatures depend also upon God: in relation to Him, our dependence is utter and absolute: this unique dependence includes all that we are and hope to be, all that we have and hope to have. Furthermore, man is equipped with a mind that can recognize this economy of dependence, and with a free will that can either pay or refuse to pay the due tribute of acknowledgment.

Corresponding to the dependence of children upon their parents, there are unescapable obligations dictated by the very law of nature: the child owes its parent an especial reverence, and gratitude, and love; indeed, the fulfillment of this manifold obligation is instinctive to the human offspring. Since this attitude is truly obligatory on the part of child toward parent, then how extensive and how compelling is the similar attitude on the part of creature toward Creator. To God as our *Maker* we owe the unique reverence known as *adoration*: to Him as our universal *Benefactor*, we owe the tribute of *gratitude*: as unruly children who daily offend our *Father* in Heaven, we stand in frequent need of pardon, we are obligated to make amends—and this is the tribute of *reparation*: to God as the Provider to Whom we must look for every good and perfect gift, is due the attitude of *petition*.

Now this fourfold duty, this fourfold obligatory attitude of mind and heart, of creature toward Creator, is the *virtue of religion*. No obligation of ours is or could be more elemental, more indispensable. For this reason, our baptismal vows are so sacred: for the very same reason, they who are called religious, pledge themselves under vow to render to God a maximum expression of the virtue of religion. In conclusion, it is *per se* evident that the stress placed upon religion is by no means much ado about little, but rather the most rational attitude a man can strike: conversely, by indifference in this matter, a man stultifies and spoliates himself.

The importance of the virtue of religion, and the appropriateness of sacrifice as the best expression of that virtue,

are the two reasons why a just God could allow His Incarnate Son to suffer at all, and above all to the point of death. Broadly speaking, a man cannot incur the guilt of sin, without infringing the very honor of God: the honor of God that is at stake, gives the import to the correlative obligation on our part to respect that honor. Now this aspect of the situation, this motive on the part of our Savior, made His heroic act of reparation an exercise of the *virtue of religion*, preëminently: and such is the profound implication when we speak of His sacrifices as *liturgical*, as *priestly*. Because Christ manifested, by His sufferings unto death, a perfectly *religious* mind and heart, His gift to the Eternal Father was vested with the greatest worth it could have from both the viewpoint of God's honor, and from the viewpoint of man obliged as he is to make amends.

What is there about the action known as a liturgical sacrifice, that makes it not only appropriate in the sphere of religion, but even preferable to other good works performed from a religious motive?

A sacrifice is the offering to God of some perceivable gift, through the spokesmanship of a consecrated representative, together with some destruction or immolation of the gift, to signify our acknowledgment of God's sovereignty. First of all, it is spontaneous with us human beings to express our interior attitude of mind and heart, in an outward way. When a sacrificial gift—particularly a living gift—is immolated it becomes a victim; and the reason for victimizing a sacrificial gift is to signify man's realization that there is due to himself, the punishment inflicted upon the victim: the sacrificial victim is a substitute for man. "The gift represents the donor, as a substitute in his stead." Explaining the sacrifices under the Old Law, Saint Thomas says: "Through the slaying of animals men acknowledged in a significant way that they themselves were worthy of death on account of their sins . . . thus men signified their spirit of expiation." The inclination to resort to sacrifice stands proven as instinctive to mankind: ever and everywhere, this procedure is recorded—not only among Christians and Jews, acting under the guidance of revealed information, but even among pagans.

WHENEVER the expiation of sin is a dominant purpose behind sacrifice, the shedding of blood even unto death, is especially in order. "As the life of the flesh is in the blood, and life becomes extinct when the blood is drained away, it follows that the typical sacrifice of the Old Law involved the taking of the victim's life by the shedding of its blood. And this it must needs have involved,

in order to correspond with its great Anti-type in the New Law. Such is Our Lord's own conception of the sacrifice that He offered: it was the laying down of His life, for us." As Saint Paul the Apostle expresses the notion: "Without shedding of blood, there is no remission." And has it not been known since the day of man's original transgression that "the wages of sin is death?" This natural congruity, or aptness, is the divine reason for the legislation of the Old Law that prescribed religious sacrifice: the same appropriateness is true of the perfect sacrifice—perfect in Victim and Priest—once offered on Calvary and kept in operation through the Holy Mass.

HAD man not sinned, there would have been no need for sacrifice or reparation—especially for the shedding of lifeblood. The Lord God of the Chosen People of old had promised them, and through them to the human family at large, a Savior Who would be a perfect Priest, capable of a perfect sacrifice. It is well to understand just why such perfect efficacy was called for, in the nature of the case: for, the expiatory sacrifice of Calvary was undergone at the expense of God's own Son Incarnate. What is there about sin that makes it so costly?

By sinning, a man abuses the best abilities he has—intelligence and freedom. The man who sins seriously, deliberately makes a choice between two objectives that are incompatible—between God and one of the trifles that God has made: the sinful creature not only chooses this or that, but chooses in defiance of God, because he chooses in preference to God: hence, the insult involved in serious sin. Because of our definite relation to God as to our Supreme Sovereign, we cannot be neutral.

Simply because injury is estimated according to the rank of the person injured, and because the worth of reparation is weighed according to the rank of the one who repairs the injury, the need obtained that mankind be reconciled by a redeemer such as Jesus Christ. His humanity made it feasible that he suffer as a sacrificial victim: His divinity transmuted the value of that supreme act of religion. Thus He was successful in "blotting out the handwriting of the decree that was against us. . . and He hath taken the same out of the way, fastening it to the cross." What pathetic gratitude, what vibrant joy in that Passion-tide song of the Church: "Hail Holy Cross, our only Hope!"

During the Last Supper, our Divine Savior offered Himself to the Eternal Father as a sacrificial Victim, to be slain on the morrow. "Obedient unto death, even to the death of the cross," . . . His victory over sin and over the powers of darkness was accomplished—a victory divinely attested to by His triumphant

sally from the tomb of death. It was not necessary, in order to impart to us the benefits of redemption, that Christ perpetuate His sacrifice of Himself: yet He has done so: He arranged for this perpetuation during the Last Supper, when He commissioned His lieutenants to do what He had done, in commemoration of Him. For that matter, it was not necessary that He perpetuate His presence among us as He has done in Eucharist; yet He has done so: Such is the subtlety and "excess" of divine love! "For my thoughts are not your thoughts, nor your ways my ways, saith the Lord. For as the heavens are exalted above the earth, so are my ways exalted above your ways, and my thoughts above your thoughts."

As brought home to the mind and heart of man, by the touching quotation at the opening of this discussion, it means much to us of today to know, on the authority of divine assurance, that we are still in close touch with our High-Priest, Who is not only man but God.

Christ is truly present in the Holy Eucharist, not only during the time of Holy Mass and Holy Communion, but without interruption as long as the Blessed Sacrament is reserved in the tabernacle. But there is an additional feature to His presence during Holy Mass, that establishes an essential

identity between that sacrifice and the sacrifice of the cross. In the Mass Christ is present precisely as a sacrificial Victim. In order that a sacrifice be verified, it is sufficient that there be offered a victim—either about to be immolated or already immolated. In the Last Supper, our High-Priest offered Himself as a Victim about to be immolated; today, He offers Himself as a Victim already immolated once and for all, on Calvary. And so, precious as His real presence is in the Eucharist, that Presence is made still more precious and efficacious while He is present as a sacrificial Victim, during Holy Mass.

This Sacrifice is the fulfillment of the prophecy voiced through Malachy that, the name of the Lord would be great among the nations, and that from the rising of the sun to the going down thereof, there would be offered to Him a clean oblation. As Saint Paul the Apostle testifies, quoting in part from another prophecy—that of the Psalmist: "The Lord hath sworn and He will not repent: Thou art a priest forever. By so much is Jesus made a surety of a better testament. He continueth forever (and) hath an everlasting priesthood. Whereby He is able also to save them forever that come to God by Him: always living to make intercession for us."

It is evident from the scrutiny made of the resurrected Christ by the doubtful Thomas that our High-Priest retained essentially His characteristics as a Victim. Thus it is that through His Eucharistic presence during Holy Mass, He could everlastingly assert the sacrifice of the cross. Saint Ambrose expresses this point, captivantly: "He refused to relinquish the wounds which He had received for us, but preferred to take them with Him to heaven, in order to exhibit them to His heavenly Father as the purchase price of our liberty." With solid reason does Cardinal Newman point to the Holy Mass, as the earthly presence of what is being done for us in heaven.

In response to the claims of God, and to the clamor of well ordered selfishness, we have compelling reason to educate ourselves in an appreciation of the Holy Mass as our perfect sacrifice—perfect because identical with the sacrifice of the cross on the score of both Priest and Victim. How inexpressibly true that "neither is there any other nation so great, that hath gods so nigh them, as our God is present to all our petitions!" The sacrifice of the Mass is our opportunity to pay to our Father in Heaven our tribute of religion, through the spokesmanship of Jesus Christ the Priest who is God.

EASTER COMES TO ANGUILLARA

By Ernest Wiley

ANGUILLARA is a little Italian town—a village on the edge of a lake. Its ageless houses are piled on one another and lean against a hill. Tortuous little ways—jagged alley-streets—wind and squeeze between the houses, up and down the slope. The "corso" with its smooth, worn cobble-stones marches brave and straight, then lurches upward in a succession of awkward steps. On the hill's crest stands the Collegiata, the Temple of the Christ.

From there, the moss-grown tiles of the roofs are green and yellow and red in the sun. Across the lake, at the point where the sun falls in the Spring, is Bracciano—turreted castle atop a hill which bathes its foot in the water. Along the shore, by the end of the town, boats

are drawn up and moored—fishermen's craft, fishermen on the lake. The nets are strewn over the sand or stretched from tree to tree to dry in the sun. Young men with faces of smooth bronze and wrinkled old men with beards are toiling—mending the nets and sorting the catch in canisters.

"La Quaresima," another Lent has added itself to those which have come to Anguillara—a dozen hundreds of them. As many Passion-tides have brought traditions in and nurtured them in Anguillara. And now, it is another Passion-tide.

The Maundy Mass is over. In the "Chiesetta di San Biagio," near the water's edge, and in the Collegiata on the crest of the hill, the Christ has been placed in His sepulchral throne. Near

the altar-table, in the Collegiata, sit twelve old men in a circle. The white-haired pastor, with a weary, smiling face, girds himself with a towel and carries water in a basin. He kneels before the old men, washes and dries their feet, and bestows on every foot a kiss. The twelve old men with beards, save one, are fishermen on the lake.

The sun has set beyond Bracciano's battlements, and the shadows grow dim in the twilight. A mournful plaint comes up from the road by the water's edge. It rises and swells as a band of pilgrims from the fields—tillers of the soil—clump slowly over the stones, with sweat-furrows in the grime on their faces, and forks and spades over their shoulders. Led by a black-veiled cross, they bring

their wailing dirge to the door of San Biagio. Hushed, they crowd in and kneel before the Christ, and the odor of sweat from their toil-worn bodies rises before the sepulchral throne like incense. A hymn is wrung from their souls in pain; and then the clumping, winding climb to the Temple on the hill. "Miserere — Mercy, Lord!" the sorrow-drenched plea billows upward.

THE black night of the Passion has come; and another procession treads the candle-light way from San Biagio to the crest of the hill. The thorn-crowned Christ, with hooded visage, struggles up beneath a cross. A Roman soldier holds a hempen rope looped around his waist. And from the plaintive horde behind ascends the "Miserere"—"God, pity me." Then the wailing tones narrate: "Stabat Mater—At the cross the Mother standing—" And men in sagging coats of corduroy and old women in black shawls are lined along the way.

The bending marchers file into the Temple on the hill. Silence covers them; and a brown-robed frate mounts the pulpit. From his lips strikes the thunder of his curse upon the slayers of the Christ. The wrathful prophet is he? No—not the wrathful prophet calling down the vengeance of an angry God; for his voice grows soft and he pleads. The cross—the black cross with which the thorn-crowned Christ has labored up the hill—is carried in and held before the speaker's eyes. He raises his trembling arms to the timbers, soon to be death-bed and throne for the Christ. The men in coats of corduroy and the women in black shawls stare at the ugly gibbet and bow their heads.

On the day of woe, the sky above the lake is lead; and the waves beneath it roll and toss like one in dull foreboding. Tenebrae—the hour of darkness draws near. The Victim pre-sanctified has been consumed. The Christ is not on His throne. The Holy of Holies is empty and its door stands ajar. The Temple of the Christ is in gloom, save for the little thorns of light on the pointed arch, near the denuded altar. And one by one these points of flame are gone as voices rise in lamentation. One light alone is left; and it goes out behind the empty altar. "Miserere—God, have mercy."

In the dim silence comes a sudden clatter—the slap of closing books. All is finished; the dread hour has come—the time when the rocks were rent. Then, with the clapping of the books, arises a din like muffled thunder from without. The demons of hell risen from the lake's volcanic depths, to rejoice in their dark triumph? No—not from hell. For the exit of the sacristan causes a scurrying of hasty feet as little boys make away, dragging their staves and flailing-tubes behind them. Then quiet—and the men in coats of corduroy and the old women in black shawls gaze with blurring eyes

at the empty altar and the bared crucifix on the purple cushion at its foot.

Now it is the throbbing, hollow night of the sepulcher. The wood from the Holy Rood, cased in gold, is enshrined upon the altar. All is dark without, save for the nervous gleam of candles lined along the rocky way which leads to the Temple of the Christ on the hill—the empty Temple on the crest. A chant is raised, and other lights begin to move upward between the standing files. Three crosses come—three gibbets; and one is crimson-stained. Behind them the dead Christ is carried on his bier, bloody and ghastly-pale in the candle-light. "Addolorata—the Sorrowful Mother," in effigy, follows her lifeless Son, her tear-drenched eyes aglisten in the flickering stabs of light. Nearby, the disciple whom the Master loved, gazing in an ecstasy of agony on the sorrow of his new-found mother.

Around the dead Christ little Crusaders march, their tunics emblazoned with the cross. In their trembling hands they bear the thorny crown, the scroll, the nails scarcely dry, the gall-steeped sponge, and the spear with its gory head.

The wavering candle-beams play over the trudging file from windows and doors, and from niches in the walls. The silent crowd along the way kneels on the stones as the dead Christ passes by. And the men in coats of corduroy and the old women in black shawls peer into the starry eyes of the Addolorata and strike their breasts.

In the empty Temple on the crest, the wood from the Holy Rood traces a benediction—the blessing which the Christ would give, if he were there. On Tuesday—the last day of the Easter triduum—the altars will be adorned with countless relics, gleaned from the treasuries of San Biagio and the Collegiata. And with each of them a blessing will be given, while a chanter sings the names of the saints in that assemblage—happy witnesses of the Christ's great triumph. But now it is the night of the sepulcher, and there is only the wood from the Holy Rood.

MORNING comes; and the new fire glows and sets aflame the candles in the empty Temple. Hope and joy are high; for the Christ will soon return, risen from the dead. Joy and hope anticipate the day of the Resurrection, and the blessing of the triumphant Christ hovers over all.

The blessing reaches through the village—into homes and shops—and out to the country-side. The white-haired pastor, his smiling face no longer weary, carries the Easter blessing to hut and palace. Up and down, in and out, to the lake's edge and away, he visits every roof. His benediction is sought for everything—for tottering ancients and for waddling babes. "This boy," a mother pleads,

"Give him the blessing, Padre, *perche e cattivo*—he is bad!" In every home, laid out to receive the blessing, are the Easter foods—eggs and the "pizza"—sour-sweet Easter bread—and sometimes the paschal lamb.

The little serving-boys march proudly in the front. One carries a basket in which the gifts of eggs are placed. Another bears the silver bucket with the Easter water. And into its crystal depths the penny-gifts are dropped.

THE two-wheeled "carrozzino" takes the white-haired pastor and the Easter blessing into the "campagna"—the surrounding country-side. The blessing falls on cows and vineyards and gnarled olive groves. Through meadows lush with green and flecked with herds and flocks the carrozzino rolls on to the rude "capanne"—thatched huts of the shepherdfolk. The browned and wrinkled visages of the shepherds, down from the mountains with their flocks for the winter forage in the valleys, smile a joyous welcome to the white-haired pastor and the Easter blessing. To the keepers of the sheep, to the grazing flocks, and to the earthen-floored capanne with the simmering pots over the fire-hole in the center and the hideclad beds around the walls, the Easter blessing comes.

The day wanes; and the sun drops down beyond a ruddy path across the waters of the lake. But the joy and hope for the morrow grow brighter still. For the blessing of the rising Christ hovers over all.

A night of joyous waiting; then comes the dawn of Easter morning. A roseate flood of light bathes the village on the edge of the lake. The waters ripple and shimmer beneath a turquoise sky. A gauze of mist hangs above them and softly veils the turrets of Bracciano, aflame with the morning light.

A kettle sings amid the red coals in the kitchen fireplace of the white-haired pastor's house; and the paschal lamb—gift of the shepherd-folk—simmers on the spits.

The Temple of the Christ on the hill throws wide its doors to welcome the joyous folk inside. Candle-darts and blooms of every hue surround the Holy of Holies. The Christ has risen and returned, triumphant over death. Incense clouds ascend before the throne and fill the air with their perfume. The treble voices of little boys fling out the canticles of rapture. "Resurrexit sicut dixit—He has risen as He said." And the men in coats of corduroy and the women in shawls of old lace raise high their wrinkled, smiling faces, and throw their voices into the chorus of the glad "Alleluia." The simple folk of Anguillara have not only commemorated, but have re-lived, as much as possible, the tragic and moving scenes of Christ's Passion.

SEASONAL POETRY

Whereon To Lay His Head

By JAMES GALLAGHER

HE said:
*"The Son of Man hath not
 Whereon to lay His head."
 Those who heard
 Seemed kind when they were cruel
 Cursing God, they called Him fool,
 Yet found for Him a place
 Whereon to lay His head.*

*Down they laid my Lord,
 Stretched Him on a bed of board,
 His hands and feet with nails tucked in,
 His being wrapped in blood and sin,
 His head pillowed on a crown
 Of sharpest thorn.*

*They laid Him down—
 He cannot sleep—
 His Father's business His to keep,
 He must forever count the sheep:
 "But ninety-nine . . . there's one . . .
 After him will my feet run."
 Thus He murmurs till His eyes close
 In mock repose.*

*"I sleep, but My Heart watcheth,"
 Once He said,
 "Watcheth" . . . a place
 Whereon to lay His head.*

*Up from His bed His spirit seems.
 To rise and wander off in dreams.
 He wanders up, He wanders down
 Every city and every town,
 Every hill and every dale,
 Every wood and every vale,
 Wanders . . .
 Till He comes to a lonely heart.*

*He stops to knock
 And hears above Time's din
 An ancient echo
 He must often know:
 "There is no room at the inn;
 No room,
 No room with sin."*

*He passes on
 Knocking . . .
 Seeking . . .
 Opening . . .
 Weeping . . .*

*He passes on to my heart,
 Knocks,
 Then waits my answering sound,
 Yet, waits He sore adread:
 He cannot know if He has found
 Whereon to lay His head.*

The Prodigal

By SR. M. PATRICIA, R.S.M.

TO-NIGHT, I am remorseful and I
 stand
*A shame-faced mendicant before Your
 door,
 Humbly surrendering a world-scarred
 hand
 To pick the crumbs that fall upon the
 floor.
 Forget the day I marched out proud and
 cold,
 Unmindful of the sacrifice You made,
 And unabashed I scored the humble fold
 And its mute harmony. Still unafraid,
 My spirit fled through dark that knew no
 dawn.
 Oh, bid me stay where strife dare not
 intrude.
 Dissolve the past into oblivion,
 And let me rest once more in solitude.
 No longer will I shun Your guiding light;
 I learned to see, when groping through
 the night.*

Renunciation

By J. CORSON MILLER

SING me no more the song of the
 pines,
*When the dawn-moon shadows die;
 For I have looked in pain-seared eyes,
 And seen a Cross in the sky.*

*Weary I've grown of the roses' talk,
 When the lovers of earth draw near;
 Have I not visioned five blossoming
 wounds,
 And the Heart that holds me dear?*

*Too long, too long the birds' loud chorus
 Lured me, and the morning's flame;
 For now my soul knows another music,
 And thrills to a sacred Name.*

*What are the changing seasons to one
 Who has weathered the storms of the
 soul?
 Whose feet have stumbled in sin's dark
 mist,
 Hearing hell's thunders roll?*

*Away with the pennyworth dreams of the
 mind,
 And the tawdry gifts of the street!
 For I have looked in the Saviour's Face,
 And found His greeting sweet.*

Our Resurrection

By ANN J. COLLINS

THERE is no death, 'tis only sleep
*A tryst with Him He bade us keep.
 If 'neath the waters deep we rest,
 Or cradled in the earth's soft breast,
 When o'er the land and o'er the sea
 The clarion calls to you and me,
 We'll rise to greet our Judge and King
 O conquering death where is thy sting?*

After Ash Wednesday

By JOHN RICHARD MORELAND

NOW on the wrinkled brow of age,
*The satin brow of youth,
 The priest has made with ash of palm
 The solemn sign of truth.*

*Declared the certain years are fleet
 And frail as moth or rust,
 Told how youth ripens to old age,
 And old age leans toward dust.*

*Three score and ten life's boundary
 Of toil and grief and mirth,
 And then the little house of loan
 Within the quiet earth.*

*But they who live by faith and prayer
 Till slipping of the breath,
 They shall not fear the shadowy vale;
 They shall not taste of death!*

Smitten

By RICHARD WELFLE, S.J.

A PASSIONATE rose felt the
 sun's pure rays,
*Then, with drooping head, shed its
 petals fair . . .
 Magdalen, bowed 'neath the Master's
 gaze,
 Dried His tear-bathed feet with her
 silken hair.*

*One dazzling flash in a dark, troubled
 sky;
 The heavens trembled, then the warm
 rain came . . .
 Christ's piercing glance caught Peter's
 eye;
 From his heavy heart gushed tears of
 shame.*

A HARDY PERENNIAL

By P. W. Browne, D.D., Ph.D.

THOUGH not listed in any manual of floriculture, a perennial of a unique species is assiduously cultivated in certain sections of the United States, and is exhibited periodically for the enlightenment (?) of groups who seem rather antiquated, and—shall we say?—apparently not well informed. The latest exhibition of the perennial, journalistic of course, was held at Fort Worth, Texas, where an editor, discussing a recent convention of the United Lutheran Church, at Savannah, Ga., exhibits for the *n*th time the centuries-old "Luther Legend." The setting was a fitting one for such a display; but it bore a tag that was decidedly misleading—"Luther's Gift to Humanity."

Briefly, the editorial was to the effect that Luther was the first to produce a vernacular translation of the Bible, that when Luther was a student at the University of Erfurt, he saw for the first time a copy of the Bible, that it came to him as a "revelation" as Bibles were unknown in those days, and that even within the hallowed precincts in which he found himself, the Bible was actually chained to some place where it could not possibly be of service to the inquisitive student, such as was the studious Martin.

Presumably the desire of the Texan editor was to impress upon his readers in the Lone Star State, that prior to the appearance of the German Reformer biblical literature was such a rarity that it was practically unknown either to academics or to the people generally.

Dr. Gorrell, of the *Pittsburgh Catholic*, supplies details of the editorial utterance of the Fort Worth editor; and very politely points out to the Southern gentleman that he is very badly informed regarding biblical matters, and that this Luther myth has long since been relegated by historical scholars to the limbo of desuetude, to which it truly belongs.

The Luther Legend which seems to insinuate that somehow or another the printing-press was intimately connected with the so-called Reformation is based upon Luther's own words; and it is still piously believed by many earnest Protestants who labor under the delusion that the beginning of Luther's spiritual awakening was the supposed fact that in 1505, Luther's twenty-second year, he accidentally took from the shelves of the library of the University of Erfurt (where he had studied for four years, and just taken his bachelor's degree) a book he had not seen before—a Latin Bible. "Delighted with the treasure,

only scraps of which he had yet heard of, he read it again and again, and committed large portions of it to memory."

This anecdote is taken verbatim from a well-known manual of Modern History of Europe, still used in certain schools. To appreciate the falsity of implications in this hoary anti-Catholic story, let us examine certain historical facts: they will disprove absolutely the widely-circulated fable.

Of all the works printed by the thousand printers (their names are known) no book was so often printed before the year 1500 as the Bible. In 1483—the year of Luther's birth—the first edition of the Bible in the German language was issued by Koburger's press, and was illustrated with one hundred woodcuts of Walgemuth. Between that date and the outbreak of the religious schism no less than fourteen editions of the entire Bible in High German, and five in Low German, had already been published, to say nothing of separate parts of Holy Scripture, such as the Psalms, or the Gospels.

That the German people were urged to read these editions in the vernacular we infer from certain passages quoted by Janssen: "All that Holy Church teaches," says a writer in 1513, "all that thou hearest in sermons and other instructions, what thou readest in spiritual books, what thou singest to God's honor and glory, what thou prayest for thy soul's welfare, and what thou sufferest in trial and trouble, should encourage thee to read with piety and humility in the Holy Scripture and Bibles as they are nowadays set forth in the German tongue, and scattered far and wide in great numbers, wholly or in part, and as thou mayest purchase them for but little money."

THE editors of the Cologne Bible of 1470-1480 declare that they have illustrated their edition with woodcuts in order to attract readers the more to the diligent use of Holy Scripture. It seems hardly possible that such a person as the kindly and religious Ursula Cotta, in whose home the youthful Luther was an inmate for a long period when he first was enrolled among the students at Erfurt, should never have seen a Bible. Indeed we have proof that even the younger members of the Cotta family had a wide acquaintance with books of this nature.

Everything shows that the wide diffusion of the Bible, in both Latin and German, at the close of the fifteenth century, had given a remarkable impetus to the

study of Scripture. We are told that Adam Potken, a priest of Xanten, had, as a boy, between 1470 and 1480, to learn by heart the four Gospels, and later on used to read daily, with his scholars of eleven or twelve years of age, portions of the Old and the New Testament. In 1480 a canon of Cassel founded at Erfurt University a scholarship in favor of a student of his village, for an eight years' course of the study of Holy Scripture.

If we look outside of Germany we find that in Spain a Spanish version appeared in 1478, five years before Luther was born! In connection with this we find that Carranza, the celebrated Archbishop of Toledo, in the Prologue to his *Commentaries*, says:

"BEFORE the heresies of Luther appeared I do not know that the Holy Scriptures in the vulgar tongue were anywhere forbidden. In Spain the Bible was translated into Spanish by order of the Catholic sovereigns, at the time when the Moors and Jews were allowed to live among the Christians according to their own law." In Italy, Malerini translated the Bible into Italian in 1471, and so popular did it become that this version was republished seventeen times before the Luther Bible appeared (1530)! In France a translation appeared in 1478, another by Menand in 1484, another by Guian de Moulins in 1487, and others later on. If we turn to England we find that there were versions in that country before that of Tynedale, or that issued by Wickliffe. Stevens says in his *List of Bibles in the Caxton Exhibition*: "This catalogue will be very useful for one thing, at any rate, as disproving the popular fable about Luther's finding the Bible for the first time at Erfurt about 1507. Not only are there many editions of the Latin Vulgate long anterior to that time, but there were actually nine German editions in the Caxton Exhibition earlier than 1483, the year of Luther's birth, and at least three more before the end of the century."

Five years before the episode of Luther finding the Bible at Erfurt the printing-presses of Europe (all Catholic, be it noted), and many of them monastic, had issued one hundred different editions of the Vulgate, equivalent at least to one hundred thousand copies! In addition to this, at least five or six translations of the complete Bible into German had been printed, and the reading and study of Holy Scripture was diffused and warmly encouraged throughout Germany.

Yet we are asked to believe that in such surroundings a talented student of the University of Erfurt, having already taken his bachelor's and doctor's degree, and being in his twenty-second year, made an *accidental discovery* of a Latin Bible in the University library, a book he had never seen before, and that the reading of it effects a crisis in his intellectual and spiritual life!

Singularly enough, this Luther myth is founded on Luther's own words, for he says: "When I was twenty years of age I had never seen a Bible." Casartelli (in *Sketches in History*, p. 102) says: "What are we to think of the veracity of this statement? The judgment of Janssen seems but mildly expressed when he introduces the question with the phrase 'if we may believe his words,' and adds: 'these words are all the more wonderful, as, when he (Luther) was twenty years of age and had already been two years at Erfurt University and cannot have failed to have many opportunities to know the Bible; at Erfurt biblical studies had flourished from the middle of the fifteenth century; among the Mss, theological works existing in one of the town libraries about one-half consist of exegetical books.'"

Casartelli continues by saying: "I would venture to submit that the only charitable explanation for so fantastic a tale would be to imagine the young doctor of Erfurt as a kind of intellectual Rip Van Winkle, who had been sound asleep all these years of his student life, whilst the noise of over a thousand printing-presses in monastery, cathedral, and printing works was filling the intellectual atmosphere of Germany, and stirring up a new and warmer intellectual life throughout the ranks of clergy and laity alike, and most of all by the diffusion and diligent study of the Holy Scriptures."

THE Texas editor to whom we have alluded goes even further than telling his *clientèle* about Luther's *discovery* of the Bible, and states that Luther's translation required thirteen years to accomplish the task, and that the translation was so faithful that it became the recognized version in Germany and that it was the basis of the King James version. Perhaps it was; and this might account for certain sins of omission and commission that characterize this celebrated version. Here we just state some pertinent facts regarding the Luther translation. Emser, a distinguished biblical scholar of Luther's time, points out some one thousand four hundred errors in the translation, while another insists that the pseudo-reformer was guilty of some three thousand inaccuracies. Moreover, Luther took unto himself the liberty of improving (?) the sacred text; he rejected portions of it. Emser says: "He (Luther) has in many places confused, stultified, and perverted the old trust-

worthy text of the Christian Church to its disadvantage, and poisoned it with heretical glosses and prefaces. . . . He almost everywhere forces the Scriptures on the question of faith and works, even when neither faith nor works are thought of."

The matter of "chained Bibles" is not after all such a terrible indictment. Dr.

All Fools' Day

By Ilse Westcott

THE jesters sat in Heaven's court
And mused upon their earth-spent sport.

Angels laughed until their wings
Shed feathers like snow-scatterings.

From hell uprose the devil's wail.
He chewed upon his raging tail
And split his very waistcoat's seams,
In memory of old thwarted schemes.

Even God—(ah spare the guile)—
Could not regress a dec'rous smile
To hear retold each crafty trick
Of Bernard, Francis, Dominic.

How Vincent from his convent seat
Turned scavenger of city street,
Returning with his nightly loot,
Some waif of Paris, neath his coat.

How Lawrence, for his little joke,
Unto the Roman prefect spoke
The gentle art of cookery,
Which none had learned so well as he.

How, scorning arms' and beauty's
plight,
Ignatius, watching through the night,
Unto our Lady pledged his sword.
His heart he gave unto the Lord.

How Xavier, desperate to win
Sin into love, love out of sin,
Wiled from his friend unwilling gold,
So dire was the tale he told.

Fools! All fools! Whence were ye
borne
Some unto death and some to scorn,
By folly of your love enticed.
Find ye it now too highly priced?

Ah pray for me, ye fools of Christ!

De Costa tells the story of the chained Bible at Erfurt, in an interesting article which may be read in the *Catholic World*, of date, August, 1900: "No doubt there was a chained Bible at Erfurt in 1507. Chained Bibles were found two hundred years later, as chained directories are seen in hotels today. The preface of the pre-Luther German Bibles stated that the book was 'for the use of unlettered simple folk, lay and spiritual!'" Not only were Bibles chained in those days, but other books were so protected in the libraries of institutions. Throughout the Middle Ages, it was deemed a pious work to will and bequeath Bibles, Psalters, and Books of Hours to be chained in church for common use. Even the Reformers adopted this custom of having chained Bibles in their churches, a practice which lasted for more than three hundred years after the time of the so-called Reformation. The fact is chained Bibles were to be found in most of the churches in England. . . . The colleges of Eton, Brasenose, and Merton, at Oxford, did not remove chains from their books until the nineteenth century, while the libraries in Manchester, Chichester, did not remove book chains until the nineteenth century. I recall having seen some of the former chain contrivances at Merton, in Oxford, while attending the University less than a decade ago. It is quite remarkable that one of the first libraries to dispense with the former system of chaining was the famous Ambrosiana, in Milan. In a learned article on the Ambrosiana, Dr. Bouquillon says: "Though the Ambrosiana could not rival the Vatican nor the Laurentiana at Florence, nor the Marciana at Venice, the Cardinal (Frederic Borromeo, its founder) was able to win for it a popularity which those great collections never enjoyed. They were open only to curious investigators, to those who sought personally the privilege of working amid such treasures. But Frederic threw his collection open to all students, without distinction. It was in those days a rare and unheard of thing that a private individual should collect books almost entirely at his own expense, expose them to the general view, have them brought to the first caller, and cause writing materials to be placed at his disposal. Elsewhere the books were hidden away carefully, and no facilities for reading or note-taking were even thought of. The savants of the day were loud in praise of this generosity, and twenty years after Gabriel Naudé wrote with enthusiasm in his *Avis pour dresser une bibliothèque* of the facilities accorded to the student at the Ambrosiana. The Cardinal's example was soon followed in the Bodleiana at Oxford . . . and later on in the Mazarine and the Bibliothèque Royale at Paris." (*Catholic University Bulletin*, 1895, p. 569.)

NOTES ON NEW BOOKS

MILTON. By Hilaire Belloc. J. P. Lippincott Co., Philadelphia, Pa. \$4.00.

It has been very difficult to form a just estimate of Milton. His biographers have been either so enamoured of the poet as to utterly neglect the glaring faults of the man, or have been so partial to the man (through religious or political bigotry) as to ignore some of the more palpable shortcomings of the poet.

Hence the present very objective study of Milton as poet and man by Mr. Belloc is particularly welcome. The book, written in typical Bellocian style, is divided into seven parts. These deal severally with the time and place; the man and the poet; his lyrical works; his polemical works; the sonnets; his epics; and, as an epilogue, his posthumous work "De Doctrina."

Mr. Belloc is gifted with an exquisite sense of rhythm. Not the mere technical ability to distinguish iambic from trochaic verse, etc., but rather that richer susceptibility to the delicate nuances of a vowel or the thrust of a consonant. This keen awareness of rhythm injects his criticism of the various quoted passages with qualities akin to a musical audition. The passages cease to be mere poetry; they become, in Mr. Belloc's own phrase, a "grand organ recital in blank verse."

It is stimulating to find Milton polishing off his verses as a master craftsman. It is a welcome contrast to the modern Bohemian notion that great art is produced by the Muse alone.

In treating of the sonnets, Mr. Belloc asserts that Milton did not understand the duality of the sonnet construction. That might rightly be questioned. It seems inconceivable that a man of Milton's genius would have missed what is so evident. His failure to conform to the type might better be attributed to the man's insane conceit. He had no need of the constraints of lesser lights.

Milton struts the pages of this book with all his insane egotism, his great sensitiveness and his unquestioned genius. Mr. Belloc deserves our gratitude for clothing him once more with flesh.

MODERN PUBLICITY. By F. Mercer & W. Gaunt. The Studio Publications, Inc., New York, N. Y. Paper \$3.50; Cloth \$4.50.

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SOUND SPENDING. By Joseph F. Walsh, M.A. Seminary Press, Cleveland, Ohio. Price: \$2.50.

The Church has not only the duty of preaching the gospel to all men, but she must live while she is doing so; and often she is called upon to give temporal as well as spiritual assistance. Hence, the Church cannot afford to do what someone has accused her of doing—"leave the present world to the men of business and the devil." Instead, she must make of many of her priests and religious men of business, men who will be able to accommodate the Church's slender resources to her many needs, and

thus allow her to carry on her great work.

Perhaps nothing will prove of such assistance to these "business men" of the Church, as Father Walsh's new book, *Sound Spending*. Father Walsh has not written from a merely speculative point of view. He himself is Professor of Administration and Treasurer of St. Mary's Seminary in Cleveland. He has spent years in collecting and arranging the information which he now presents. His position has enabled him to give his theories a sound trial, and he has proven that they are both practicable and highly successful. He considers almost every kind of expenditure that a parish or other institution could be called upon to make. And with shrewd common sense, he points out the dangers to be avoided and the course of action to be followed.

Father Walsh's consideration of some of the ingenious methods by which tricksters try to defraud religious institutions, proves very interesting. That interest may be mixed with sorrow, for those who have been victimized by such swindlers; but that knowledge must prove extremely valuable to anyone exposed to a like danger. In fact, everyone who is called upon to spend money can discover something of real practical value.

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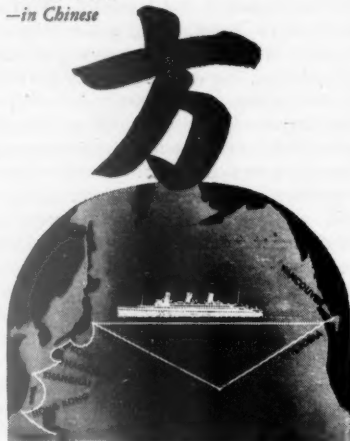
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There are many to whom it will prove very profitable to consider Father Walsh's words when he says "Some pious institutions hold the theory 'the Lord will provide'. This in reality is true. The Lord provides for His own, but even the Lord, we dare say, does not like shortsighted management. Read the Scriptures carefully and note the planned management in the Church."

This work on *Sound Spending* well deserves the high tribute that it has received from Bishop Schrembs. It should do much to help preserve the true proportion between the spiritual, for the spiritual always suffers when financial difficulties absorb one's main attention. Father Walsh's work is certain to have an indirect but very effective part in the successful spreading of Christ's kingdom upon earth.

THE BURDEN OF BELIEF. By Ida Coudenrove. Sheed and Ward, New York. \$1.25.

Written in the form of a dialogue, this book will supply the intellectual doubter with a good remedy for the difficulties of the mind when he is considering his faith. The glorious pagan looks often to some of us, living in this irreligious world, as a far better person than many of the pious folk about us, and semi-doubts that arise from this are difficult to cope with. Why, asks the woman in the dialogue, should Christians presume to bring trouble into the world, by attempting the conversion of such good, happy pagans?

This book proves how necessary, how inescapable a duty it is, and does it by insisting that belief is a perilous and burdensome matter, not something meant to ease the life of man. And to the question, "Need the way to Him have been made so hard?" there is the simple answer that it is in this and in no other way, that revelation has taken place. We must go on from there since, to the Christian, that beginning is not a guess but a fact.

THE FIRST LEGION. By Emmet Lavery. Published by Samuel French, New York. \$1.50.

To write a play for Broadway that presents a religious theme in a sound, orthodox, and at the same time interesting manner, is not an easy task. It was accomplished by Mr. Lavery whose play, *The First Legion*, entertained and inspired theatre-goers in New York for several months and has also appeared elsewhere. That it is not still appearing is no compliment to the critical appreciation of the theatre-going public. The play was well received by the Catholic Press for both its dramatic and religious qualities. Some of the critics in the secular press, as perhaps also many the-

atre-goers, were probably somewhat frightened by the fact that it deals with religion.

The author, Mr. Lavery, is a Catholic and deals with his subject with accuracy as well as tact and understanding. The theme of the play is woven about the lives of the members of the Society of Jesus. Not that it is specifically Jesuit, but the life of this great Order affords the background and setting. Situations of intense and compelling interest arise from the spiritual struggles and temptations of the characters portrayed. It is surprising how great dramatic appeal can be found and portrayed in lives which one might be tempted to think drab and uninteresting.

The publication of this play in book form will be extremely welcome to those large numbers who could not attend its theatrical presentation, or who missed the opportunity. *The First Legion* is interesting and beautiful not only as drama but also as literature.

HER SOUL TO KEEP. By Ethel Cook Eliot. The Macmillan Co., New York. \$2.00.

Fiction by Catholics is becoming more and more valuable for enunciating the Church's principles in a way interesting to those outside the Church as well as those in it. Here is a praiseworthy contribution. It posits first a vital problem: a moment of surrender on the part of a young woman and an older man which ends in the arrival of a baby. The entire story is the reaction to this fact, both before and after the child's birth, of the characters in the novel. Jane Carmon is the adopted and much loved daughter of Lucia Rue, a young widow with two small girls of her own. When Jane comes to her with her story of sin and sorrow, Lucia decides to keep her where they are living. She relies upon the faculty college group who are her friends to accept it, since they are all liberal, modern people. However, she learns that when a concrete case is put to them they draw back from it as rapidly as the most devout Puritan.

So it is Lucia who has to handle the whole matter alone. She stands by Jane and keeps her from disillusionment. Lucia, bearing always in mind her faith and the fact that, in addition to those who are in her charge, she has her own soul to keep, finds her hands full. It is only by turning to God continually that she finds strength. She holds the faith of the betrayed girl, teaches her that her sin was a sin, but that the baby is without blame. When the other man's wife tells her she has no faith, Lucia is terrified for her. On the night that Jane's baby is born and when Jane herself seems dying, the other man's wife lies dying in the same hospital. Lucia, forgetting for the moment her beloved Jane, who has

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repented and whose soul is at peace, sets to work to pray for the other one whose soul is going into the unknown with no help.

This novel offers a courageous and artistic attempt to show that teaching of the Catholic Faith which deals with the attitude toward sin as well as the sin itself—to hate the sin and love the sinner or, as Lucia put it to her friends who shrank from the word sin, to hate the blunder and love the blunderer.

A TIME TO KEEP. By Dr. Halliday Sutherland. William Morrow & Co., New York. 281 pages. \$3.00.

Those who enjoyed *The Arches of the Years*, Dr. Sutherland's first book of reminiscences, will find *A Time to Keep* of equal interest. The author is a facile and delightful story teller. His life appears to have been singularly free of the commonplace. Nearly everything which has happened to him seems to have merited recording. Catholics will be interested in his account of the famous libel suit instituted against him by Dr. Marie Stopes, ardent advocate of Birth Control, for remarks which he made about her in his book on the same subject. The case was fought from the lower courts right up to the House of Lords. Collections were taken up from Catholics all over the country to help defray the ex-

penses of the trials. The final verdict was against him to the amount of £100. Dr. Sutherland's account of the Apparitions at Lourdes is striking in its simplicity. There is a serious purpose in the book, too. The search for religious truth is displayed in a quiet, serious way. In the author's case his search was rewarded with the gift of the Catholic faith. This is a book for the armchair and the quiet of the evening.

LETTERS TO ST. FRANCIS AND HIS FRIARS. By Helen Walker Homan. Minton, Balch & Co. \$2.50.

Readers of *THE SIGN* will recall the delightful letters to the Apostles which appeared herein last year. Now Mrs. Homan gives us a volume of equally charming letters to St. Francis and his friars.

It was particularly happy that Mrs. Homan chose St. Francis and his early associates as her celestial correspondents, for they are the type of Saint that would most enjoy these letters.

Penned with the most exquisite naïveté and with utter absence of literary affectation, they are redolent of the simple gayety and ingenuous mirth of St. Francis himself.

There are three letters to St. Francis, one to Brother Juniper (which appeared in the February number of *THE SIGN*). Others to Brother Giles, Bernard of Quintavalle, etc.

All of them reveal these early Franciscans in their most charmingly human moments. Even St. Francis himself is reminded of his love for pastry. There is a charming letter to Brother Elias which reveals, it is true, his vanities and his foibles, but which sets them forth so charitably and so understandingly that one cannot help but pity poor Brother Elias.

It is superfluous to say that Mrs. Homan is a gifted writer. Her choice of letters as her medium sets for her a difficult task. She must couple deepest respect to gay familiarity; reverent reserve to vibrant charm. And she has succeeded admirably! *Letters to St. Francis* will provide worthwhile instruction and genuine delight for all who read them.

THINGS TO LIVE FOR. By Francis Stuart. The Macmillan Co., New York. \$2.50.

An autobiography always holds a peculiar interest. There are wide uncharted expanses in the lives of all of us to which we alone have access. To act as cicerone to others, to bring strangers, the whole wide world, into that inner sanctuary is a dangerous and delicate business. It must be done with consummate art or fall ludicrously flat. *Things to Live For* has been written with a

beauty and delicacy of feeling, with a tactful candor, and with a literary grace that make it a rare book indeed.

The sub-title the author has given this work is *Notes for an Autobiography*. That is better than calling it an autobiography. Many details usually given in an autobiography are wanting. Of his external life, his home, his travels and adventures, enough is given to make us wish for more. But all these things are only the canvas on which he portrays his own soul; they are tableaux which picture his struggle for something which he can scarcely define or state, but which he calls "Opening one's arms, giving the 'yea' to life."

The author, Francis Stuart, is a young Irishman of Antrim who attended Rugby. He recalls his homesickness for the boglands of Antrim in the naïve prayer in which it expressed itself: "Oh God, send a miracle so that I shall be back there by Thursday at the latest, sitting beside that turf-stack." Married

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and with several children, he is still in his early thirties. He took part in the Irish Revolution, was captured, imprisoned and later released. He is a most extraordinary combination of the gambler and mystic. At one moment the whole horizon of the world seems limited by the fortunes of a horse at some track; at another, he is hurrying to Lourdes on a pilgrimage, or stuffing his gains from gambling into the poor box of a church in Dublin, or wondering how he, a married man, can become a Carthusian monk. One can see in this work the reason for the contradictory elements in the heroes of some of his novels such as "Pigeon Irish," "The Colored Dome" and "Glory." They are reflections of the soul of the author.

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THE COMMUNIST ATTACK ON GREAT BRITAIN. By G. M. Godden. Burns, Oates & Washbourne Ltd., London. Paper bound \$5.50.

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to a formidable preparation of subtle strategy, adroitness, trained fervor and the drilling of leaders in up-to-date tactics for the capture of key positions.

The author has made a close study and investigation of Soviet propaganda and activity for many years and is the contributor of the splendid articles on Communism which have appeared in *THE SIGN*.

Literature, science, drama, music, education, all branches of cultural activity, are utilized as weapons in the class struggle. But more significant are the masked methods by which non-Communist organizations and unsuspecting persons of generous sympathies, work under the influence but not under the immediate leadership of the Third International. Communists are masters in the art of camouflaging their attacks. Following the principle "Expose and Oppose," G. M. Godden unveils their strategy in a book that will be a revelation to many and of interest to all.

WITH HARP AND LUTE. By Blanche Jennings Thompson. The Macmillan Co., \$1.25.

All authentic poetry is largely a matter of moods. Some of it is struck from the white heat of passion; other some is redolent rather of the cool peacefulness of contemplation. But all of it, if it be authentic, is freighted with some intangible bit of human emotion, some subtle, wistful mood that may never occur again.

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for those who compile poetry as well as for those who write or read it. Hence every worthwhile anthology should present sufficient variety to suit one's ever changing moods. There must be songs of sorrow and of joy, and now and then a hearty chuckle too.

The compiler of this Anthology has shown admirable skill in that regard. The table of contents suggests almost the entire gamut of human emotion. There is the serene majesty of the great liturgical hymns and sequences; the tragic pathos of the Biblical Reproaches, the untroubled confidence of Theresa of Avila and the wistful tenderness of Thérèse of Lisieux; there is the lilting humor of old Lenten Rhymes.

The acknowledgments would seem to omit not one of real importance. Some of the selections might have been better. Eileen Duggan, for instance, has written better things than "St. Peter." Such instances, however, are few and are more than repaid by the many lovely things that have been included.

While this Anthology was compiled for children, it may well serve their parents too. Kate Seredy has illustrated it with charming drawings (at times subtly reminiscent of Blake) which help to sustain the poetic mood.

IRISH SWORDSMEN OF FRANCE. By Richard Hayes. Gill & Sons, Dublin, Ireland. \$4.00.

Although nature has separated Ireland from all other countries, history has linked her with the destinies of every great nation of the western world. She has left her trace on the England, France, United States, Austria and Italy of today. In fact, it is one of Ireland's great tragedies that her sons were to achieve only under foreign flags the triumphs that were so sorely needed at home.

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Warrens and the O'Morans—played leading rôles in the French military successes of the eighteenth century. None were more zealous than they for the cause of French freedom and the success of the French Revolution. The characters which Richard Hayes has chosen to consider in this book are military heroes who stir one's imagination and arouse one's enthusiasm; yet his consideration of them is, throughout, calm and deliberate.

The book is made up of six distinct biographical sketches. Since most of the characters were contemporaneous, a certain amount of repetition is inevitable. This form of presentation, however, has the advantage of portraying each character in his own proper perspective, the truly great not being eclipsed by the greater. Mr. Hayes has presented his facts in a remarkably clear and well-ordered manner. Historical records have been chosen with discrimination, and have been so cleverly worked into the text that in practically every instance the continuity is helped rather than impeded by the insertion.

The *Irish Swordsmen of France* were primarily soldiers, and not martyrs. It was, therefore, their military greatness and not their religious faith that was their distinguishing characteristic. Yet, their faith did assert itself when necessary, and the irreligious society in which they lived never dominated them. They had their defects, but they were great in spite of them. It has been said of General Charles Kilmaine: "He was the

only officer in whom Napoleon ever placed complete confidence."

The intense enthusiasm which these Irish leaders showed for French military successes was not always entirely due to loyalty to the land of their adoption. For instance, when France was warring against England, the people of Ireland were helplessly suffering from the English every injustice and degradation. To the Irish Soldiers and the Irish leaders in the French army, a blow at England was a blow for Ireland. At the battle of Lepantoy, General Lally's words to his Irish soldiers were: "Remember that those you fight are not only France's enemies, but your own!"

Out of the six characters considered in this work, four met tragic deaths. In each case, the plots of enemies were able to bring about their downfall, for these Irish swordsmen were men who "being lied about, don't deal in lies." Their bodies fell by the side of the guillotine, and France lost men who had loved her and served her well. The ingratitude of their adopted country cast a gloom over the last moments of these fallen heroes. France's gratitude was to be shown not to them but to their children.

THE ABBEY OF EVOLAYNE.
By Paule Regnier. Harcourt, Brace & Co., New York. \$2.00.

The theme of this book is a most unusual one. Dr. Michel Adrian and his wife, Adelaide, had renounced the practice of religion. While on a vacation they stopped at the Abbey of Evolayne. There the doctor met a boyhood friend, Father Athanase, who had become a Benedictine monk. So great was the impression made upon the doctor by the life of the monks that he decided to remain for several weeks. He found contentment and spiritual peace. Great desires arose in his soul, desires even reaching to self-renunciation. He would like to become a monk. But he was a married man. His wife, a lapsed Catholic, did not share his enthusiasm, but feeling that she was an obstacle to his complete happiness, voluntarily released him from his marriage vows. The requisite permission was granted to him by the Pope that he might enter the Abbey of Evolayne, on condition, however, that his wife also enter a convent.

At the end of seven years as a Benedictine sister, she realized that she had agreed to the separation to please Michel—not because she had a vocation to the religious life. She obtained permission to leave the convent, and afterward wandered over France disconsolate and unhappy. Finally she came to Evolayne to tell Michel that she could not live without him. The climax comes at this meeting—a climax fraught with the most poignant suffering to both.

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FIDELIS OF THE CROSS (\$3.50)—The announcement that a sixth edition of this biography has just been published is proof of the wide interest in the life and missionary career of Father Fidelis Kent Stone, C.P.

novel of extraordinary merit. Its psychological analysis of two loves plumbs the depths of the human heart. It contrasts sharply the diverse claims of the divine and purely human loves. A person who does not understand the heroic renunciation of the cloister will consider the husband cold and selfish in refusing to return to his wife. But those who can appreciate what high resolves the human heart may entertain will be more sympathetic toward him.

There is an authentic Catholic touch in the book. The canonical aspects of the case, the Catholic outlook on the monastic life, the liturgy, etc., are all handled with accuracy. If there is one criticism which we think is applicable to the book it is the overlengthy probing of the heart of Adelaide. At times this is depressing. But by and large, however, the *Abbey of Evolayne* is one of the best works of fiction which has come to our hand. It is a classic love story. Its choice as the recipient of the America-France Fiction Award and its recommendation by the Catholic Book Club are well deserved.

THE EXISTENCE OF GOD. By R. Garrigou-Lagrange, O.P.; Translated from the French by Dome Bede Rose, O.S.B. B. Herder Book Co., St. Louis. \$3.00.

The existence of God is the basis of all religion, natural as well as revealed. At the present time this postulate of reason and article of faith is vigorously attacked. Father Garrigou-Lagrange, one of the foremost authorities in the theological schools, explains and defends the proofs of God's existence as given by St. Thomas Aquinas. It is a technical work of the highest kind, conspicuous for close reasoning and detailed analysis. It should appeal to the philosopher and theologian and those of a scientific turn of mind. Unfortunately the typography leaves much to be desired. The pages are dull and flat in appearance and afford little aid to the eyes. There is no Index, but as another volume is in preparation, it may be included in the second.

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Membership: The membership is not restricted to any class. Men, women and children not only may join Gemma's League but are urged to do so. We are glad to announce that in our membership we have many priests, both secular and regular, as well as many members of various Religious Orders. "The Spiritual Treasury," printed every month on this page, shows the interest taken by our members in this campaign of united prayer and sacrifice.

Obligations: It should never be forgotten that Gemma's League is a strictly *spiritual society*. While, of course, a great deal of money is needed for the support of our Passionist Missions in China, and while many members of the League are generous in their regular



SPIRITUAL TREASURY FOR THE MONTHS OF FEBRUARY AND MARCH

Masses Said	6
Masses Heard	60,886
Holy Communions	52,951
Visits to B. Sacrament	205,073
Spiritual Communions	209,525
Benediction Services	16,412
Sacrifices, Sufferings	124,787
Stations of the Cross	18,165
Visits to the Crucifix	189,910
Beads to the Five Wounds	12,129
Offerings of P.P. Blood	197,835
Visits to Our Lady	282,166
Rosaries	46,533
Beads of the Seven Dolors	11,826
Ejaculatory Prayers	3,625,067
Hours of Study, Reading	64,880
Hours of Labor	71,353
Acts of Kindness, Charity	48,503
Acts of Zeal	89,930
Prayers, Devotions	970,599
Hours of Silence	56,869
Various Works	139,183
Holy Hours	1,517

money contributions to the missions, nevertheless members of the League are never asked for financial aid. There are not even any dues required of members, though a small offering to pay the expense of printing the monthly leaflet is expected.

The Reward: One who helps the spread of Christ's Kingdom on earth is hardly looking for any reward. We feel that the members of Gemma's League are satisfied with the knowledge that Almighty God knows their love for Him and knows also how to reward them for the practical display of their love! However, our members cannot be unaware that their very zeal must bring God's special blessings on themselves, their families and friends. Besides, they will surely merit the reward of an apostle "for their spiritual and corporal works of mercy."

The Patron: Gemma Galgani, the White Passion Flower of Lucca, Italy, is the patron of the League. Born in 1878, she died in 1903. Her life was characterized by a singular devotion to the Sacred Passion of Our Blessed Lord. Denied the privilege of entering the Religious Life, she sanctified herself in the world, in the midst of ordinary household duties, and by her prayers and sufferings did much for the salvation of souls. Recently she has been beatified and we hope soon to call her Saint Gemma.

Headquarters: All requests for leaflets, and all correspondence relating to Gemma's League should be addressed to the Reverend Director, Gemma's League, care of THE SIGN, Union City, New Jersey.

✠ ✠ ✠ ✠ ✠ ✠ "Restrain Not Grace From The Dead." (Eci. 7: 39.) ✠ ✠ ✠ ✠ ✠ ✠

KINDLY remember in your prayers and good works the following recently deceased relatives and friends of our subscribers:

REV. DENNIS GALVIN, C. P.
MOST REV. FRANCIS REDWOOD, S.M.
RT. REV. MSGR. JOHN P. CHIDWICK
RT. REV. MSGR. JOHN T. SHEEHAN
REV. LOUIS SCOTT KELLER
REV. EDWARD J. KEAN
REV. JAMES J. FLANAGAN
REV. THOMAS F. MAHER
REV. F. A. CUNNINGHAM
REV. J. A. CROWLEY
REV. FRANCIS X. DONOVAN
REV. P. J. McHUGH, S.J.
REV. THOMAS GAFFNEY
MOTHER M. JOSEPH
SR. M. OF ST. JOSEPH
SR. M. BLANCHE
SR. M. MIDA
JOHN J. RICKY
MRS. JOHN COONEY
MICHAEL M. O'BRIEN
MOSES DOYLE
PHILIP L. MAURER
ANNA GOBLEY
EDWIN W. DRYDEN
MARY STANKIEWICZ
MRS. E. LEKAR
MARTIN BENSON
ELIZABETH BLAKE
ANNA DEAK

ELIZABETH EARLY
JAMES MHERAN
HENRY HUBEL
MARY J. PARKER
CLARA D. KANABOY
BRIDGET L. LYNCH
MARGARET F. KING
MARY MURPHY FOGARTY
JOHN F. MCCARTHY
JAMES J. DEERING
CECELIA HERTEL
MARGARET RYAN
LEO J. LA VELLE
HENRIETTA DUNNE
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CATHERINE BECHT
JENNIE DAVIS
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JOSEPH ALBRECHT
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JOHN L. ZEICHER
MARGARET HUGHES
TERESA KELLY
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LEO KEARNEY
PETER CONNORS
WALTER JOS. SUSSEK
MARY J. McLEAN MURRAY
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ALEXANDER GAYNOR
NELLIE CROWLEY
JOSEPH LANNIGAN
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RICHARD J. BOYLE
FRANK LUTZ
RAPHAEL MORAN
CATHERINE A. MAHONEY
JOHN SHEEDY
MARGARET O'DONNELL
MARY O'DONNELL
MARY BOYLE
JOHN BUSCH
MRS. GEORGE J. FLEMING
PATRICK J. EBBITT
MARY MCCORT
DELIA McHUGH
JOHN HOPKINS
JAMES A. BLAKE
FRANK HAGGERTY
GUSTAV STERNHUBER
JOSEPH ALMASY
CATHERINE BOYLE
JOSEPH P. DEANE
JOSEPH HENRY
JOHN MURPHY
BERNARD VOHLING
EMIL DENKER
MARY E. BORGES
MARY MCGUINNESS
ERDENA BAUR
MARGARET BECK
MRS. K. DUNN
MRS. E. J. IVORY
MRS. F. SCHWETTLER
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BRIDGET FORDRUNG
LUBIN ACCOIRE

FRED FOLSON
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NELSON EVANS
GEORGE A. O'BRIEN
ISABEL BRADY
MRS. A. HEIMBUCHER
MARY A. CAHILL
MARGARET SMITH
MRS. W. RYAN
CORNELIUS CROWLEY
MRS. M. CASSIDY
JOSEPH C. HASLOW
MRS. ANNA L. HASLOW
ANNA SCANLON
JULIAN CZOP
HENRIETTA HENTZ
ELIZABETH GUILFOIL
EMMA L. HANLEY
ROSE MCCONNOR
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MARGARETHA RIEMAN
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ANGELINA MAZEROLL
ANNA F. LEE
MARY GRACE FEERICK
MRS. GEORGE SCHROFER
NORA SULLIVAN
ELLEN G. DESMOND
SARAH PONTRICK
ROSE LUCENO

MAY their souls and the souls of all the faithful departed through the mercy of God rest in peace. Amen.

FOR CHRIST'S CAUSE:

≡ 3 SUGGESTIONS ≡

MISSION NEEDS



1 Readers of THE SIGN, particularly of our mission department, cannot but be aware of the many and pressing needs of our missionary Fathers and Sisters in China. Their personal wants are few and simple. Were they seeking their own ease and comfort they would not abandon the luxuries of America for the hardships of China. They require a great deal of money for the building and maintenance of chapels, schools, orphanages, dispensaries, homes for the aged and crippled. They are dependent for this money upon the generosity of their American friends and benefactors. They do not look for large donations, but are counting on the consistent giving of small amounts. Please remember that they are grateful for pennies as well as dollars.

STUDENT BURSES



2 Not only do we need money for our missionaries already in the field; we also need funds for the education and support of young men studying for the holy priesthood. God is blessing our Order with an abundance of splendid vocations. Some of these aspirants pay full tuition, others pay part, but others are too poor to pay anything. No worthy aspirant, however, will be rejected simply because of his poverty. About \$300 per year is required for the support of a student. To provide means for poor students we are appealing for student burses. A burse is \$5,000, the interest on which will support and educate a poor student in perpetuity. Can a better cause than that of bringing worthy young men into the priesthood of Christ appeal to the sympathy and generosity of a convinced Catholic? If you cannot give an entire burse, your contribution, however small, will aid in the starting or completing of a burse.

YOUR LAST WILL



3 It has been well said that it is a poor Will which does not name Our Lord Jesus Christ among its beneficiaries. No Catholic should ever forget that whatever he has he owes to God Almighty. To give His Cause some of it is doing Him no compliment whatever. He owns us and everything we have. May we suggest this special provision to be embodied in your last Will:

I hereby give and bequeath to Passionist Missions, Inc., a corporation organized and existing under the laws of the State of New Jersey, the sum of {\$ } Dollars, and I further direct that any and all taxes that may be levied upon this bequest be fully paid out of the residue of my estate.

The above clause incorporated in your last Will and Testament will enable the Passionist Missions properly and legally to receive whatever bequest you may care to make for their benefit, and your generosity will be kept in spiritual remembrance.

YOUR COOPERATION SOLICITED!

Address: PASSIONIST MISSIONS, INC., UNION CITY, N. J.

Where Put Your Money?

GET A LIFE INCOME

What is an Annuity Bond?

An Annuity Bond is a contract between Passionist Missions, Inc., and the holder of the Bond, who is called an Annuitant.

♦ ♦ ♦

What does this Contract consist in?

The Annuitant makes an outright gift to Passionist Missions, Inc., and Passionist Missions, Inc., binds itself to pay a specified sum of money to the Annuitant as long as the Annuitant lives.

♦ ♦ ♦

What determines the rate of interest?

The age of the Annuitant.

♦ ♦ ♦

When do payments on a Bond begin?

Interest is reckoned from day the Annuitant's money is received. First payment is made six months later and thereafter payments are made semi-annually.

♦ ♦ ♦

When do payments cease?

On the death of the Annuitant.

♦ ♦ ♦

If Bond is lost, do payments cease?

By no means. Payments are made regularly and promptly as long as the Annuitant lives.

♦ ♦ ♦

What is the price of Annuity Bonds?

Five Hundred Dollars and upwards.

♦ ♦ ♦

Are Liberty Bonds accepted?

Liberty Bonds, at their market value, are received in payment for Annuity Bonds, but not real estate or mortgages.

♦ ♦ ♦

Can Annuity Bonds be sold by Annuitants?

No. An Annuity Bond has no market value.

You can't take it
with you!

Will you hoard it
or spend it?

Give it away or
make a Will?

Why not buy Life
Annuities?

HELP CHRIST'S CAUSE

How can I get an Annuity Bond?

Send to Passionist Missions, Inc., Union City, N. J., the sum you wish to give; also send full name, with date and year of birth.

♦ ♦ ♦

What is Passionist Missions, Inc.?

It is a duly authorized Catholic Missionary Society incorporated under the laws of the State of New Jersey.

♦ ♦ ♦

What are its purposes?

Its purposes, for which it uses the gifts of Annuitants, are the education of young men for the priesthood, and the spread of the

Faith through home and foreign missions.

♦ ♦ ♦

What advantages have Annuity Bonds?

1. PERMANENCE: An Annuity Bond never requires reinvestment.
2. ABUNDANT YIELD: The rate of interest is the highest consistent with absolute safety.
3. SECURITY: Annuity Bonds are secured by the moral as well as financial backing of the Passionist Order.
4. FREEDOM FROM WORRY: Annuitants are relieved from the care of property in their old age; are saved from the temptation to invest their savings unwisely, and have the ease of mind obtained by the banishment of anxiety.
5. ECONOMY: There are no commissions, lawyers fees or waste in legal contests.
6. STEADY INCOME: The income from Annuity Bonds does not decline.
7. CONTRIBUTION TO THE CAUSE OF CHRIST: An Annuity Bond makes the Annuitant an active sharer in the missionary work of the Passionist Fathers in building up the Kingdom of Christ at home and abroad, and a perpetual benefactor of the Passionist Order, participating in many rich spiritual blessings.

For Further Information Write to

PASSIONIST MISSIONS, INC., *Care of The Sign*, UNION CITY, NEW JERSEY

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